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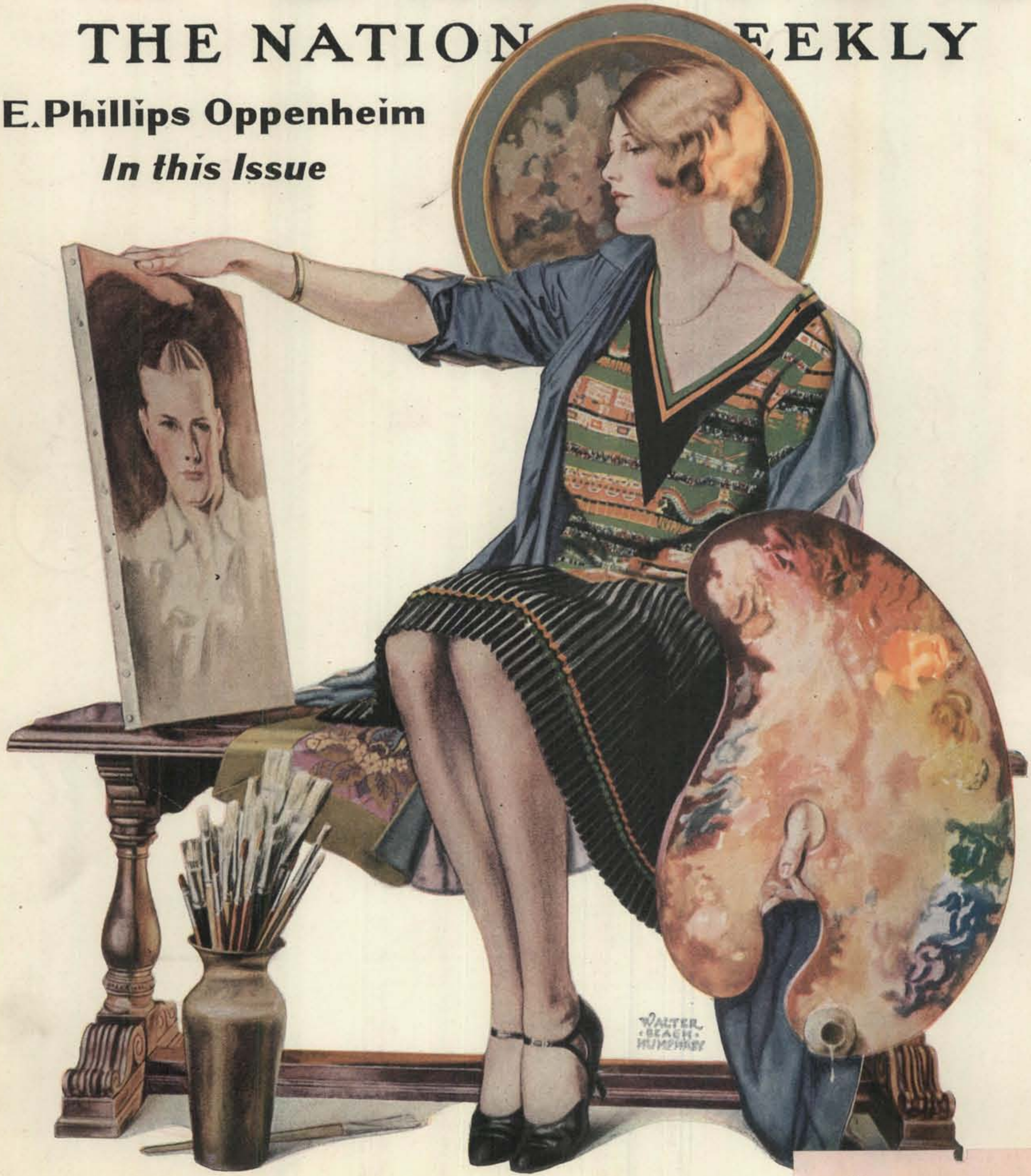
Collier's

THE NATION EEKLY

E. Phillips Oppenheim

In this Issue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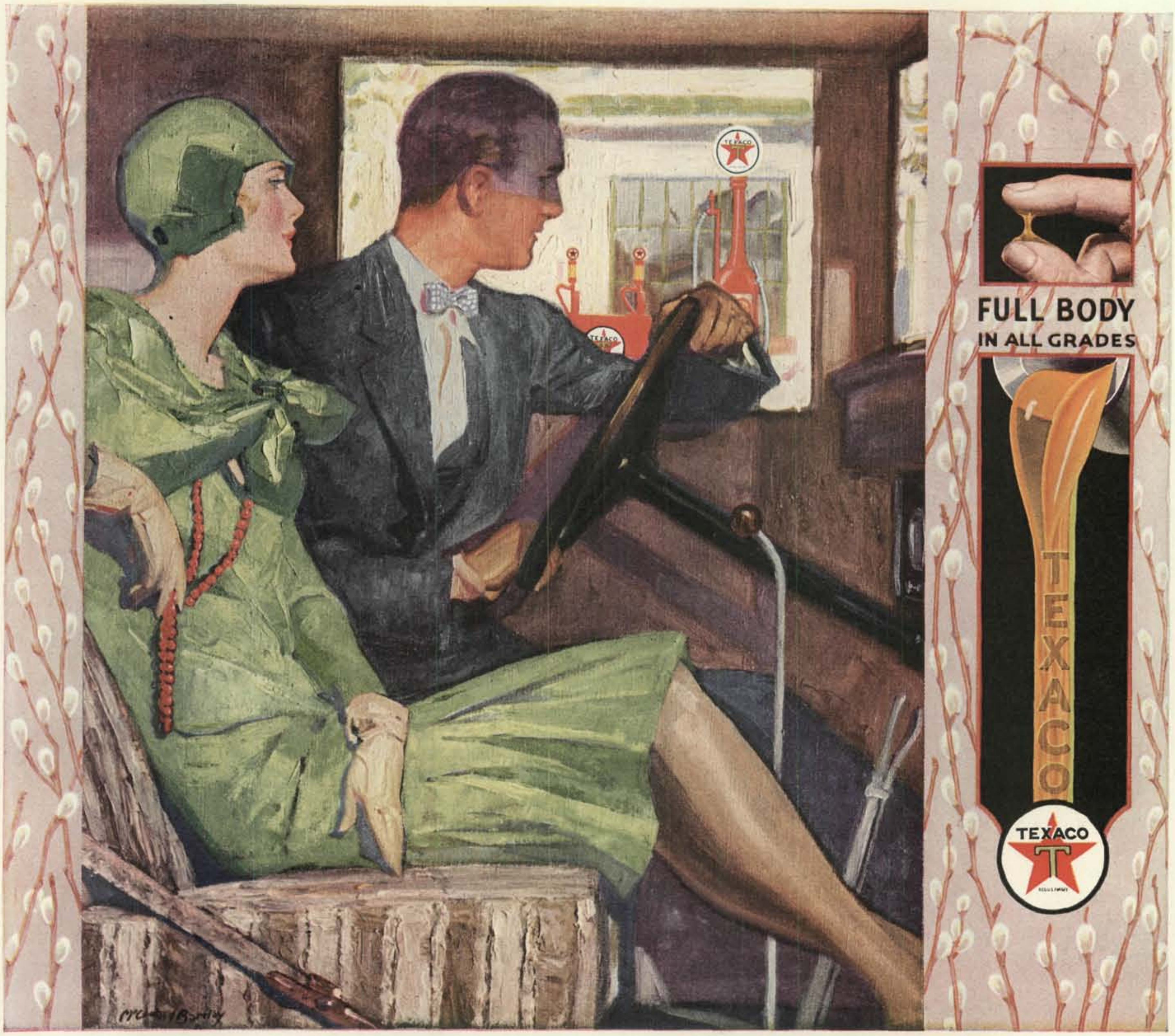

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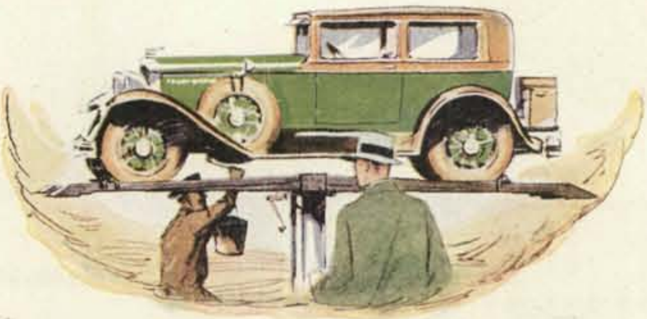

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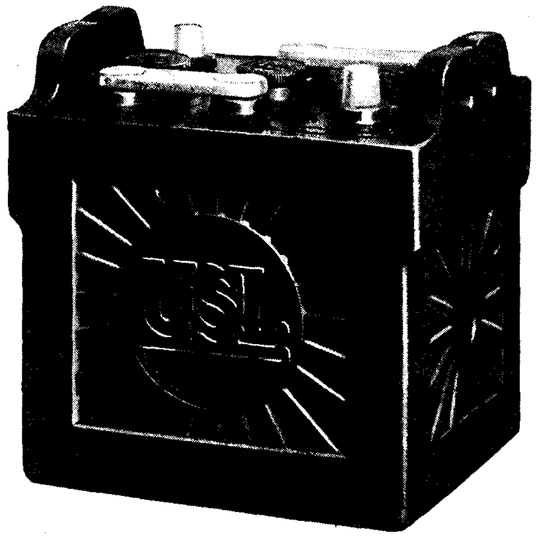

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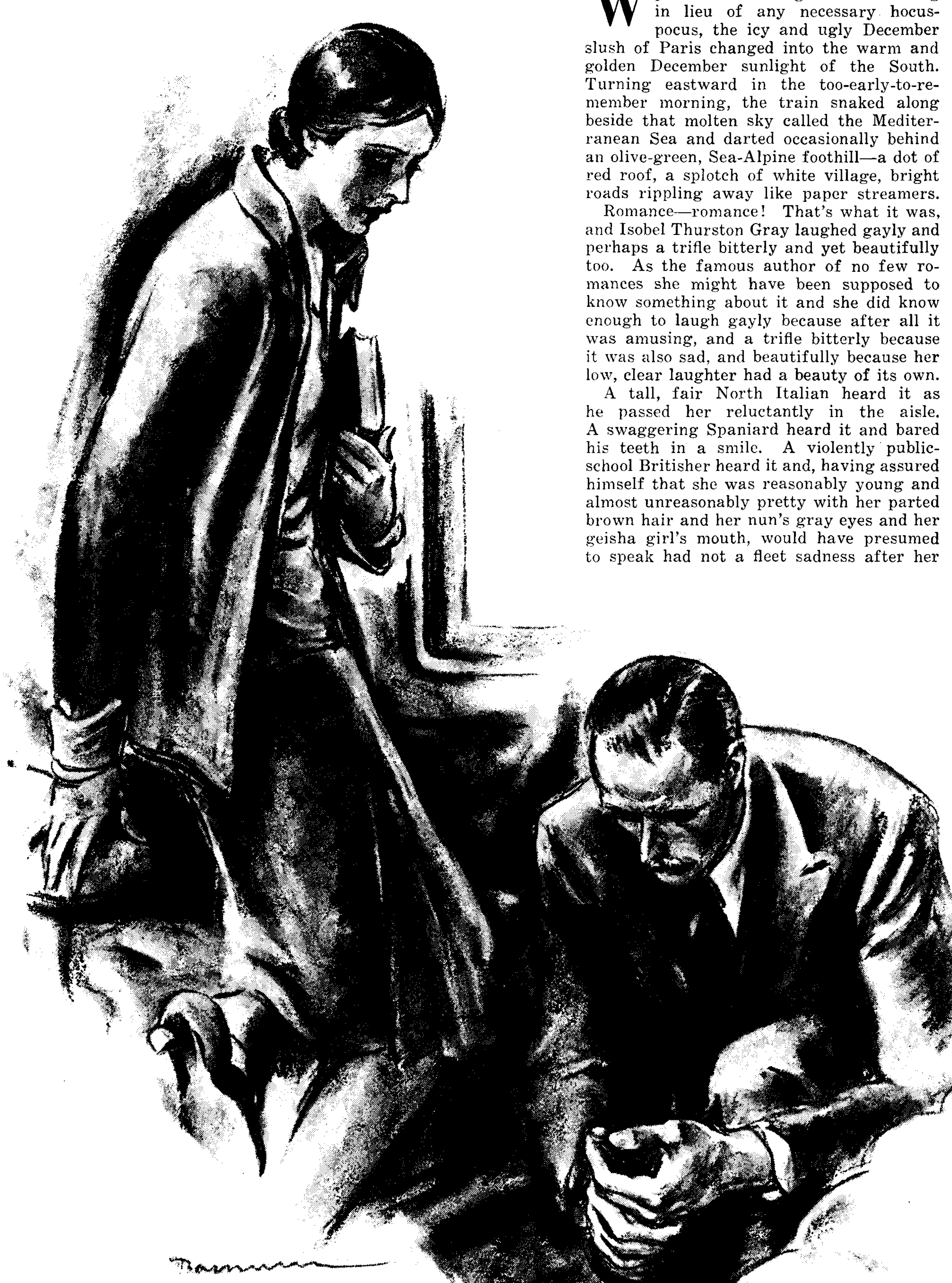
The Lady who laughs

The story of a man who was weary of mystery—and a girl who laughed at love

By Stephen Morehouse Avery



Stooping to pick it up, he held it an instant. "That is especially beautiful," he said. "And quite old, isn't it?"

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WITH the Blue Train for magic carpet and a few night hours serving in lieu of any necessary hocus-pocus, the icy and ugly December slush of Paris changed into the warm and golden December sunlight of the South. Turning eastward in the too-early-to-remember morning, the train snaked along beside that molten sky called the Mediterranean Sea and darted occasionally behind an olive-green, Sea-Alpine foothill—a dot of red roof, a splotch of white village, bright roads rippling away like paper streamers.

Romance—romance! That's what it was, and Isobel Thurston Gray laughed gayly and perhaps a trifle bitterly and yet beautifully too. As the famous author of no few romances she might have been supposed to know something about it and she did know enough to laugh gayly because after all it was amusing, and a trifle bitterly because it was also sad, and beautifully because her low, clear laughter had a beauty of its own.

A tall, fair North Italian heard it as he passed her reluctantly in the aisle. A swaggering Spaniard heard it and bared his teeth in a smile. A violently public-school Britisher heard it and, having assured himself that she was reasonably young and almost unreasonably pretty with her parted brown hair and her nun's gray eyes and her geisha girl's mouth, would have presumed to speak had not a fleet sadness after her laughter turned Isobel suddenly back into her compartment where she was almost alone.

The trouble was that she had gone at romance too strenuously—when she was a babe of nineteen and a blue-eyed boy had carried her heart away in the breast pocket of his shiny new lieutenant's uniform and had been prevented from returning it by a more important rendezvous in the blasted tangle of wire and trees before Grand Pré. Isobel had poured out her heart's tears not on a fruitless pillow but upon paper, and fame had leapt upon her eagerly in its unassuageable thirst for heart's tears.

SO a public followed Isobel Thurston Gray in hundreds of thousands and publishers beguiled her with tens of thousands while in the years after she colored with moonlight, pale hands, and yearning the pages of seven books.

And then one night in the middle of her eighth she discovered that she was only repeating the same girlish moonlight and yearning which had distinguished her first. She was through. She had thrown down her pencil and laughed. Moonlight! Romance! How absurd! One would do much better to travel.

Now in this sunlight she was glad she'd decided that. The death of romance seemed unimportant in this sunlight. Isobel shrugged off her melancholy and settled herself in the compartment where she was almost alone to read a lurid British mystery novel by the heralded Captain MacKenzie which a hard-bitten retired colonel of the India Army whom she'd met in Paris had given her when he had preceded her southward to Cannes. "Exciting, that," Colonel Burch had said. "Murder in the dark and who did it. Only women in it are the victims. Give me excitement every time. If it isn't where I am, I make it. Watch me at Cannes. Yes, lots of you writing people down there."

Isobel unbuttoned her jacket which made her more comfortable and revealed her slender, exquisite throat, although there was no obvious reason why she should reveal her throat when she was so almost alone. She might have been entirely alone but for the person who had boarded at Marseilles to share her compartment and who now sat by the window with a book in his lap and his firm but pleasant chin resting reflectively in his palm while with a cocked eyebrow he gazed mistily at the passing landscape.

When he rose and passed by her on his way into the aisle for a cigarette she observed other points. He was about thirty. He might be thirty-five. British, no doubt. And he was rather engagingly loose and angular and that sort of man—well, that was Isobel's sort of man. She sat there forgetting to read, toying idly with a fine old ivory miniature which, framed about with tiny rubies, she wore as a pendant, and she regretted just then that the moon and aching hearts could never again be more in her life than the joke of jokes. For as he passed her that young man who was her sort of man had seemed on the verge of a smile.

It made her sad again and she occupied her thoughts deliberately with Eyes of Agate, murder in the dark and who did it, until the door handle turned and she drew in her toes to permit that still misty-eyed young man to regain his place by the window. The train lurched. He stumbled against her. She clutched Eyes of Agate but the chain of her miniature came unclasped and it fell to the floor.

"I'm—I'm so sorry. Clumsy trick. I'm—" His confusion diminished as his eyes found her pendant on the floor and, stooping to pick it up, he held it an instant in his long square-ended fingers before he handed it back to her. "That is especially beautiful," he said. "And quite old. Isn't it?"

"Not very," she replied. "A hundred years perhaps. It's American."

"Yes, I know," he said.

"It's been in my mother's family and is supposed to have been done by Sully."

"Yes, I know," he repeated, leaning forward from the seat opposite to examine the piece. Vaguely, from some indirectness in his gaze, Isobel felt that his examination was not limited to miniatures and she flushed slightly. His comment also lost meaning in their mutual confusion. "It was undoubtedly painted by Thomas Sully," he said. "Probably at Richmond, Virginia, about eighteen hundred and three. You see, I've a small collection of miniatures at my home in England, although few of the pieces are so rare and valuable as this."

THEY returned almost with relief to their respective reading, although a peek now and then made Isobel aware of her companion's occasional intensity of concentration and flush of interest as something in his story touched a responsive chord. She wondered what the book was which could so absorb him, and then she caught her breath; for he changed his position and she saw on the title cover, Evening Shadows, by Isobel Thurston Gray.

So he was reading her book and he was thrilled with its moonlight and yearning, and it seemed so ridiculous that such a man could be thrilled with moonlight and yearning that a gay run of laughter escaped her before she could stop it.

He turned and smiled. "Is your book amusing?"

"My book? Oh, you mean Eyes of Agate," said Isobel. "No, it's not a humorous book. It's mystery."

"And don't you find mystery humorous? I do. There is no real mystery any more. It's a joke."

Isobel was puzzled. "Have you read this book?"

"No," he said, "I haven't. I don't have to, you see, because I wrote it."

"What? You wrote it? You are—" she glanced at the cover—"You are Captain Robin MacKenzie?" The absurdity of the situation made Isobel laugh again.

"Yes," he admitted, "and I've written so many books just like it, ridiculous, mysterious murder, theft, what not, that I know the real thing, real mystery, doesn't exist. If I ever write again, I shall try to do a book like this." He tapped Evening Shadows, which lay on his knees.

"You mean—you mean you would write about moonlight and romance?" She laughed again. Could anybody?

"Why do you laugh?" he asked. "This isn't a humorous book either. It's—it's rather beautiful, as a matter of fact. You should read it."

"Spare me," said Isobel. "I wrote it, Captain Robin Mackenzie, and I've written so many like it that I know romance and moonlight are the greatest joke of all."

His face was surprise and then finally suspicion. "I wonder," he said, presently, "—this situation is too peculiar to be accidental—I wonder if you happen to know an old trouble-maker named Colonel Burch. You see, he gave me your book in Paris."

CANNES, bright edge of the hills, clings to the long curve of its bay between the black jutting Esterel headland and the Ile St. Marguerite. There are three lines, the foam-bordered beach, the broad Croisette promenade, lined with hotel terraces and shops and pinned at one end by the Carlton and at the other by the Casino; and then there is the main town thoroughfare, a square behind, called the rue d'Antibes. Unpretentiously at a corner of the rue d'Antibes was the somewhat curiously celebrated Queens Hotel, celebrated perhaps because it was never quite dull. There was an intrigue there and a life, and there was a reason also why that was so.

It was not even coincidental in fact that rooms Nos. 35, 53 and 47 on the preferred fourth floor of that hotel permitted a famous specialist in murder in the dark, a famous specialist in moonlight madness and a very special, if not specialist, retired colonel of the India Army, after lazy breakfasts in peignoir and dressing gowns, to gaze from their respective grilled balconies down into the same palm garden and over the gracefully arched branches out to a glistening sea. They could easily nod to one another and say what a glorious morning it was and how many hundred francs they'd lost in the baccara-rooms the previous evening, and there was nothing coincidental about it because it had all been carefully planned and arranged.

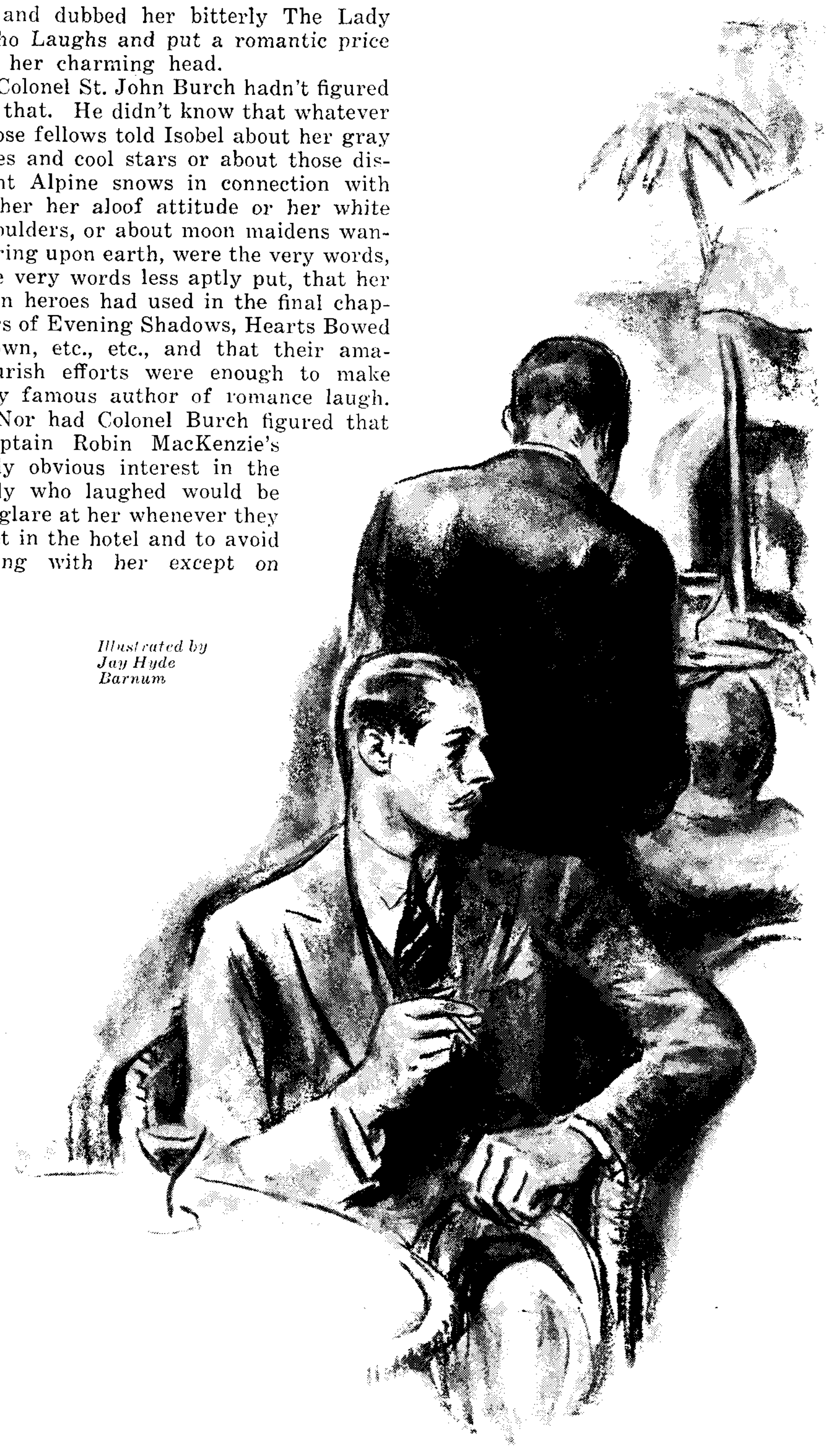
Colonel St. John Burch was a man who met life halfway, even more than half if necessary. He expected to pay for his fun and he realized that his type of excitement was not likely to be had without the contribution of a little personal impetus. If there wasn't enough excitement to keep the Queens Hotel curiously celebrated and to make his annual visit to Cannes a success, he manufactured some, and what little expense there was of conscience, if the word is apropos in connection with a retired colonel of the India Army, he didn't begrudge. He gave up his conscience almost gladly.

Just now, having asked his victims how they'd fared at the baccara tables and remarked on the glory of the morning, he returned to his chamber and sat there like a grizzled, jovial old spider wondering just where it was his plans had gone astray. It was seldom that such good material came into his hands, or his clutches, a pretty girl who was convinced that love and moonlight were all a joke and a presentable man who was sure there was no more mystery in the world.

To be sure, he hadn't expected Isobel in a month's time to have attached so many competitive beaux and to become known from one end of the Croisette to the other as The Lady Who Laughs—the inescapable implication, and the fact too, being that she laughed at the wrong moments. When a fascinating man is yearning for her in the moonlight at Cannes, a well-behaved lady sighs. She does not laugh. But Isobel laughed, as the poetic Paul de Laurier, the dynamic Prince Budenkov, and the charming though worthless Hon. Frederick Leighton-Mills, capable fellows all, would admit if they were honest. And they were honest and did admit it and dubbed her bitterly The Lady Who Laughs and put a romantic price on her charming head.

Colonel St. John Burch hadn't figured on that. He didn't know that whatever those fellows told Isobel about her gray eyes and cool stars or about those distant Alpine snows in connection with either her aloof attitude or her white shoulders, or about moon maidens wandering upon earth, were the very words, the very words less aptly put, that her own heroes had used in the final chapters of Evening Shadows, Hearts Bowed Down, etc., etc., and that their amateurish efforts were enough to make any famous author of romance laugh.

Nor had Colonel Burch figured that Captain Robin MacKenzie's only obvious interest in the lady who laughed would be to glare at her whenever they met in the hotel and to avoid being with her except on cocktail occasions at the Majestic Bar, at tea in the London House when members made it quite safe against—against being laughed at, perhaps. Colonel Burch had expected something quite different and the situation must be dealt with. A man who didn't believe in mystery, eh! A girl who laughed in the moonlight, what! But he could begin with this no-mystery business. He remembered the young subaltern they'd sent out to the regiment who had arrived with the idea that all the excitement in India ended with the Mutiny. He'd dealt with that. He could deal with this no-mystery notion too.

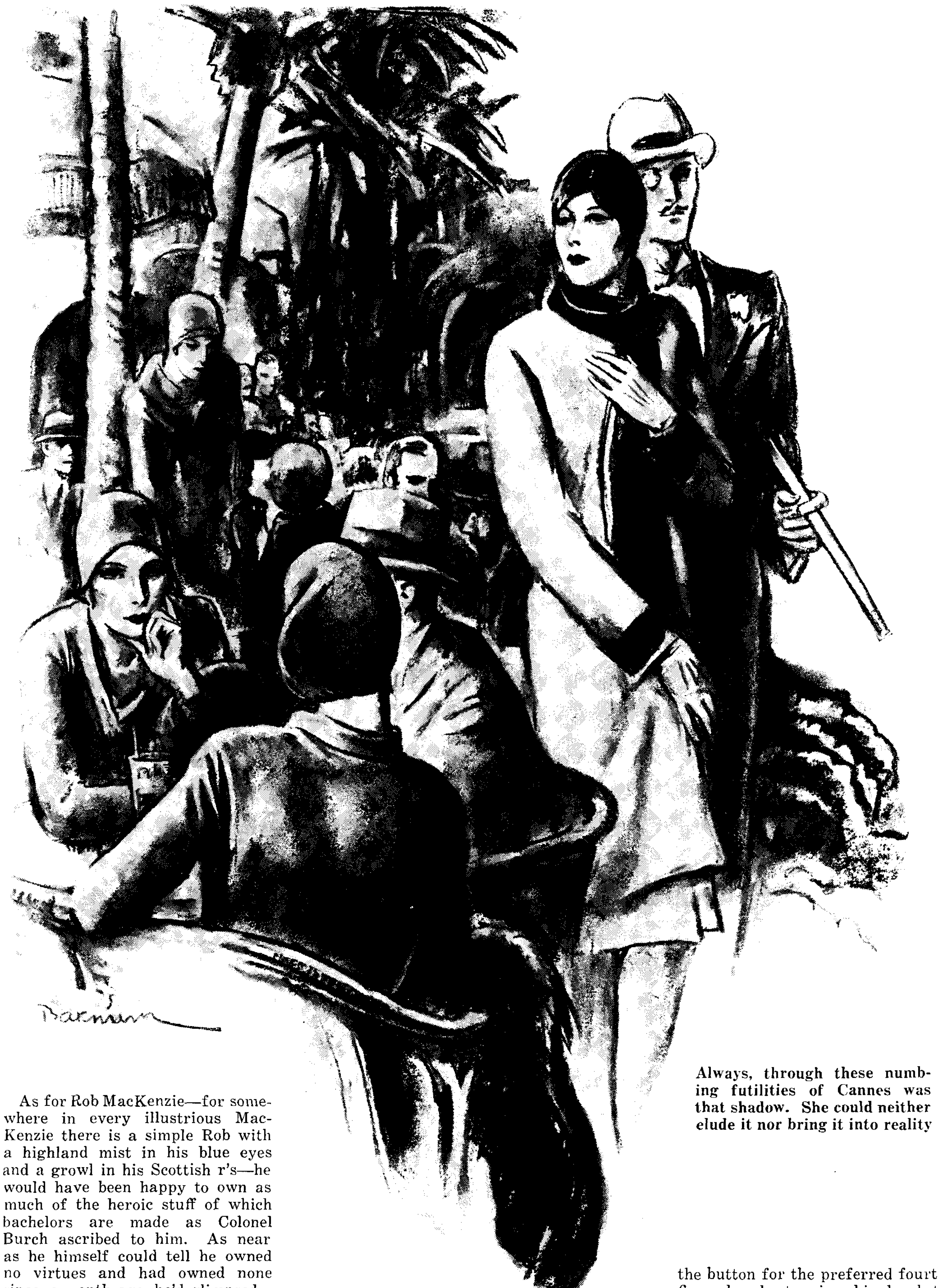


Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

WHEREUPON Colonel Burch, before departing for the Carlton terrace for his matutinal brandy-and-soda, did a dastardly deed. He himself would have termed it merely an effective measure, since all's fair in war and he, being a professional warrior, used war measures almost exclusively. But from an uninitiated civilian point of view it was certainly slightly dastardly, the sort of thing civilians put one in jail for if he gets caught. Colonel Burch proceeded up that fourth-floor corridor to room No. 47 and observed that the key was in the door. He had already observed the departure of the young lady whose room it was and the useful absence of the valet and chambermaid. So he simply opened the door of room No. 47 and went in—and if it isn't dastardly for a man, even a retired India Army colonel, to break into a lady's room in her absence, what is?

But that is a mere civilian reaction and surely Colonel Burch when he emerged again into the corridor, rosy-cheeked and smiling slyly, looked no more guilty than an age-wise cherub. He murmured something to himself "No excitement, eh"—obviously thinking of that young subaltern. "No mystery, eh?" he added, thinking just as obviously of a certain Captain MacKenzie.

Even so, his dastardly, if effective, conduct was not ended, apparently. Apparently it was only half complete; for he proceeded on up the corridor to room No. 35. The key, as is customary in that curiously celebrated Queens Hotel, remained in the door there also. Colonel Burch knocked to make sure that, although his key was in the door, a certain Captain MacKenzie was out. Getting no reply Colonel Burch went in and in due course came out again, and, twirling one of the few remaining monocles and swaggering slightly, made his blithe way outside and down to the Carlton terrace just as though nothing of a dastardly nature were upon his conscience.



Always, through these numbing futilities of Cannes was that shadow. She could neither elude it nor bring it into reality

As for Rob MacKenzie—for somewhere in every illustrious MacKenzie there is a simple Rob with a highland mist in his blue eyes and a growl in his Scottish r's—he would have been happy to own as much of the heroic stuff of which bachelors are made as Colonel Burch ascribed to him. As near as he himself could tell he owned no virtues and had owned none since, a month ago, he'd glimpsed a certain little love spot on a girl's exquisite throat just above where her beautiful miniature hung. He hadn't realized then as now that a girl may have a love spot and no heart. He hadn't known she might have the angelic eyes of an alto in the heavenly choir and a low clear laughter which in the moonlight was a blasphemy.

And yet, try as he would to hate her, he followed that girl mentally and, heaven help him, he followed her surreptitiously in person too, wherever she went. He wanted to murder her. He wanted to make her the victim of a murder in the dark with himself in the rôle of who did it. But he knew when she went out and came in, what for and with whom.

So it was that Captain Robin MacKenzie overheard from his balcony one evening how blithely and ruthlessly down in the moonlit palm garden Isobel had received the expiring breath of poor Freddie Leighton-Mills' broken heart. It was cruel, outrageous. Freddie was all right. At least she did not know his heartbreak was an annual event. How dare she laugh so devilishly—and beautifully. Captain MacKenzie was very angry—and happy.

BUT he seemed only angry when, having gone downstairs to mail another excuse to his publishers and being ready to ascend again to the solitude and safety of his own chamber, he found the victim of his mental murder waiting demurely in the elevator. He stepped in, banged the elevator door and pressed the button for the preferred fourth floor, barely turning his head to reply to her, "Beautiful evening, isn't it?"

"You seemed to be enjoying it," he said shortly.

"I?" She seemed puzzled. "Oh! You mean—in the garden? You saw—?"

"I both saw and heard," he replied. "I wished for a moment that I'd been in Freddie's shoes—"

"Did you?" Isobel flushed.

"I did," he said, "so that I could strangle you. Some man ought to. You needn't have returned Leighton-Mills' love, but there is no excuse for mocking it. Do you laugh at all men's love? Or maybe at love itself?"

"Yes. I do," said Isobel. She was a little stunned and pale. "I can't help it."

The elevator stopped. Somebody else was ringing for it. Many curious, happy and unhappy episodes have happened in that primitive elevator, so that it is almost as curiously celebrated as the Queens Hotel itself. "Well, I can only hope," concluded Captain Robin MacKenzie as he pushed the door open for her, "I can only hope that some day, or rather some night in the moonlight, you will find as much pain, or call it joy so long as it hurts, as you now find amusement. I should like to be there to see it."

"Would you?" said Isobel meekly. She almost whispered it. But Rob MacKenzie, like so many brilliant but spiritually humble men, was in some ways a stupid fellow.

"Yes, I would," he reiterated, his anger mounting. "Furthermore, since you play with moon fire, I'll wager you get burnt, my—lady who laughs, and I'll wager you get burnt here at Cannes."

"What?" she said.

"What do you mean, what?" he demanded.

"I mean what will you wager—against that miniature of mine which you perhaps prize?"

"Yes, I prize it," he said. "But my pleasure in having it will be nothing compared with the satisfaction I shall get from seeing you get what you deserve. What do you want me to wager against it?"

"A solitaire diamond ring," said Isobel quickly. And then she put her fingers to her face, turned about, and fairly ran up the corridor to her own door.

She barely heard the angry shout which pursued her. "Done! Confound you, done!"

But Isobel was only interested in winning security behind that door; for it is bad enough to permit a man, your sort of man, to denounce you for mocking at love without letting him also be witness to your tears.

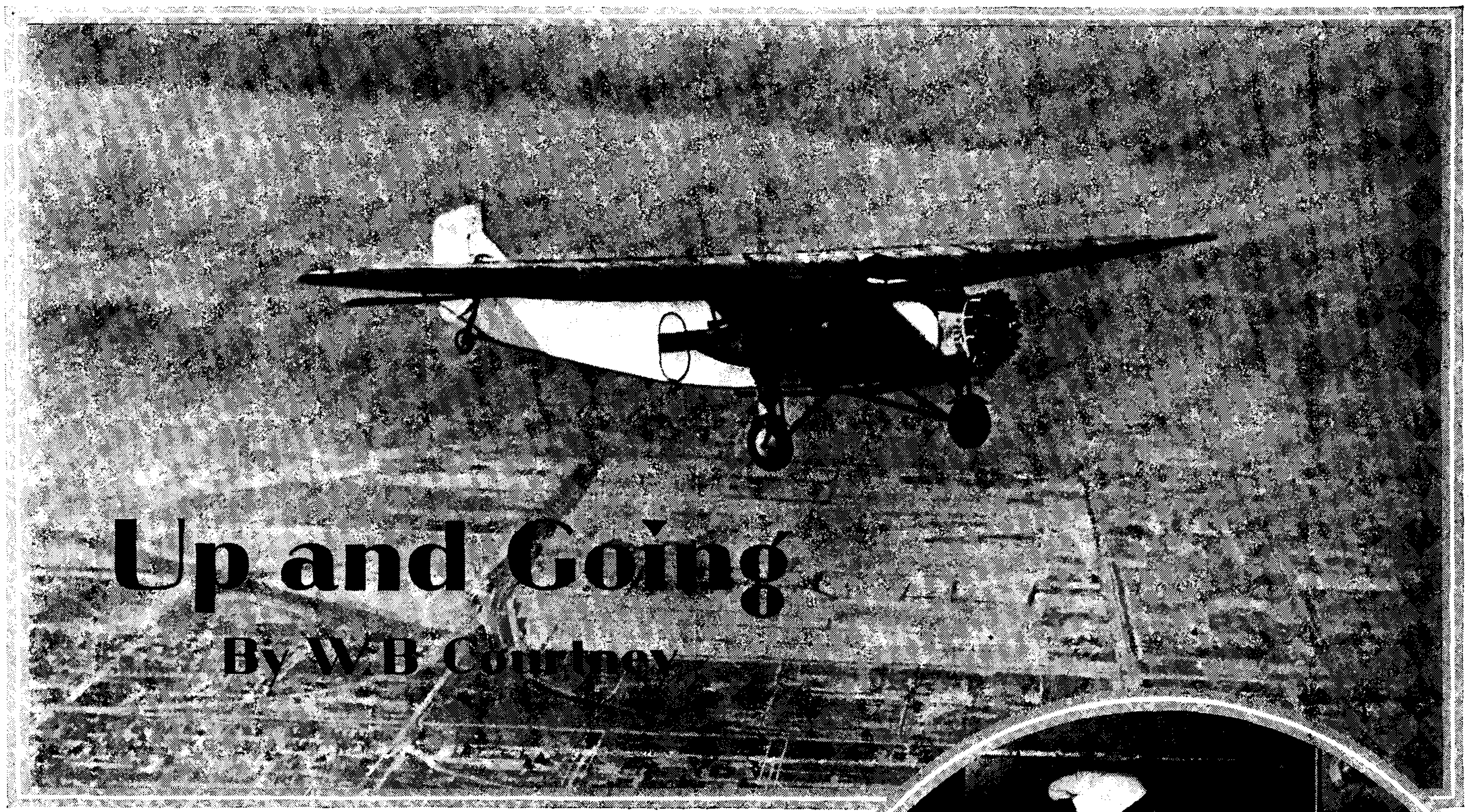
THREE days later it rained, as in spite of the picture postcards and guide book promises it can rain on the Riviera. It was a peculiarly drab and disheartening rain, and Rob MacKenzie, deep in his weatherproof coat, found himself crawling into a little side-street retreat known as the Rendezvous Bar. Other glum souls were there drinking in moody silence, as though the Rendezvous Bar were an oasis only for the sad. Paul de Laurier seemed the saddest and Prince Budenkov the most morose until Freddie Leighton-Mills dragged his cadaverous but durable body through the door and crept mournfully to a deep leather chair beside Rob MacKenzie's table. There was no doubt that Freddie was the most mournful of all.

"Have another drink," he suggested presently, rousing himself to gobble a potato chip. "Writing new thriller, I suppose. What! You've quit? No mystery in the world? Rot! Know woman said your murders were pure poetry. Ought to know. Writer herself. Writes love, but doesn't know anything about it. She just laughs. Life's hell."

Rob MacKenzie lifted a quizzical eyebrow, as if he were about to smile. "Yes, I know, Freddie," he said. "I heard you in the hotel garden one night. I told her what I thought of her—but did you ever happen to notice what a particularly exquisite throat—"

"What! Exquisite throat! You too?" The Honorable Freddie reached quickly for his whisky. "I say, George! Two more whiskies and Perrier! MacKenzie's in love with her too! Make it four," he added as Budenkov and De Laurier dragged themselves over. "Rotten unfair advantage, Rob, my lad, your stopping at same pub."

"Don't worry," said Rob MacKenzie. "She hates me. She knows very well that if I caught her in the moonlight and she laughed *(Continued on page 52)*



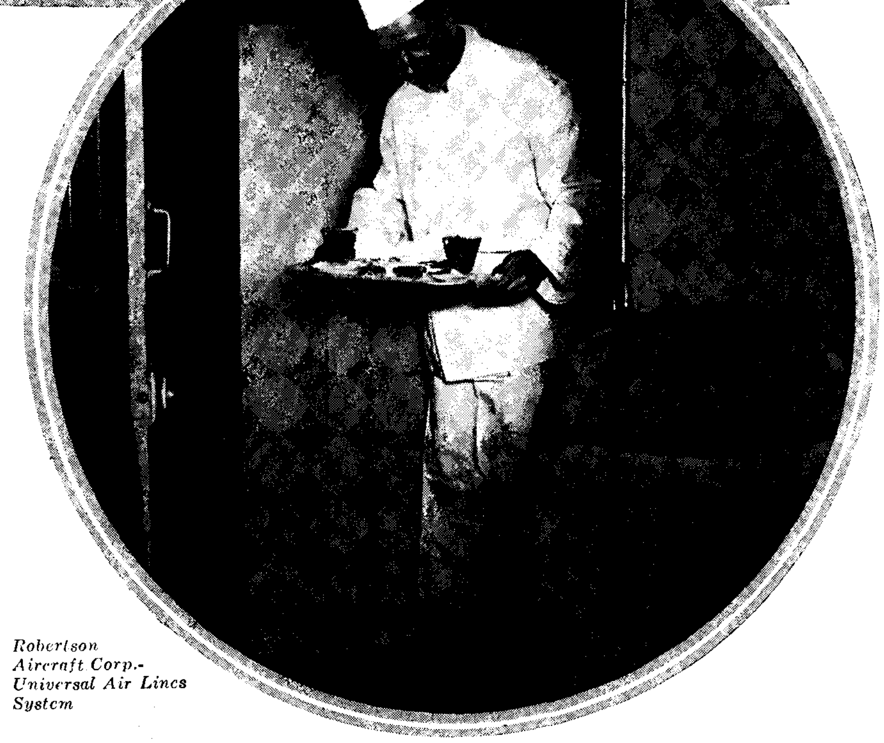
Up and Going

By W. B. Courtney

National Air Transport, Inc.

Flagship of the fleet of 1,275 h.p. planes which will carry mail in their wings and twelve passengers in their cabins, New York to Chicago in eight hours

The airplane has come into your front yard. By the middle of this summer anyone in this country will be able to go by air wherever he wants to go. Here are the facts about costs, comfort and schedules that mean a telescoping of distances in all directions



Robertson Aircraft Corp.-Universal Air Lines System

A glimpse into one of the giant four-motored planes which will link Kansas City and the Eastern seaboard. The accommodations for thirty-two sit-up passengers can be changed into sixteen berths

ONE day last summer a lard salesman in Albany, N. Y., was notified by his firm that the market price had just slumped half a cent a pound. And the salesman for a competing firm, unaware of this sudden price decline, had started for Boston on an express train half an hour before, to see the territory's most important customer.

The first salesman knew that if he could reach the customer ahead of his rival he could land a big order. Therefore, he requested permission from his firm to hire a plane at the local airport. The firm refused and ordered him to telephone; but the salesman feared that, in the circumstances, the customer might consider a phone call too "smart-alecky." Face to face, he decided—or no order.

On his own responsibility the salesman hired a plane, flew to Boston, and sold five carloads of lard to the customer. The latter, pleased, sent him to another wholesaler to whom he sold two carloads. On the homeward trip the pilot asked permission to stop at Springfield, Mass.—he wanted to have a look at a new flying field there. This brought another customer into the salesman's mind; he dropped in, sold three carloads—and *was back in Albany before his rival on the train had reached Boston.*

America's Bid for Air Supremacy

All very well, you say, but what of it?—you don't dispute the superiority in swiftness of the airplane over every other form of modern carrier. But you can't hire a plane every time you want to go some place in a hurry. So what's the point? Simply this:

Next summer it won't be necessary to charter special planes. Regular air passenger service will be a commonplace in everyday American life. You will be able to travel by air to all principal cities and population centers of the country; and be set down within easy surface-transit reach of most of the communities which do not happen to be on the schedules.

The astonishing truth is that the United States is blazing into the skies with established and projected passenger services that in a single uprush will give it world supremacy. "Astonishing"—because it will be a shock to most of us to discover that, while our heads have been tilted to record flights by glamorous Americans, other and quieter men have been engraving a new map at lesser altitudes. This new map will fetch San Francisco closer to New York than Hartford was to Boston in the Thirteen Colonies; Salt Lake closer to the Atlantic seaboard now than Washington's Mount Vernon was then; Montreal as close to Times Square as Harlem was to Stuyvesant's Bowery. Kansas City will be a hop from Chicago, Dallas a skip, San Diego a jump.

Three transcontinental lines will form the backbone of the nation-wide passenger service:

1. National Air Transport—Boeing Air Transport: An all-air route following the present air mailway, and approximating its time of thirty hours. The NAT will shuttle between New York and Chicago, using twelve-passenger 1,275-horsepower tri-motored Ford planes. BAT will fly the Western division, using its own twelve-passenger tri-motored ships.

2. Western Air Express—Robertson-Universal Air Lines System: An all-air route, offering, however, many opportunities for train connections, chiefly at Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. WAE, using twelve-passenger Fokker tri-motors, will have its eastern terminal at Kansas City; Robertson-Universal will go to Columbus at first, and presently direct to New York via Indianapolis, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. It will use twelve-passenger Fokkers on the Columbus division; thirty-two-passenger quadruple-motored Fokkers, with sleeping accommodations for sixteen, on the New York line.

3. Transcontinental Air Transport: an air-rail route, using Pennsylvania Railroad between New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Columbus, where transfer is effected to or from twelve-passenger Ford tri-motors. The Columbus field will adjoin the railroad tracks. Between Columbus and Waynoka, Okla., flying; between Waynoka and Clovis, N. M., Santa Fe Railroad; between Clovis and San Francisco or Los Angeles, flying. Time, forty-eight hours. Later air divisions will be longer, decreasing time.

Spun from these core routes to the four corners of the country will be a web of lines operated by twenty-five passenger transportation companies, providing scheduled stops in more than 110 cities, flying a total daily mileage of nearly 40,000. These are the official figures of the American Air Transport Association. Hundreds of local carriers, a nation-wide chain of air-taxies flown by Curtiss, and sundry auxiliary projects will provide lightning-fast connections to the through routes and swell the daily averages by thousands of miles.

The Downward Trend of Fares

But is the American public air-minded enough at present to support this elaborate air-passenger service—to justify the vast investment in manufacture and organization, the millions of dollars being laid out for equipment?

"I believe it is," said William P. MacCracken, the brilliant young Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, when I discussed the matter with him in Washington recently, "and

I'm sure it is quite obvious to everyone interested in civil aviation that the growth of passenger traffic over our airways will be limited only by two things; first, the safety of the services operated; second, the speed with which fares are reduced."

I asked the Operations Chief of one of the big Mid-West carriers to summarize the fare situation. He said:

"Tri-motored ships cost up to $85,000. That price includes motors which cost from $6,000 to $8,000 apiece. You can't count on a useful life of more than three or four years for these outfits; improvement in speed and design is too rapid—even if depreciation isn't.

"We've been charging twelve to fifteen cents a mile for what passenger carrying we've been doing with 100-mile-an-hour ships. Our new tri-motors will cost about $125 an hour to run—that includes all overhead. But they'll do a minimum of 125 miles an hour. At that speed, with any kind of traffic, we'll make a nice profit at ten cents a mile. As we get faster ships, faster schedules, we'll charge you much less than that. And just wait until some of the big boys get into direct competition this summer—mark my words, fares will be falling faster than a punctured parachute.

"The railroad fare from coast to coast, figuring meals and extra fares and the like, comes close to $200. If a drawing-room is engaged it is more than $350. The all-air fare will be around $300, with free meals aboard ship. In Europe subsidy has helped cut air fares below first-class train fares in some instances, notably on the international lines—Paris to Vienna and Berlin to Vienna. That won't happen here this year—or next. But if Americans take to air travel with the same gusto and on the same scale they have taken to other progress—the radio, for instance—why—" He shrugged dreamily.

An Unfair Share of the News

However, there's something more important than cost—safety. On this single factor, more than on all others combined, rests the decision whether air travel will soon become a national habit. I mentioned this to the chief. He crossed his fingers before saying:

"I'm asking Allah for six months free from bad crashes. Then I believe we'll have people on the way to becoming as plane-minded as they are now train-minded and ship-minded. When the Vestris survivors got back to port most of them shipped at once on other boats—some on the sister ship of the Vestris. These people would shudder and tell you how terrible it must be to fall through a mile of air. But I don't see that it is any more terrible than to fall through a mile of water—that's what you do when a ship sinks under you. And in the air there aren't any sharks to nibble at you.

"One thing all flying men are bitter about is the inclination of newspapers to sensationalize aviation accidents. If a mail pilot, caught in a blizzard, cracks up in Walla Walla it is front-page stuff in New York. If a motorist gets himself and his wife and their seven children scrambled under a train in Walla Walla it is front-page stuff—in Walla Walla, or perhaps as far as Boise or Seattle. Before it crosses the Rockies it is back in the help wanted pages. And it never crosses the Mississippi. Familiarity, I reckon. Automobiles kill more than 30,000 a year in this country; but the best that licensed pilots and planes could do in the first six months of last year was six.

"The papers haven't helped people to realize the difference between unlicensed and licensed flying. They lump all fatal wash-outs—and that's about as fair as scaring a family man out of his auto-tour vacation because some racing driver got killed doing two-ten an hour, or because some movie-stunt guy broke his neck driving down Pike's Peak in reverse. Lufthansa's records show that an air traveler's chances of reaching his destination safely are 99.997 per cent. The Imperial Airways haven't killed a passenger since 1924—or in close to 20,000,000 miles of flying. Here in this country Western Air Express, for instance, has flown more than 2,000,000 miles without a serious accident. In fact we could overwhelm the public with statistics proving the safety of licensed American air travel, but what's the use? Statistics have precious little influence over prejudice and fear. People want some tangible representation of safety before they'll take planes as a matter of course. And I think they've got it—in the radio.

Science Makes the Airways Safe

Quite apart from the public's faith in it, radio is destined to bear a tremendous part in passenger aviation. Secretary MacCracken told me:

"Radio will have three mighty important functions. First, as a reliable automatic guide—radio directional beacon, you know. This will make up for the shortcomings of the magnetic compass. Second, for the dissemination of safety information. Weather reports and changes will be transmitted to pilots aloft; while pilots who might be forced down can send their location and summon help. Third, handling messages of convenience both for pilots and passengers. Pilots can report their express and mail cargoes so that ground arrangements can be made in advance. Passengers can talk to their offices and homes."

The Department of Commerce, in conjunction with a committee representing the aëronautical industry, is engaged with the Federal Radio Commission in drawing up a standard system of nation-wide radio stations. These will be for the use of all air lines. To prevent chaos, frequencies will be allotted to certain regions rather than to individual carriers. Low-powered transmitters will be employed, closely spaced. Meanwhile, however, the big passenger operators, getting ready for spring, have been devising and organizing their own systems, pending a federal standard. They have been experimenting with two-way radio telephony, with various directional finders and the like.

Paul Henderson, vice president and general manager of TAT, told me of the exhaustive researches and experiments his company had carried on to find a foolproof radio system—and the result. Elaborate in conception and organization, it is remarkably simple in application.

TAT will designate one town on each of its flying divisions as a clearing house for weather reports and operations orders. An expert meteorologist and observer will be stationed here at the elbow of the division superintendent. This weather chief will have three things to guide him: the regular Department of Agriculture Weather Bureau daily chart, weather reports from bureaus in every state, and special reports from observers at railroad stations for hundreds of miles in all directions from the chief's post.

These railroad station observers will be the regular station agents of the various railroads—an arrangement made possible by TAT'S close financial and operating affiliations with railroads. They will be specially trained by the TAT, and each will be supplied with meteorological instruments costing about $1,000. However, the functions of these agents will be purely negative; they will make reports, on prearranged forms, only when they discern unfavorable tendencies or conditions. The taking of observations will employ one hour of each agent's time each day.

Curiosity Will Play Its Part

From these channels the division superintendent, through his weather chief, will thus have at every instant an accurate knowledge of weather conditions at any and every field. Since most air accidents to licensed planes in the past have been due to pilots' mistakes in judgment, this system is significant because it lifts from the pilots for the first time all responsibility for decisions. They simply do as they are told by the division superintendent, who is in constant radio telephone or telegraph touch with every ship aloft.

A pilot might say into his transmitter: "There's a fog bank ahead: what shall I do?"

And the superintendent might reply: "Go through. It only extends three miles across your route. The next field is open."

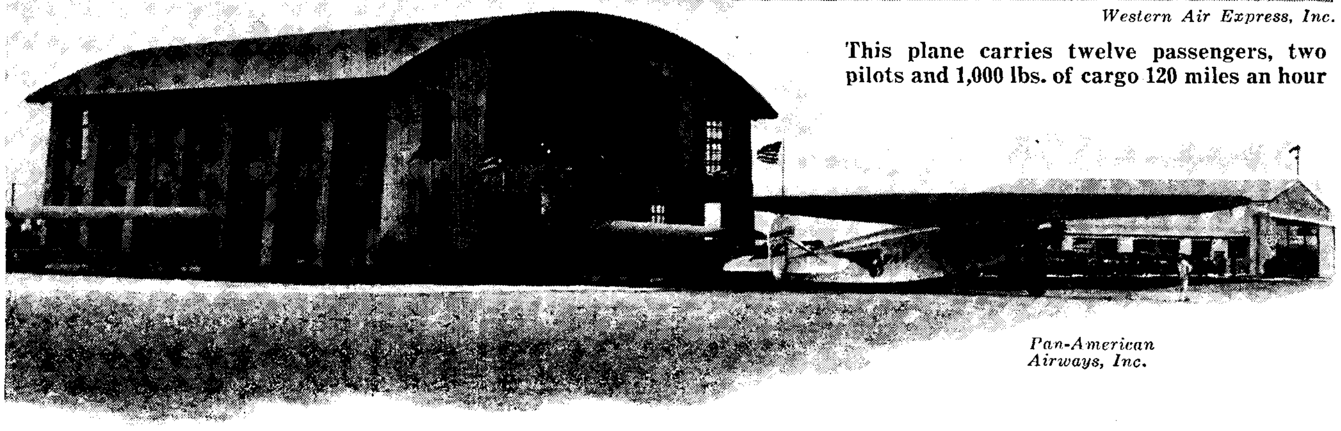
Or a pilot, feeling chipper, might report: "Weather sure looks sweet ahead, boss, not a cloud"—and be told peremptorily: "Turn back and land at Field F to await further instructions. There's a twister coming up from Oklahoma and headed directly across your route near Field G."

Colonel Henderson is typical of aviation leaders—fired with the great things at hand, yet eminently cautious. He took care to emphasize that while this system was

(Continued on page 54)

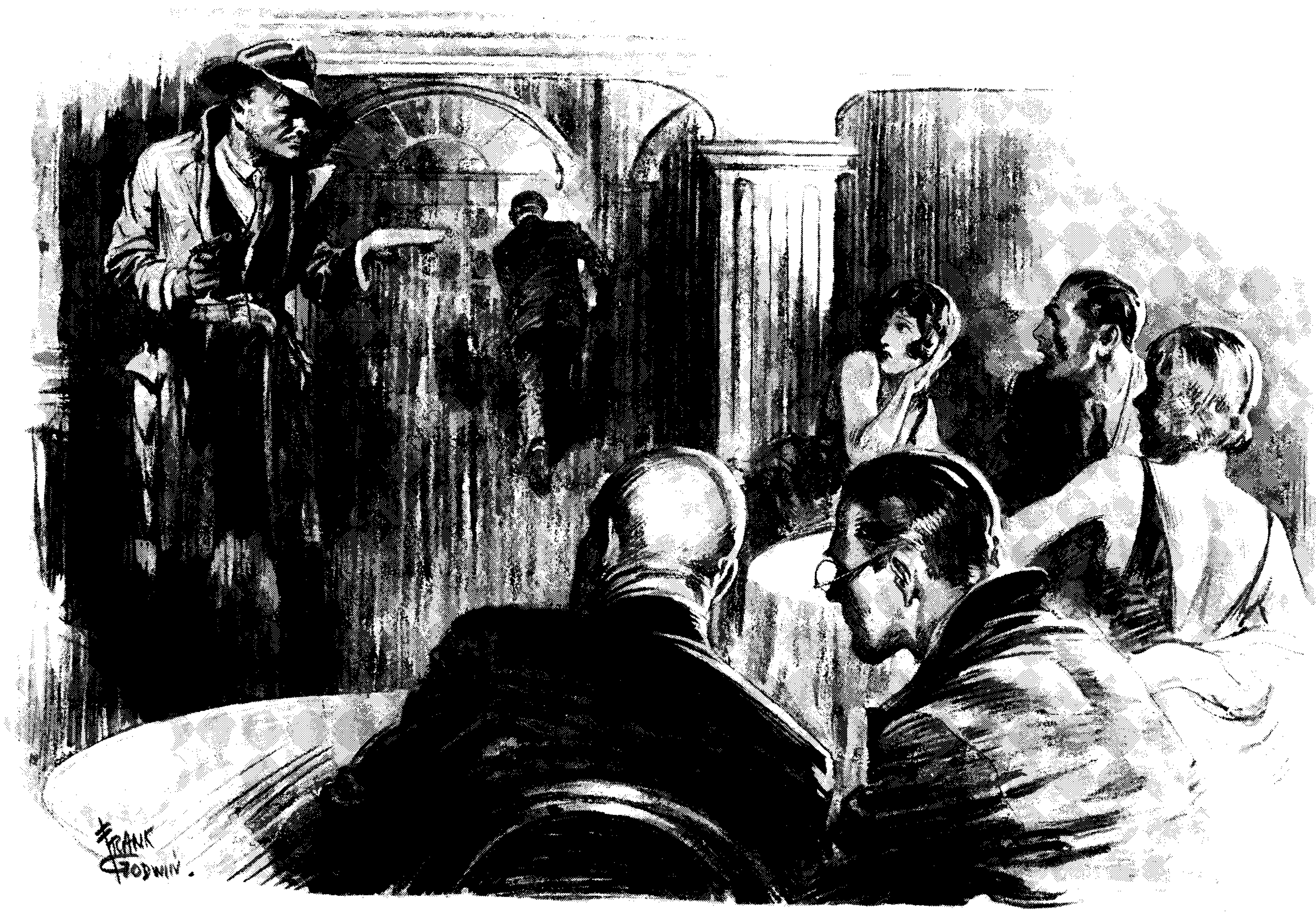
Western Air Express, Inc.

This plane carries twelve passengers, two pilots and 1,000 lbs. of cargo 120 miles an hour



Pan-American Airways, Inc.

The $100,000 international air-rail terminal at Miami has customs, immigration and public health offices, restaurants, observatory deck and other facilities



"I showed 'er!" shouted the hard-faced young man. "Try'n high-hat me! Thought I wasn't good 'nough for 'er"

Half a Stick

By William Slavens McNutt

It never showed up on the front page. But to seven men and women it was the greatest story in the world

"JIM."

"Yes?"

"Here a minute."

Jim Farley slid from the corner of the exchange desk on which he was sitting and crossed the room to the breast-high railing barricading the city editor.

"What are you doing?" the city editor asked.

"All washed up."

The city editor lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair, a fragment of copy paper in his left hand.

"A Mrs. Ruth Dimock," he read from hastily penciled notes, "down at the city hospital with a slug in her. Her husband did the job. About an hour ago at the corner of Oak and Eighth. He's a third-rate pug. Fought a few preliminaries. Middleweight, I think. The gal's not going to die. Her father's address is—er—7864 Lamar Street. Know where that is?"

"To hell and gone," Jim said disconsolately.

"Just beyond there," the city editor corrected him. "The old man's name is, er—McPherson. Robert A. McPherson."

"Lithuanian," Jim said.

"Serb, I think," the city editor said. "Pop out there and see what you can get."

"How about getting this on the phone?"

"You think of everything. So do I. They have no phone."

"Nize pipple!" Jim said. "What did this bimbo shoot his shackle for?"

"Maybe she chewed gum," said the city editor.

"What does he say?"

"The police haven't picked him up yet."

"Where did they live? Maybe—"

"Don't know. They've been separated, I think."

"She been living with her father?"

"Ask him," the city editor advised.

Jim started for the door.

"Oh, Jim," the city editor called. "Get a picture."

Jim nodded.

"Jim." Again the city editor. "Forgot to tell you: Jones says he thinks she was working in the floor show over at Terrell's a while back. Might be an angle."

"All right."

IT WAS utterly dark. Raining. Chill. Jim rode for twenty-five minutes on a street car. Off at a dark corner. A block and a half up a steep hill along a board sidewalk. Terraced lawns and old-fashioned frame houses. No numbers visible. He visited three house fronts, lighting matches to decipher the numerals, before he located 7864. It was a three-story frame house with a small front porch. Lights showing from windows in the upper floors. Dark downstairs. With the aid of a match he located the bell button beside the door frame.

He heard the buzzer sounding in answer to his touch. A short wait. A movement on the stairs. A small porch light over his head glowed suddenly, snapped on from within. The door was opened a cautious few inches. The face of a stoutish woman of fifty appeared in the aperture. Her scant hair was in curl papers.

"McPherson?" Jim asked.

She nodded. Waited. Jim remembered that they had no phone. Perhaps they didn't know of the shooting.

"Do you know a Mrs. Ruth Dimock?" he asked.

Alarm showed on her face. "What is it?" she whispered. "Has anything happened? Is she all right?"

"She's not bad hurt," Jim said hesitantly, fumbling in thought for a way to break the news. "She's going to get well all right."

"Hurt!" she said. She was breathing hard. "What is it?"

"Well—er—she got shot."

"Shot!" she repeated. A grimace of effort distorted her face as she swallowed. And again, a whisper: "Shot!"

Suddenly she screamed. Jim jumped, a prickle of fear chilling him. From the windy wet dark near by a dog barked furiously.

Again a scream. Then: "Help! Ruth! Oh! Help!"

"She's all right," Jim assured her, conscious of the futility of his speech. "She's not bad hurt. She—"

A man's voice from upstairs. Deep, dominant:

"Mary! What's the matter down there? What is it?"

Other voices. Rapid footsteps above.

"Help!" the woman at the door called again, her frantic eyes never leaving Jim's face. "Ruth! Help!"

A confusion of voices. Steps. The door swung wide open. Behind the stoutish elderly woman a gaunt giant. In undershirt, trousers and slippers. Suspenders hanging. A white-haired, white-bearded, big-featured man with deep-set, pale gray eyes. Behind him a husky, sullen young man of about twenty-five and a scared, birdlike girl in her teens.

"What is it?" the man demanded angrily. "What are you yelling about?" Pointing to Jim, "Who's he?"

The woman in curl papers stared at him, stony-faced, saying nothing.

"Where's your voice?" he demanded. "You had plenty a minute ago!" Then, to Jim: "What is it? What's all this about?"

"Your daughter," Jim began, "she—"

"My daughter?" The old man bellowed the words.

"Mrs. Dimock," Jim said. "She—"

"A-a-ah!" the old man interrupted. There was a grim smile on his hard face. "In trouble, I suppose?"

The man roused anger in Farley. "I'd call it trouble," he said shortly. "She's been shot!"

THE young man and the girl cried out. The smile died from the old man's face. A moment of shock and then triumphant grimness.

"Shot!" he said, nodding his head slowly. "So!"

The young man crowded forward. "Will she—I mean, is she—" he began, fearfully.

"She's not going to die," Jim told him.

"Keep out of this," the old man growled, fending the young fellow back with his arm. "So! Shot!" He leaned out and glared into the dark. "That dog!" he said angrily. "I'll show Horton if he can keep a nuisance like that! Yapping away at all hours!" He drew a deep breath and bellowed startlingly: "Shut up!"

The dog voiced one startled yip and was silent.

"Where is she?" the elderly woman whispered.

"City hospital," said Jim.

"Who—how did it happen?"

"Her husband," said Jim.

"A-a-ah!" A long-drawn, down-sliding exclamation from the old man. He looked at the elderly woman. "Well?" he said.

The word was a slap. The woman winced. The old man looked at Jim.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm from The Courier," Jim told him.

The old man reached out and gripped him by the shoulders. His huge, bony fingers dug painfully into Jim's flesh. Without effort he lifted him into the hallway and held him at arm's length.

"One of them newspaper fellows," he said savagely.

"Let loose of me!" Jim snarled, wrenching. "You old—"

POWERFUL fingers closed around his throat. Sight left him. A shower of bright sparks in his brain. A shock. He was on the floor. The elderly woman was bending over him, helping him to rise.

"Don't!" she whispered in his ear. "He'll kill you."

Jim was on his feet, unsteady, shaken. The old man towered over him, threatening. Jim found time to recall childhood impressions of Old Testament characters.

"You print anything about this in your paper and I'll break every bone in your body!" he raged.

The elderly woman started up the stairs. The old man turned to her.

"Where you going?"

"To get dressed," she said in a low voice.

"Dressed?"

The woman began to cry. "She's hurt, Robert," she said, pleading. "All alone in that hospital. Please! I must—"

"Come back here," he commanded. She obeyed. "You'll stay where you are. No nonsense!" Then to Jim: "Remember: One word in your paper and I'll tear you to bits."

He glared at him for a moment, breathing hard, then started up the stairs. A few steps up he paused.

"You!" he said, pointing at the woman. "Stay in this house, you and you." This to the young man and the girl. "I'm reading. I'll not be bothered again tonight." Then to Jim: "You! Get out."

He went on up the stairs. Disappeared down the hall. A door slammed. The three in the hall looked at Jim.

"Look here," Jim said in half-whisper. "I've got to get some kind of a story, you know. I might as well get it straight. Otherwise, they'll just use what they can get from police. Give me the dope on this and I'll give you the best break I can on it. You know—make it as easy for you as possible."

The woman nodded, opened a door leading to the parlor. Hurrying feet on the porch. A young man, hatless, entered the hall. Medium height. Thin. Pale. Earnest.

"Mrs. McPherson!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard you scream. Is there—What's the trouble?"

The woman put her finger to her lips and pointed up the stairs.

"It's Ruth!" she whispered to the newcomer. "She's been shot."

The young man gasped. Rapidly she whispered to him what she knew.

"I'll go see her," he said. "Right away. I'll let you know about her, Mrs. McPherson!"

SHE pointed up the stairs again. "You mustn't let him know."

"No. Oh, no. I'll be careful. Oh! Poor Ruth! Andy must have been drunk to—I'll go right away, Mrs. McPherson."

He hesitated, looked at Jim. The woman introduced him.

"This is Charlie Webb," she said. "He was engaged to Ruth before she run away and married Andy Dimock."

"I—I suppose it'll get in the paper," Webb said, miserable.

"I was just telling them if they'd give me the facts I'd make it as easy as possible," Jim explained.

"Maybe you can help us tell him about it so's to make it better, Charlie," Mrs. McPherson suggested.

"Well—just a minute," Webb agreed. "I want to get down and see if I can—Well, sure. Just a minute."

They all went into the parlor. Mrs. McPherson carefully shut the door.

"What did they do to Andy?" Webb asked Jim.

"Dimock?" said Jim. "They hadn't got him yet, last I heard."

With a few questions Jim got a fill-in on the family. The father built small boats. Launches, fishing craft. Originally from a coast town in Massachusetts. The husky young man was the eldest of the children. Named Ed. The birdlike girl, Elsie, the youngest. The family had lived in the Northwest Pacific Coast city for twenty years, moving there from the home town in the Bay State. The girl who had been shot, her husband and Charlie Webb, all near the same age. School and playmates. Webb a clerk in the credit end of a local department store.

"Nobody was ever any nicer than Ruth," Webb assured Jim. "The only trouble was—well—"

"She couldn't get along with her father," Mrs. McPherson took up the tale. "She was high-spirited, and he—he—"

"Dad's all right," the son said shortly. "He's just strict, that's all. He didn't want her running around nights."

"He wouldn't let her go out anywhere," the girl said resentfully. "He won't let me either. You just wait! One of these times I'll—"

"Shut up," said the brother.

"She'd have been satisfied if he'd let me take her out places," Webb said. "I know she'd never have gone with Andy, only—"

"Why didn't you stand up to him then?" the brother asked scornfully. "If you'd been a man about it—made him let you take her out, why—"

"I know!" Webb said humbly. "It—it was my fault."

"You make me sick!" the brother said. "Everything'd been all right if you hadn't been such a namby-pamby sap! Let Dad run all over you the same way he does with the rest of us and—"

"Ed!" Mrs. McPherson reproved him. "You mustn't speak of your father that way!"

"She was crazy about Charlie," Elsie said eagerly. "She used to tell me how much she loved him and—and one night she told me that—"

"Elsie!" from Mrs. McPherson.

CHARLIE WEBB'S shoulders shook. Tears came to his eyes. He wiped them away.

"It was my fault," he repeated. "I thought we could just let things run along as they were until—until we got married, and then—"

"Wouldn't let her learn to dance even!" Elsie said vindictively. "Go to the movies! Anything! Wouldn't let her even talk to Charlie here in the house unless somebody was in the room with them. You just wait!"

"Shut up!" Ed commanded. Then to Jim: "Don't get the wrong idea about Dad. He's just a little old-fashioned, that's all. He—"

"How'd she happen to marry Dimock?" Jim asked.

A silence.

"Andy had got in with a bad crowd," Webb said evasively, after a little. "He took up fighting. He had some sort of a job in Terrell's. The—the night club, you know. He— Of course she'd known him a long time, you see. We all went to school together and—"

"She run off and went to Terrell's with him one night," the brother said sullenly. "That's how it happened."

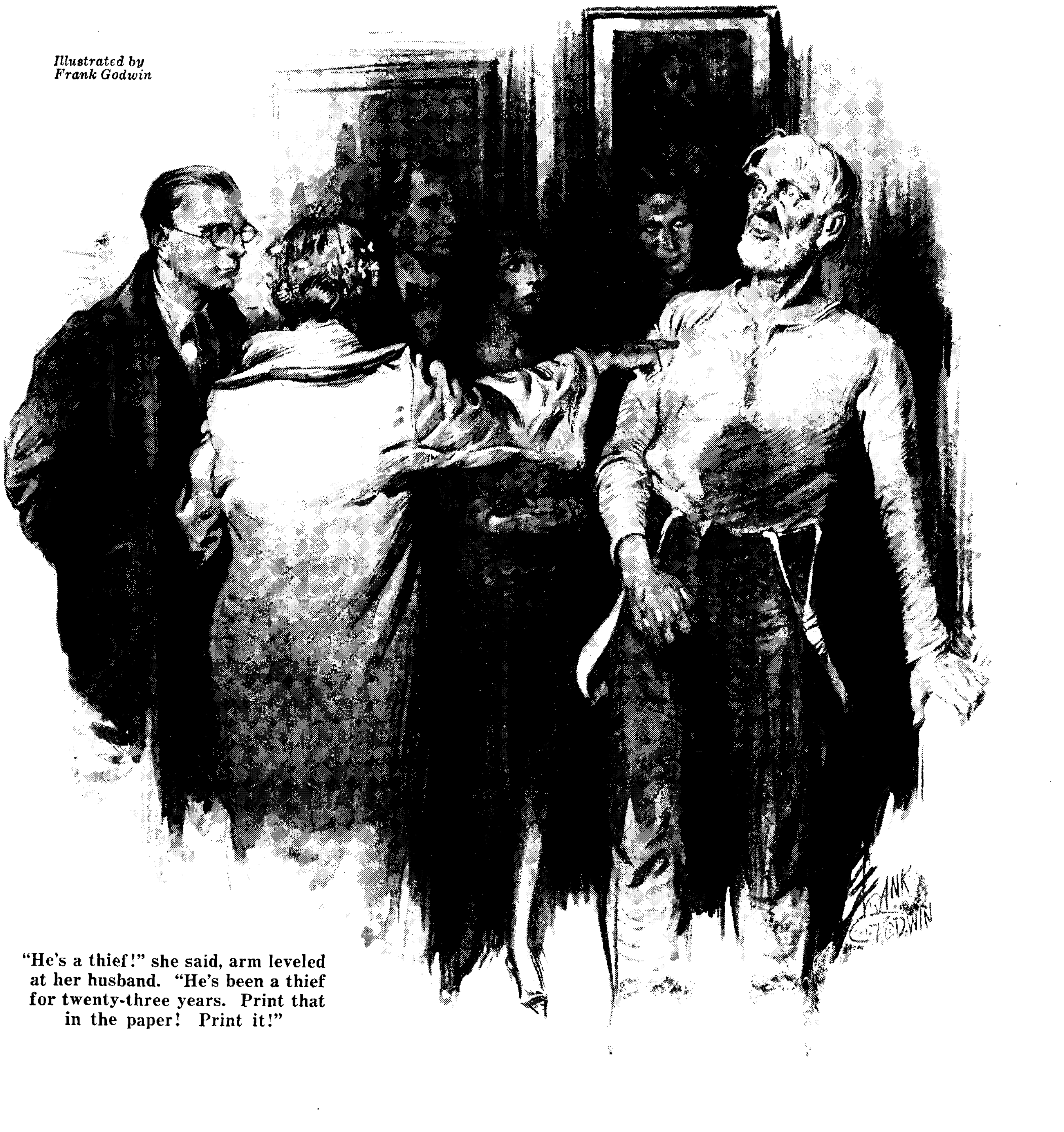
"She didn't mean anything," Webb said, pleading. "She just wanted to dance. She— Well, I guess they got her to take a drink or two and—"

"Andy brought her home at three o'clock in the morning," the brother said. "He was drunk. She was kind of half-shot too, I guess. The old man wouldn't let her in the house."

"They got married down at the city hall that morning," Webb took up the tale. "She was

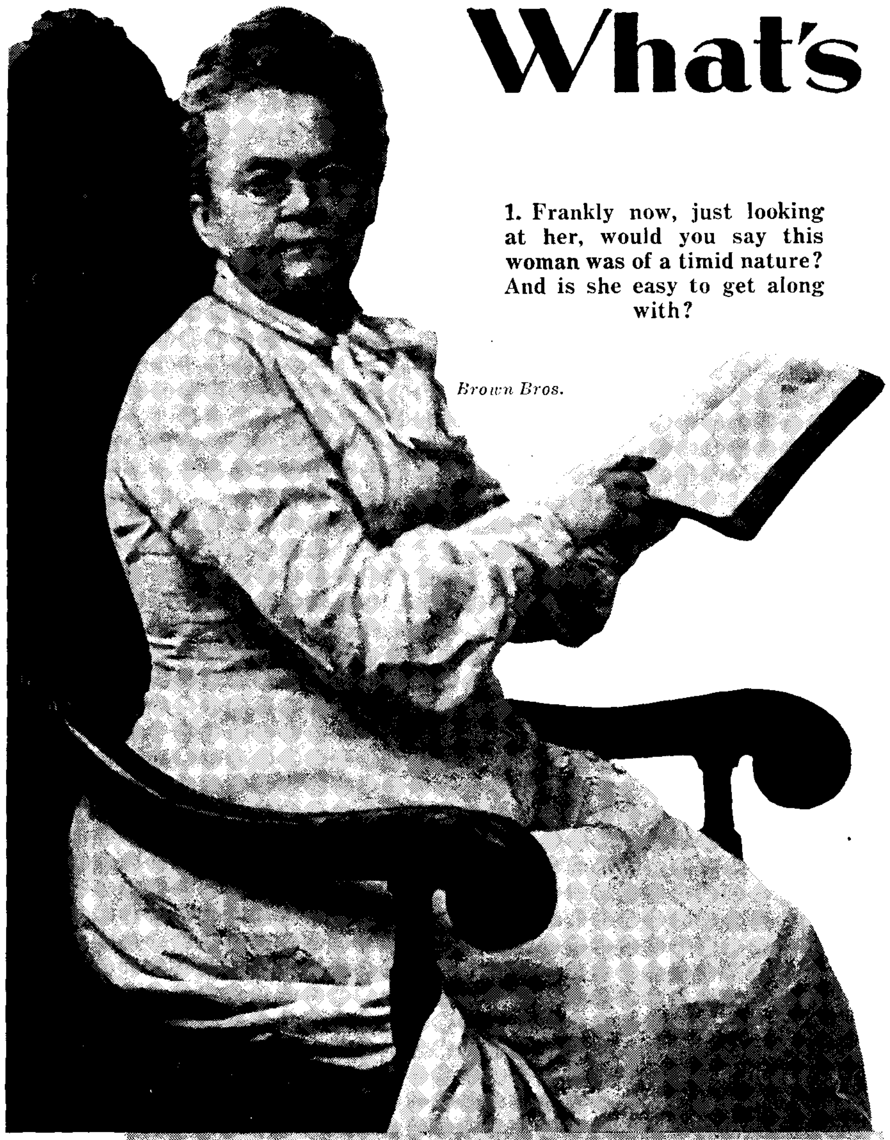
(Continued on page 50)

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin



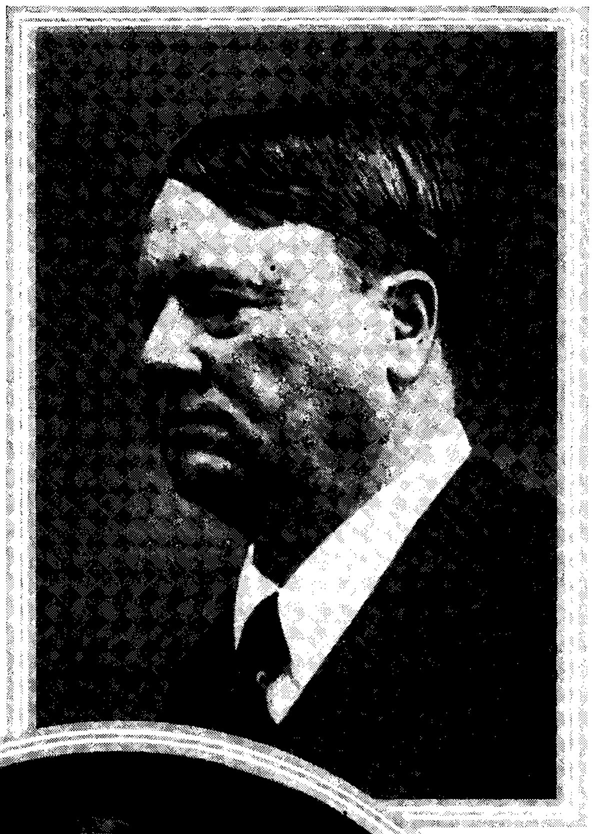
"He's a thief!" she said, arm leveled at her husband. "He's been a thief for twenty-three years. Print that in the paper! Print it!"

What's in a Face?



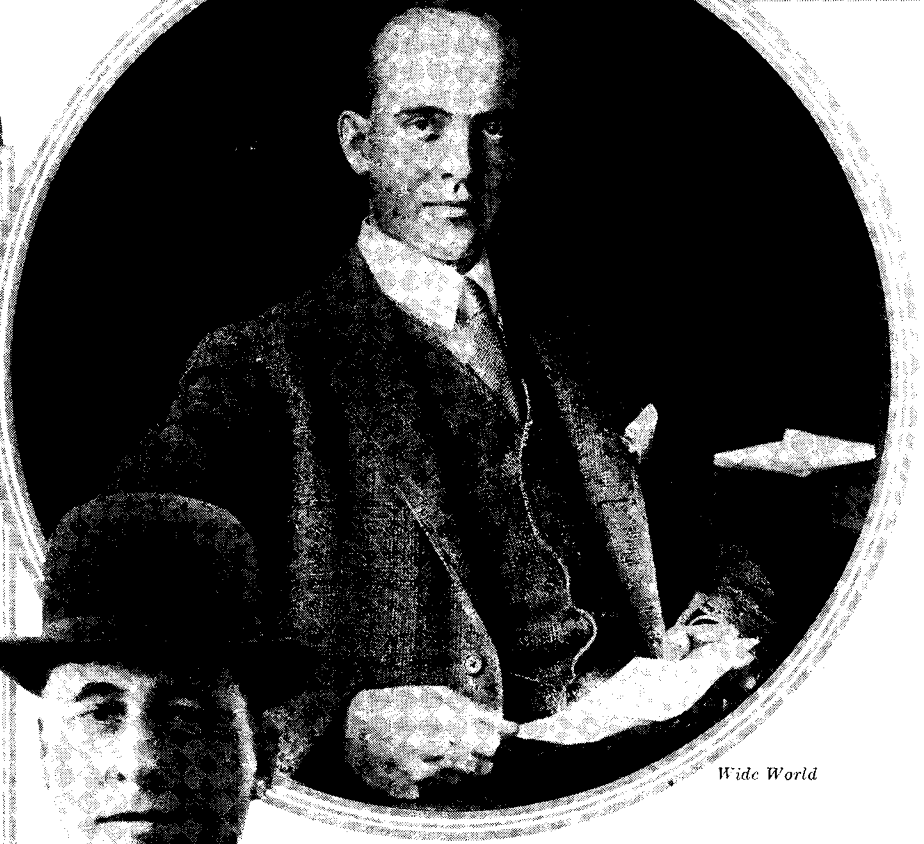
1. Frankly now, just looking at her, would you say this woman was of a timid nature? And is she easy to get along with?

Brown Bros.



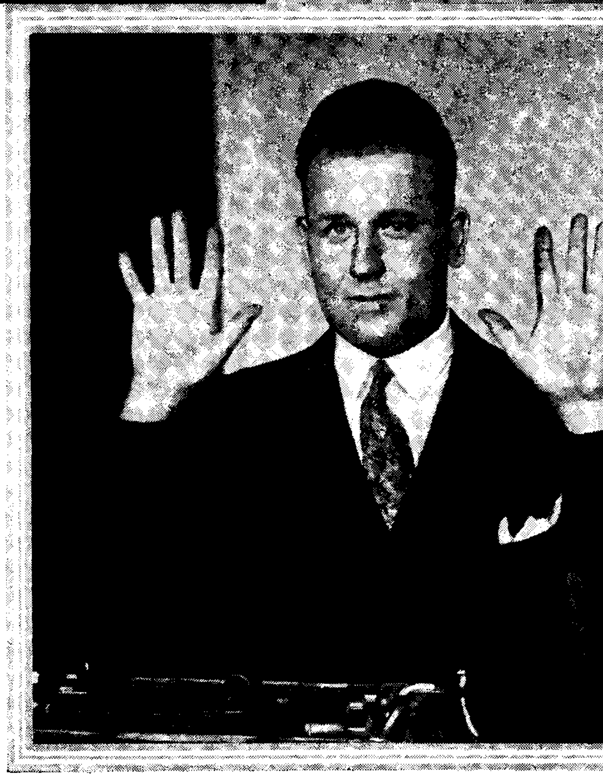
2. Study this man's face. Is it the face of a hard worker? Does it show pacifistic tendencies?

Keystone View



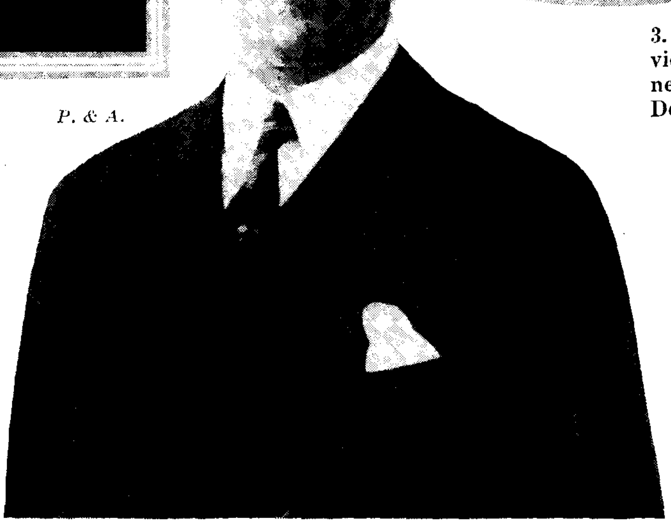
Wide World

3. Would you go to this man for advice—assuming that you were in need of it and ready to listen to it? Does he look to you like one who is easily discouraged?



Wide World

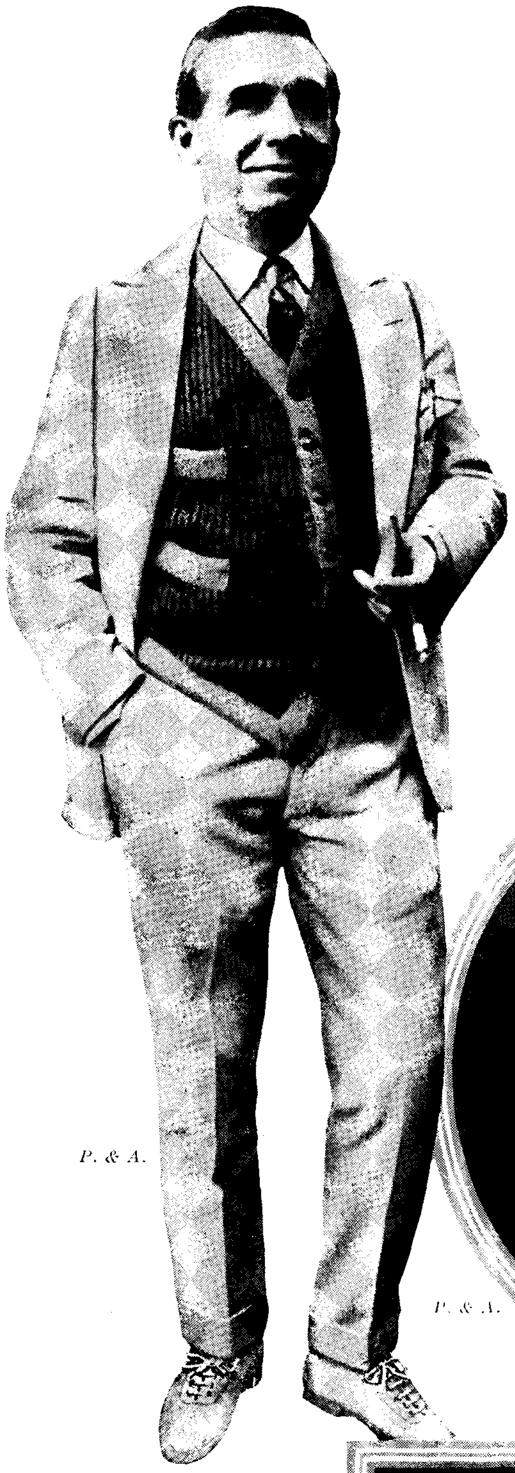
4. Is this the man for that vacant office job? Is he accurate?



P. & A.

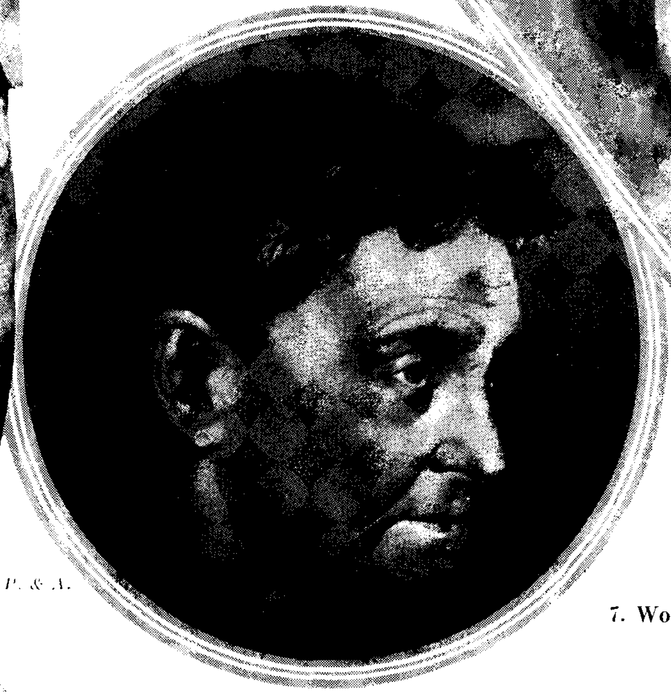
5. Is the gentleman in the derby trustworthy? And whether he is or not, would you say he was a friendly soul?

Everyone prides himself on his ability to read character. But, as a matter of fact, most of us don't see our neighbors' faces. Not even when they look right at us. Some have lazy eyes. Some pay too much attention to how others are dressed. Others are so absorbed in themselves that even their friends are little more than shadows to them. Before you turn to page 55 to see the names of these persons, answer the questions under each picture. There are twenty questions. Score yourself five for each answered correctly



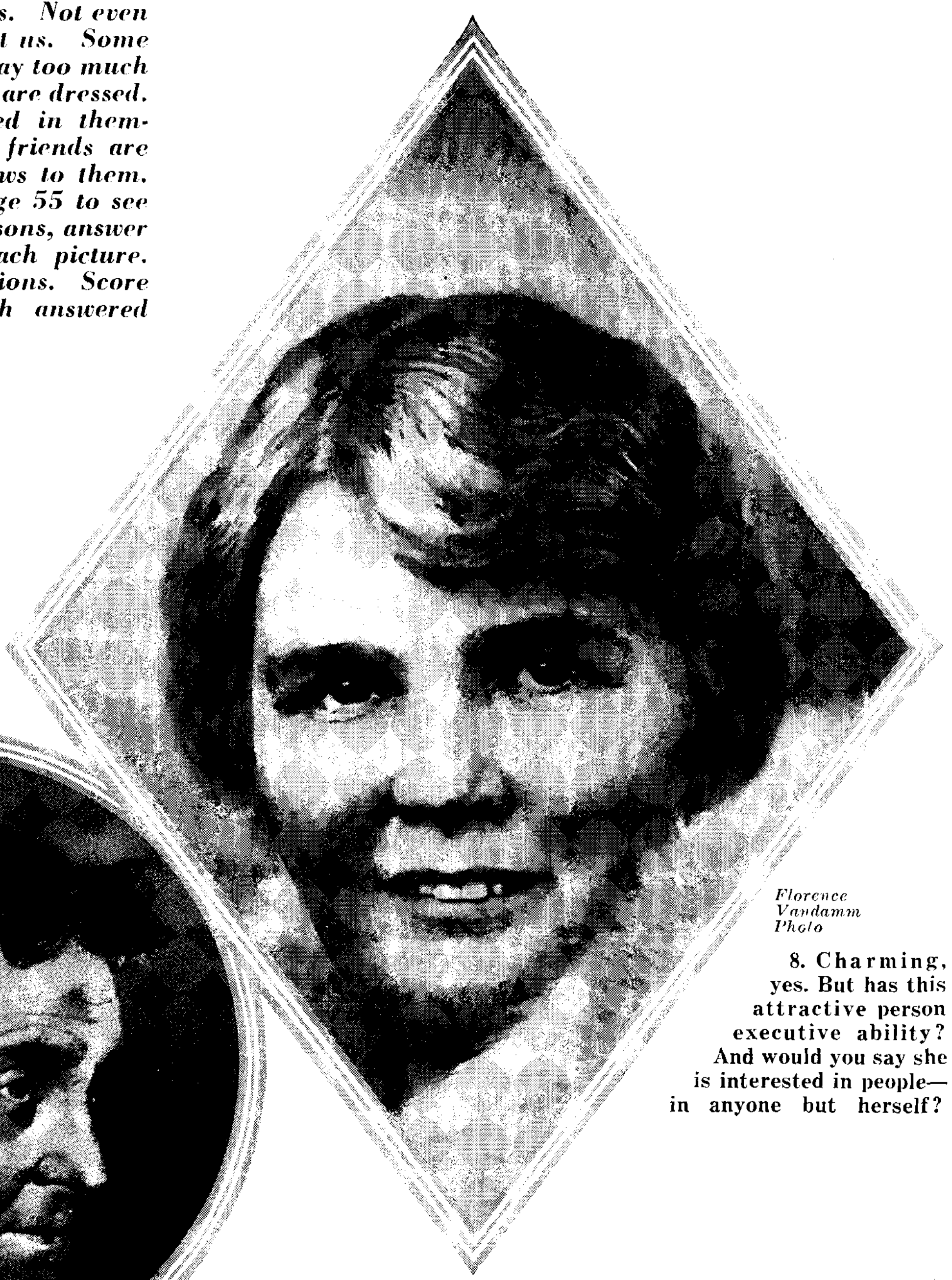
P. & A.

6. Another question of reliability here. Would you trust this gentleman with your money? Has he magnetism?



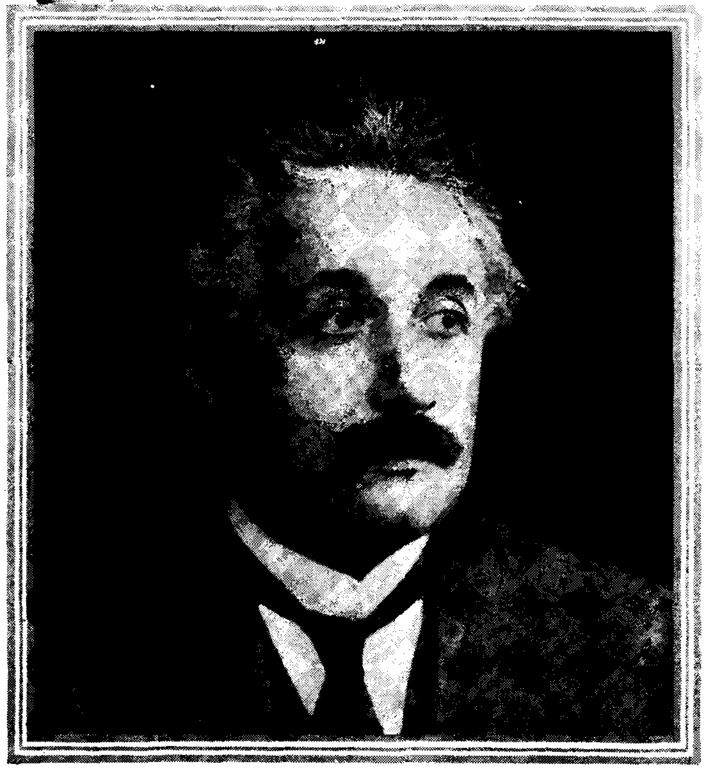
P. & A.

7. Would this woman make good in business? Is she weak-willed?



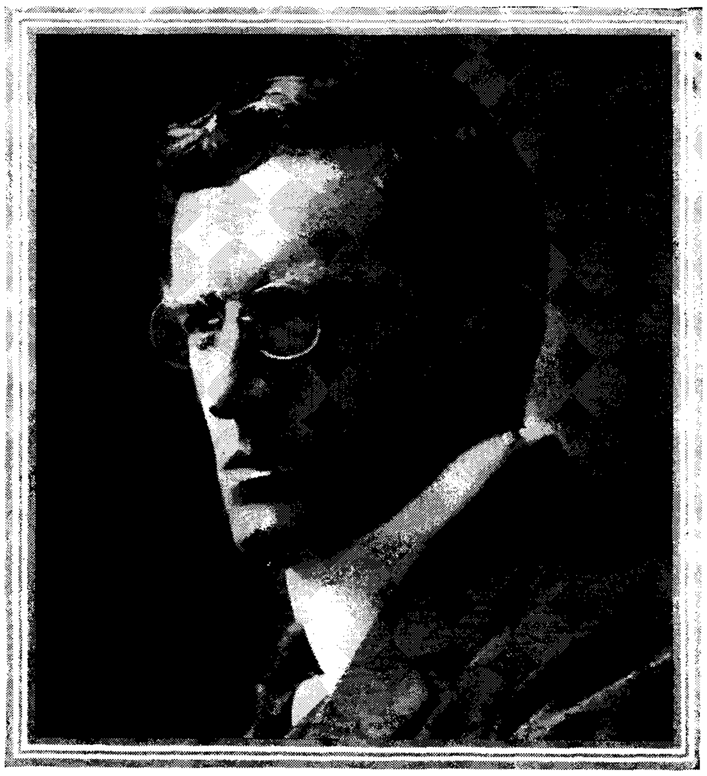
Florence Vandamm Photo

8. Charming, yes. But has this attractive person executive ability? And would you say she is interested in people—in anyone but herself?



P. & A.

9. Can this man think abstractly? Is he a failure?

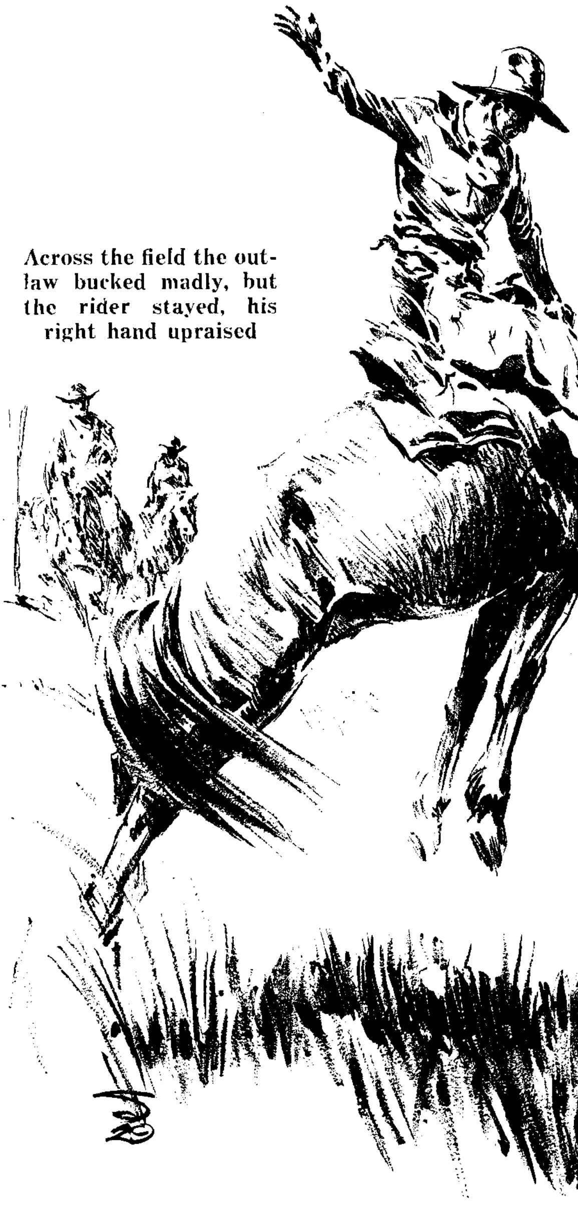


Wide World

10. Would you say this man was sensitive to impressions? And is he practical?

The Gringo Privateer

By Peter B. Kyne



Across the field the outlaw bucked madly, but the rider stayed, his right hand upraised

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning ranches in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California and Oregon, is visiting his favorite ranch, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

He is wondering how he can replace Art Graydon, the valuable old manager of the ranch, who had lately become overcautious, when along comes Kenneth Burney of Santa Inez Rancho, Tres Pinos, Calif. The boy was a son of a once wealthy ranch owner now grown old, who had lost his ranch to Bardin though Bardin says it was not necessary and he didn't realize that it had happened.

Young Burney arrives at El Ranchito straight from two months' working for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce and decides it is time he came to work for the Cattle King and saved him from Bruce's deviltry.

Bardin takes an instant liking to the boy and hires him as a rider providing that he proves himself in a rodeo about to take place.

Burney dines with Bardin and his lovely daughter, Muriel, and while they are at table Bardin gets a telephone message that some of his men have been killed at El Cajon Bonita by Bruce's men. Burney, though Bruce threatened to kill him when next he saw him, decides that he must look into this El Cajon Bonita situation.

II

THE princess had been "out" three years, yet in all that time she had never met any man who remotely resembled this strange guest her remarkable father had so mysteriously accumulated. Vaguely she resented him. He was a nobody, yet, undoubtedly, he was a somebody; there could be no denying but that he was perfectly sure of himself at all times and never more sure of himself than he was in her presence—which was a condition the princess had come to regard as, most emphatically, not a prescriptive right of men.

'd no particular attention to appeared unimpressed with her importance and his own insignificance; her father alone appeared to claim his alert interest, nor had the princess ever known the king to exhibit such a profound liking for any young man. That Ken Burney's personality had quite bowled her father over Muriel had no doubt, for there he was beating slow time with his forefinger, in mock sympathy, as Ken Burney whistled Chopin's Funeral March.

"YOU'RE a real whistler, Mr. Burney," she interrupted him presently.

"He's a whistling fool," His Majesty agreed heartily. "He lifts whistling from the level of an infernal nuisance to a high art. Alas! If he could only shoot as well as he whistles!"

Said Ken Burney:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

"Fine," the princess agreed with a faint touch of scorn. "Now be bromidic and tell us that practice makes perfect."

"Don't be snooty, darling," the king pleaded. "Ken, my boy, can you whistle Listen to the Mocking Bird?"

"Certainly, sir."

"If he attempts it," the princess warned, "I shall leave the table."

"Happily, no such sacrifice impends, Princess. I never whistle it except in the process of making a living. I whistled for forty weeks in vaudeville once—four shows daily—and if you think enough hasn't been sufficient for me you're a poor judge of human nature."

"Har!" the king bellowed, vastly amused. "Har! Har-har! Forty weeks in vaudeville, eh? What did they pay you for whistling, son?"

"Three hundred dollars a week, sir."

"Beats punching cows at seventy a month and found."

"If I'd only had cows to associate with in vaudeville instead of the vaudevillians I'd be whistling still, sir."

"Har! Har-har! What else did you do?"

"A little fancy rope-twisting—jumping in and out of my loop while I whistled. It was a terrible life."

"WHY did you do it, you silly?" the princess demanded. And this was a perfectly sensible query for her to make, because, fortunately, she had never had to do anything that annoyed her.

"My father had endorsed a note of mine, Princess, and got stuck with it. So I went to work to pay him out, and when I had done that I reverted to type."

The princess permitted herself a little throaty chuckle.

"What else can you do that's funny, Mr. Burney?"

"I can play the piano by note, and I can recite The Face on the Barroom Floor and The Shooting of Dan McGrew—all with appropriate gestures. And when I sing Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight? you feel like weeping out loud."

"Just an old-fashioned boy," the princess murmured irrelevantly, and the king winked at his guest.

When, at length, the princess rose from the table and the king and Burney followed her into the living-room, it was evident that the princess' curiosity was far from satisfied. She pointed to the piano. "Do your stuff, hombre," she commanded.

Burney sat at the instrument, ran facile fingers over the keys and played, with the touch of a near-master, Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.

"Boy passes his ex as a pianist one hundred per cent," the princess declared. "Now sing something."

He played and sang Händel's exquisitely lovely Where E'er You Walk. He had a sweet lyric baritone voice and it was apparent that at some period in his career somebody who knew music had given him more than a little instruction.

"Boy's crazy," the princess declared. "He whistled in vaudeville when he might have sung mammy songs and gotten a real hand."

"Oh, but I did sing in vaudeville," Mr. Burney protested. "After my whistling act, in which I opened the show as The Whistling Cowboy, I appeared two numbers later in evening dress, with a false mustache, as Diego Romero, the idol of Spain, direct from Madrid, in a repertoire of Spanish songs. I used to knock 'em dead with La Golondrina—like this!"

"And what did they pay you for that?" the delighted king demanded at the conclusion of the song.

"Two hundred a week, sir."

"You're right, Muriel. The boy's a raving lunatic. He quit three hundred a week as a fancy rope-twister and whistler and two hundred a week as the idol of Spain to harass cows from the hurricane deck of a disrespectful horse at seventy dollars a month and found. Why, *he ought to have a keeper!*"

"Here, here, there was a reason," Mr. Burney protested. "I loathed my whistling but liked my singing—all but the false mustache which flew off one night as I took a high note. They gave me the razzberry for that and my accompanist and I had a quarrel about it. He blamed me for queering our act; so we scuffled a little and he hit me a hard soak in the throat and made a basso out of me for three months. It was all so discouraging I just couldn't stand it any longer and quit for good."

The princess gave herself over to the heartiest laughter she had ever known.

"Isn't he precious, Pop?" she cried. "Imagine his mustache getting all tangled up with high C!"

The king was chuckling too, meanwhile thanking Providence that Ken Burney had arrived tonight, of all nights, to save him from the bleakest of despair over the situation in El Cajon Bonita. It occurred to him now that here was the first young man he had ever had in his house who was remotely worth entertaining.

"Ever figure on being a radio entertainer—or announcer, Ken?" he queried presently.

"No, sir. The hours are irregular and the life too confining. What I'm out to do is earn a sizable wad, stock up my father's ranch again and go back to my first and only love. I don't take kindly to another man's collar."

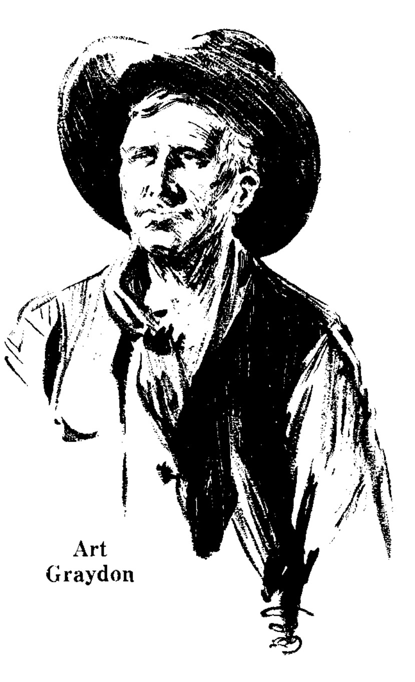
"WELL, if Art Graydon decides to put you on the payroll tomorrow you can probably by the practice of strict economy save enough out of your wages to buy a calf a month. After a thousand months of this—"

"One month, if you please, sir. Perhaps two, although I doubt it. Then Santa Claus is going to be nice to me."

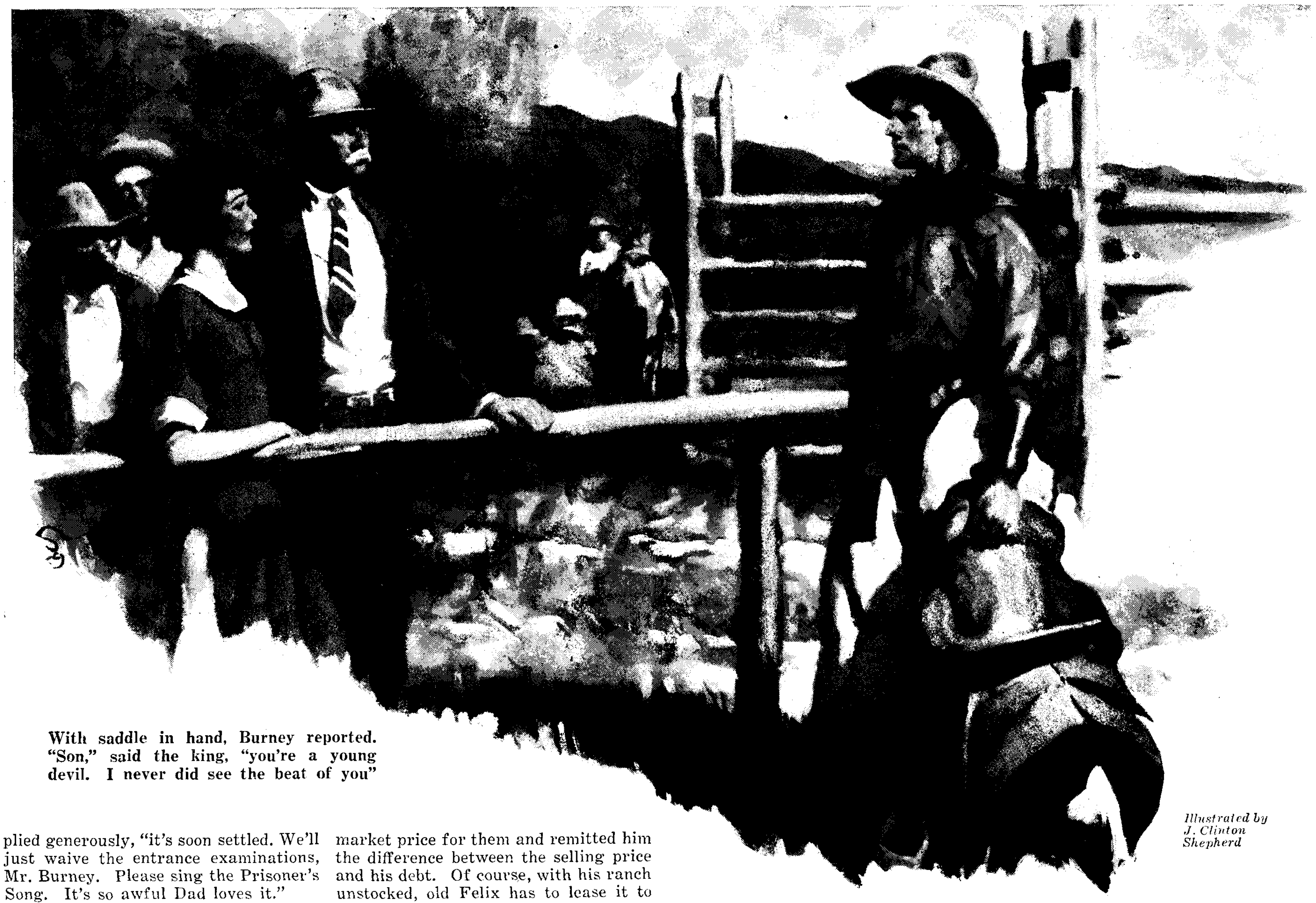
"Do I look like Santa Claus?" the king demanded, with some indignation.

"Enough like him to pass for his twin brother, sir. I know how much a certain service, well performed, will be worth to you. I've looked you up and have discovered that you're a great hand to give good pay to a good man, so the day after tomorrow we'll discuss the disgusting details." He got up from the piano. "If you please, Miss Muriel, may I retire now? I'm tired and I'd like to have a good night's rest before tackling my entrance examinations tomorrow."

"Oh, if that's all that's bothering you," the princess re-



Art Graydon



With saddle in hand, Burney reported. "Son," said the king, "you're a young devil. I never did see the beat of you"

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

plied generously, "it's soon settled. We'll just waive the entrance examinations, Mr. Burney. Please sing the Prisoner's Song. It's so awful Dad loves it."

"We will not waive the entrance examinations," her father corrected her. "Don't you interfere with my program for Mr. Burney's future."

"I am taking orders from the king," Burney reminded her with mock coolness.

"Then go to bed," the princess replied cheerfully. "Thank you for a wonderful entertainment. Breakfast at nine. Good night."

Ken Burney and the king exchanged brief glances and Burney nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Good night, boy," said the king kindlily.

When the king and the princess found themselves alone the girl asked:

"Dad, who is he?"

"He claims to be the son of old Felix Burney, a California cattleman of my acquaintance. If this be true (and I'm not going to take his word for it) he's an American with a slight strain—say one eighth—of Castilian blood in him. Just enough to give him temperament and make him carefree, easy and prodigal. His alleged father is one of the finest gentlemen in California. The old stock, you understand. Fifty years behind time with his code.

"I have always liked old Felix but never knew he had a son. I loaned him money from time to time, with his cattle as security, and while I realized that, as an operator, he wasn't a gilt-edged risk, still I could always send a man to count his cattle at any time and find more than the number he represented he owned when making the loan. This boy, Ken, says my lawyers closed in on him a year ago and took the cattle for the loan. Well, we were abroad then, Muriel, and I never knew anything about it. My head can't hold every detail of my business. However, if we took the cattle we gave him the best market price for them and remitted him the difference between the selling price and his debt. Of course, with his ranch unstocked, old Felix has to lease it to some other cattleman, and now Ken says he's retired, and the doctors tell him he hasn't many years to live. I imagine I'll be able to buy that ranch some day at a reasonable figure, particularly if this boy gets himself killed, which he's extremely apt to do."

"How dreadful, Dad! I wouldn't like to see him killed," the girl remarked thoughtfully. "He's so young and merry and gallant and so filled with the job of living. He seems a trifle frivolous, but somehow, I think that's just a smoke screen to hide a lot of real courage and sound common sense. He strikes me as a gentleman who has been a sort of dilettante cowman."

"Oh, I imagine he knows cows well enough. He was brought up on the Santa Inez Rancho and they ran about three thousand head. The trouble is old Felix spoiled him for the business by raising him a gentleman and giving him too much money to spend. Why, the young jackass used to play polo. Now that old Felix can no longer support another gentleman in the family, the boy's broke and a wanderer in search of a riding job. Apparently he realizes that cows are the only thing in life he really knows anything about and it has occurred to him to cultivate his scant knowledge and forget polo. A wise decision."

"Are you going to employ him, Dad?"

"OF COURSE I am. He needs a job, I have it to give and I might as well take a chance on him, for his father's sake, as on anybody else. But he's the country gentleman, even in his chaps, so for the good of his immortal soul I'm going to put him over the jumps tomorrow. The El Ranchito riders with whom he will have to associate will despise him for a dude—there's such a thing as blind class hatred, you know—until they realize he knows his business and that, dude that he is, he's a man, too. If he stays on old Geronimo ten seconds they'll know him for a rider and a game one. And that will help a great deal."

"But suppose he should be thrown and hurt?"

"Cowboy luck," the king replied indifferently. His father had been a cowman and had laid the foundation of the king's present vast fortune; although he had given his heir-apparent certain educational and cultural advantages unknown to Grandfather Bardin's day, he had also raised Bradley Bardin a thorough cattleman, in order to fit him for his heritage and equip him with ability to add to it. And how well the old man had wrought the Western cattle world now knew.

The present king had started his practical education in the bunkhouse with his father's riders at thirty dollars a month, and had worked up slowly; in the process he had been thrown many a time and oft, and had had broken bones to prove it, but it had never occurred to him, in the pride of his youth, to avoid a horse just because the animal was disrespectful. He chuckled now as he recalled his own days as a broncho twister. He was in a reminiscent mood.

"I'd been working for your grandfather five years, Muriel, and had saved and won at poker sixty-four hundred dollars when the old man got wind of my bank account and decided it would be fun to take it away from me. I think he was testing me to see if there was any truth in the saying that a fool and his money are soon parted, for he offered to bet me ten to six I couldn't ride a red roan outlaw we'd had on the ranch for five years. The best riders in the country had never stayed on that horse after the fourth jump and my father was very proud of that horse. He'd maintain anything and anybody that was a top-notcher in his own particular line, whereas if this outlaw had been a mediocre bucker Dad would have shot him to save feed.

"Muriel, this horse had everything. Why, he could wrinkle his back and throw a good man, but his specialty was whirling like a pin-wheel, simultaneously pitching high, hard and handsome so continuously he was a four-footed advertisement for the secret of perpetual motion. He just jarred you groggy and if he didn't throw you in the first four jumps you fell off. And I knew this because I'd tried him out in private twice—and in those days it required an extra bad horse to make me extend myself.

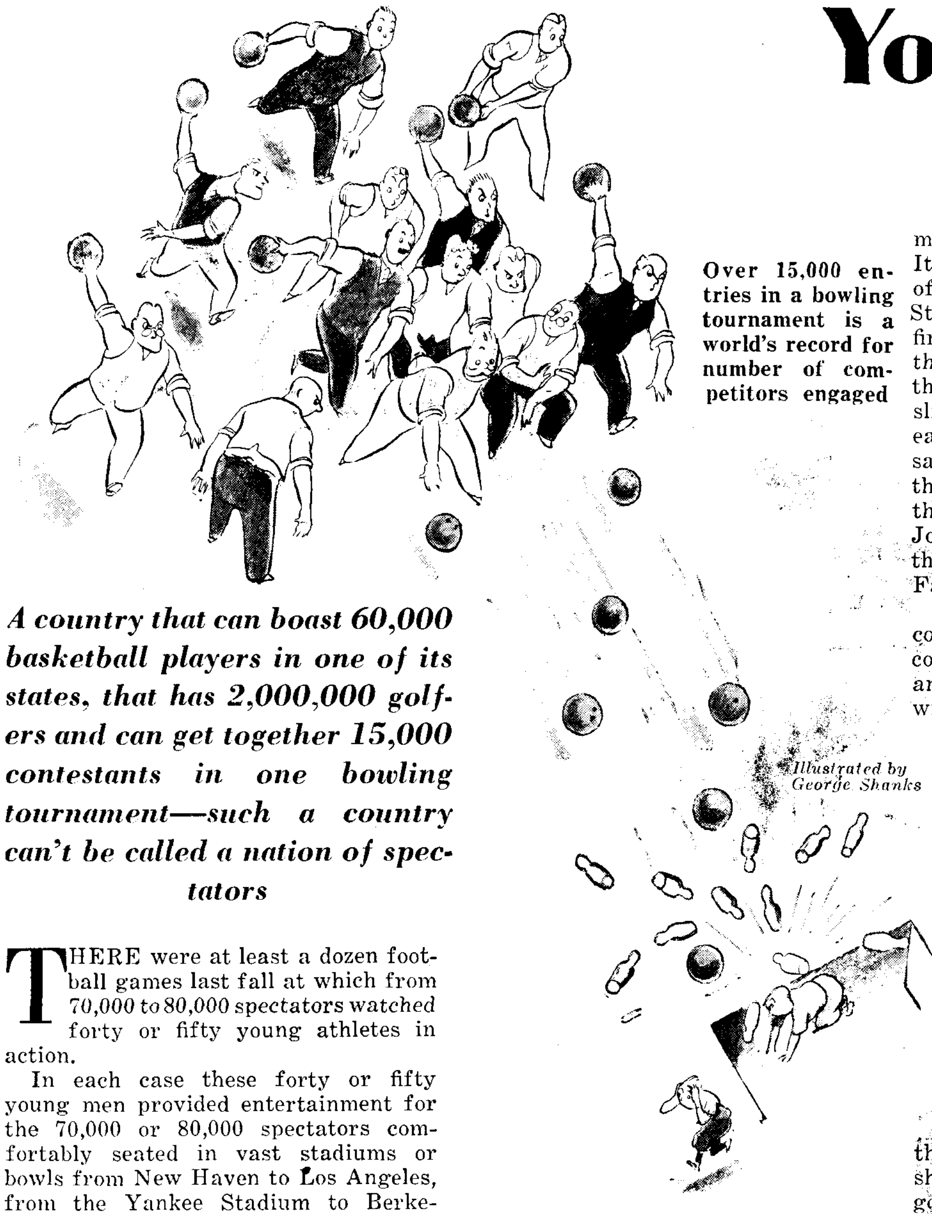
"WELL, my father was always a bit stingy with me. He made me work for every dollar of spending money I ever fingered. Consequently, I yearned to take ten thousand dollars away from him and after a while I figured out a way to swindle him. I bet six thousand against his ten and reduced the bet to writing so there wouldn't be any argument about it afterward, because I knew my father would crawfish on me if I gave him a real opening. So I carefully stipulated every rule—and they were hard rules, for the old man saw to that.

"We argued so much about relaxing the rules that I got his mind off one important point and he signed up without noticing his error in failing to stipulate the place of execution. That left me free to choose it, so I chose the dry, sandy river bed of the San Ardo. The old man made no objection. He figured I'd picked the sand of the river bed to save myself from

(*Continued on page 45*)

You take the Ball

By Grantland Rice



Over 15,000 entries in a bowling tournament is a world's record for number of competitors engaged

Illustrated by George Shanks

A country that can boast 60,000 basketball players in one of its states, that has 2,000,000 golfers and can get together 15,000 contestants in one bowling tournament—such a country can't be called a nation of spectators

THERE were at least a dozen football games last fall at which from 70,000 to 80,000 spectators watched forty or fifty young athletes in action.

In each case these forty or fifty young men provided entertainment for the 70,000 or 80,000 spectators comfortably seated in vast stadiums or bowls from New Haven to Los Angeles, from the Yankee Stadium to Berkeley.

At the last world series an average of more than 50,000 spectators per game watched something like thirty ball players provide a highly athletic afternoon, replete with much excitement, but no great amount of exercise for the 50,000.

The records are still fresh of the 250,000 spectators who paid more than $4,000,000 to see Tunney and Dempsey grind out thrills for the multitude in their two famous fights.

But this is only one side of sport. It happens to be the side that gets the most publicity, but it isn't the entire story. For example, in the well-known city of Chicago this month there is a tournament under way known as the American Bowling Congress. The size of the crowds at this tournament is an unimportant detail. The important part is that over 15,000 contestants have entered, just about as many entries in one tournament as you will see in 400 football games or 600 baseball games. More than 15,000 entries in one big tournament, singles, doubles and team matches, should come fairly close to being a world's record for the number of competitors engaged.

These competitors in the American Bowling Congress play for prizes aggregating $150,000. It has been impossible to get a correct count on the number of bowlers in the United States, but the mark has been placed in the general neighborhood of 5,000,000.

Then again when it comes to a matter of competitors there is the eighteenth annual high school basketball tournament in Indiana. This consists of sixteen regional tournaments, and the number of teams entered was *about* 750. Last March there were 749 basketball teams in this same tournament.

ketball teams grow in Indiana n orange trees in Florida or California. They don't have to worry about spectators when there is a basketball game played; every citizen of the community, young and old, male and female, is present. They have gymnasiums with a seating capacity equal to the entire population of a town or village, and these gymnasiums are full. But it isn't the spectators that furnish the story. It happens to be the players. There are at least 1,600 high school boys' teams playing a regular schedule. There are approximately 250 junior school and grade teams and about ninety organized girls' teams in this state. This year in the state independent tourney, apart from the one just mentioned, there were 640 teams.

Here you get the idea of the playing side. One might figure, judging from the publicity given big crowds, that the country was a nation of spectators. Those who think so would do well to visit Indiana in March.

The Unimportant Spectator

There are over 900 independent teams in that state, many from the factories. There are 250 college teams, including the fraternity line-ups. A careful estimate of high school, college and independent amateur teams shows about 35,000 players. When you add the Sunday-school teams, of which there are frequently as many as sixty in towns the size of Marion, the total runs up to 50,000 or 60,000 players. And this is only one game we are talking about.

The much-celebrated crowds of spectators are only a small part of the story. We have already shown 15,000 bowlers entered *in one tournament in Chicago* and over 700 teams entered in one basketball tournament in Indiana. Here is proof enough that the competitor or contestant is holding his own. You might even consider the game of golf. It wasn't so long ago that the number of people playing golf in the United States was only about 25,000. When the first Open championship was held about *thirty-five years ago there were less* than twenty entries. The case today is slightly different. Last spring and early summer there were over a thousand entries, including only the best of the professionals and the amateurs, for the Open at Olympia Fields, where Johnny Farrell and Bobby Jones were the last two survivors and where Johnny Farrell finally won out.

The next Open golf championship comes to the difficult Winged Foot course in Westchester County, New York, *and the early estimates are that there* will be over 1,200 entries in the preliminary scramble to qualify. In other words, the increase of entries in this one championship in about thirty-five years has been sixtyfold. When the great field meets at Winged Foot in June, cut down by then to 150 entries, there will be galleries of *ten and twelve thou*sand people.

But on the same Saturday of that week there will be over 2,000,000 players slicing their drives or topping their mashie shots or missing their putts over 4,000 golf courses between Del Monte, Calif., and the Massachusetts and Maine coasts.

The crowds of ten or twelve thousand will find their way into the headlines. The 2,000,000 players won't. There are *now something like four million of our* population who play golf.

This country, time and again, has been branded as a nation of spectators. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The growth of the playing side in the last few years has been phenomenal. It has reached out to include the old and young, the male and the female.

In a short while the Pennsylvania Relays will again be held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. What does one see here? Sixty thousand spectators cheering about fifty athletes? Not quite. One will see a respectable number of spectators, but one will also see about 5,000 athletes from schools and colleges *swarming all over the enclosure.* And there will be meets at Drake and other places with almost as many entered. Maybe more. There will be a public school athletic league meeting held in New York this spring where the competitors will almost outnumber the spectators, as six or seven thousand young athletes run, jump and hurdle.

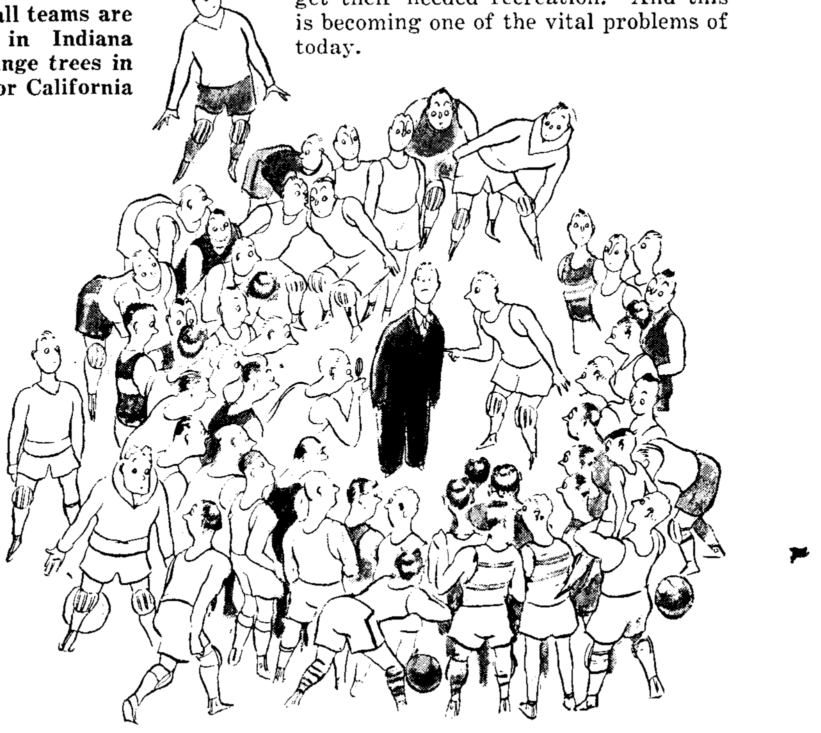
The crowds watching big events are possibly growing, but we are coming more and more to the playing side. Proud fathers and mothers today are starting their youngsters into golf or tennis at the ages of six, seven and eight.

And while this is going on golfers as old as John D. Rockefeller are still playing the game after they have seen almost ninety winters and summers pass by.

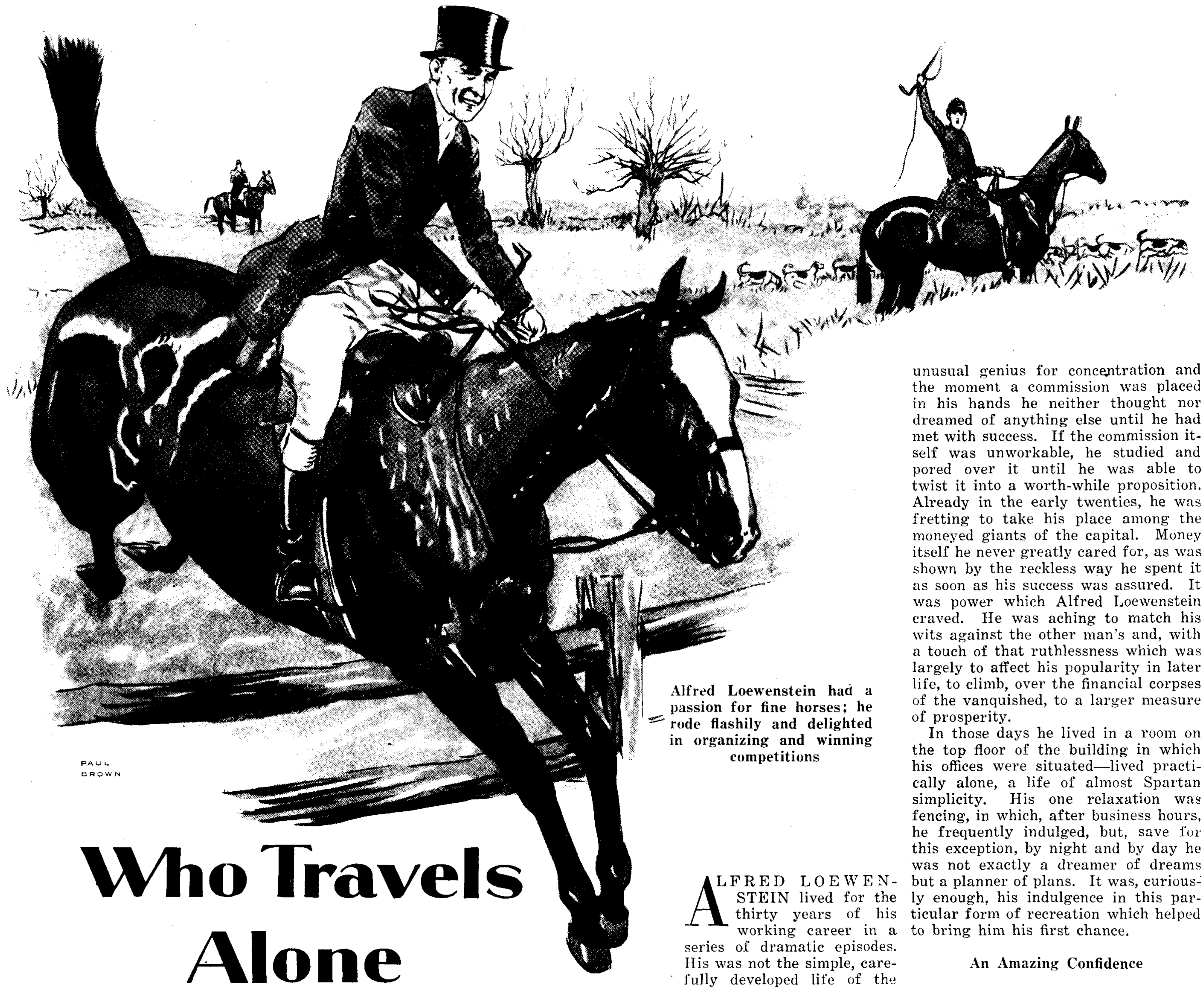
The Vital Problem of the Day

More than 500 oarsmen have answered the call at Harvard and approximately the same number at Yale and *other rowing centers. I checked* one university with 7,000 students to find how many were engaged in athletics of one sort or another. The report sent back showed that the count ran to 6,000. Millions of people, reading of big crowds watching certain big competitions, have missed the growth of the playing side. The unspectacular players go unnoticed and unsung. Yet the big competitions that draw the big crowds have helped to build up this increased interest in sport for the masses.

It goes far beyond the big cities. Few realize how it has gripped the interest of the smaller towns, hamlets of two thousand and three thousand population. It may be golf, tennis, football, baseball, basketball, polo, bowling, track and field or something else, but in one form or another the vast army of those who play some game is extending its already amazing range year after year. There is nothing to worry about along this line if those with the power to act will only see that the congested centers are given the space and the chance to get their needed recreation. And this is becoming one of the vital problems of today.



Basketball teams are thicker in Indiana than orange trees in Florida or California



Alfred Loewenstein had a passion for fine horses; he rode flashily and delighted in organizing and winning competitions

Who Travels Alone

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

In his little bedroom over the offices in which he was employed, a solitary, lonely lad dreamed of money—not for itself but for the power which it would bring. Mentally he worked out elaborate calculations and plans. Each evening he would map out speculations as to the trend of world markets on the forthcoming day, like an enthusiast playing roulette for worthless counters. Then came a day when Alfred Loewenstein was able to put the results of all this planning into actual operation. Playing a lone hand always, with incredible rapidity he built up great fortunes. When he traveled from one European capital to another it was in his own airships with his own pilots and accompanied by a circus-like entourage of secretaries, masseurs and servants.

This lone builder of gigantic schemes, grim, secretive, fantastic, might have been the central figure in one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novels. It is not surprising that his life and strange death aroused the interest of Mr. Oppenheim, who here relates this real story in his own graphic fashion

ALFRED LOEWENSTEIN lived for the thirty years of his working career in a series of dramatic episodes. His was not the simple, carefully developed life of the ordinary man of finance. He may be said to have lived kaleidoscopically, in flashes and spurts, an uneven, restless existence, full of accomplishments, full, also, of failures, some of them ignoble, some of them almost as brilliant as his successes. He resembled in no way any of the other giants of finance who have carved their way to fortune. He was no opportunist; chance, indeed, seldom favored him. In a brief study of his career, one may perhaps be brought to a fuller comprehension of the psychology of his death.

He started life untrammeled by the enervating and false stimulus of family prosperity. His father, a small banker in Brussels, died when he was still a boy, leaving behind him debts to the amount of $20,000—no inconsiderable sum in those days.

Young Alfred Loewenstein promptly entered a somewhat similar business on an even smaller scale, and announced his intention of paying off his father's debts within two years. He kept his word. No one knows exactly how he did it, but the whole of the business of the firm, so far as its employes were concerned, seems to have been run upon a commission basis, and young Loewenstein, although scarcely past the office-boy age, was already equipped in all the arts of bond selling, and was an adept in all the tricks of minor speculation.

From the first, he gave signs of an unusual genius for concentration and the moment a commission was placed in his hands he neither thought nor dreamed of anything else until he had met with success. If the commission itself was unworkable, he studied and pored over it until he was able to twist it into a worth-while proposition. Already in the early twenties, he was fretting to take his place among the moneyed giants of the capital. Money itself he never greatly cared for, as was shown by the reckless way he spent it as soon as his success was assured. It was power which Alfred Loewenstein craved. He was aching to match his wits against the other man's and, with a touch of that ruthlessness which was largely to affect his popularity in later life, to climb, over the financial corpses of the vanquished, to a larger measure of prosperity.

In those days he lived in a room on the top floor of the building in which his offices were situated—lived practically alone, a life of almost Spartan simplicity. His one relaxation was fencing, in which, after business hours, he frequently indulged, but, save for this exception, by night and by day he was not exactly a dreamer of dreams but a planner of plans. It was, curiously enough, his indulgence in this particular form of recreation which helped to bring him his first chance.

An Amazing Confidence

His fencing partner, at times, was a relative of the head of the firm. One summer evening, after a somewhat prolonged bout, the two young men sat at the open window, his visitor with his tankard of beer, young Alfred Loewenstein with his customary glass of water. They happened to talk of some of their clients. Henri, the nephew of a highly placed official in the business, asked his host a question.

"What should you do, Alfred," he inquired, "if one of these South American firms we were talking about came to Brussels with a big business proposition, wanting to raise, say, five or ten million dollars for a sound industrial undertaking? I mean, of course, supposing the chief sent for you and asked you to take a hand in it."

Loewenstein made no reply for a moment or two. One imagines that he may have been making up his mind as to trusting his visitor.

"What sort of an undertaking?" he rejoined at length.

The young man considered the question.

"Well, supposing it was one of these new amalgamations—hydroelectric power for instance?"

Alfred Loewenstein rose to his feet, unlocked his desk, and from a sheaf of papers produced one particular roll.

"How much capital?"

"Oh, say ten millions," was the careless reply.

"If the matter were left entirely in my hands," Loewenstein announced, "I could raise the money in ten days."

Henri laughed, but he did not forget.

"Nothing like confidence in yourself, Alfred," he remarked, as he took his leave a little later.

Youth Lusts for Power

But in those days Alfred Loewenstein's confidence in himself was justified. A brain of peculiar but intensive capacity was hour by hour and day by day dedicated to the task of his own advancement. Often after midnight he would descend from his room, open up the offices by means of the keys with which he was trusted, drag out ledgers, prospectuses and bank accounts, study the prices of the day, and try to plot out some unexpected move in the great game of finance.

The hum of traffic from the street below, the sound of gay voices, the passing of light footsteps upon the pavements, the faintly heard music from the different cafés, never took his mind for a moment from his self-imposed task. Strong, vigorous and healthy, and not displeasing in appearance, the whole orchestra of life was calling to him lustily. He heard but a single note. In his boyhood, as in later life, the gift of concentration was one of his chief characteristics. Sometimes they may have been fairy palaces which he built with his pencilings, but there was nothing fanciful about them. They were built on figures. They were realities. Nothing save realities attracted young Alfred Loewenstein in those days, and underneath his dreams was masonry, not cobwebs.

He had another habit, also, in this period of his rapidly developing manhood. When at last the night sounds had died away—and Brussels is not an early city—he would arise from his bed, pull open the window and look down the silent, cobbled streets leading to the heart of the dreaming metropolis, at peace after many hours of busy, pulse-stirring life.

From where he leaned he could probably see the corner of the Bourse, the temple of his devotions.

In imagination he went through the prospective doings of the morrow. Unfailingly he remembered the exact price of every one of the shares toward which he leaned, and worked out his speculations as to the trend of the markets on the forthcoming day. He was like an enthusiast playing roulette for worthless counters, as keenly interested in the spin and fall of the ball as though his fortune depended upon it.

The fact that he had little, if any, money of his own to risk scarcely disturbed the zest of his imaginings. He took into account every trifle which might possibly affect the sensitive money markets of those days, and every calculation which he brought home to its foregone conclusion increased his self-confidence.

Many a night he went back to bed with the hazard of millions—even though they were imaginary millions—to lend pungency to his study of the morning papers.

Opportunity Found Him Ready

In a sense this was the entire period of Alfred Loewenstein's imaginative life. Dreams he certainly indulged in, but his dreams were all of figures, figures, figures. If ever for a moment his fancy forsook the straight and narrow path, it was in those rare intervals when he thought of himself no longer as an unrecognized boy but as a man taking his place amongst the giants of finance, measuring his strength against theirs, out-bidding them, out-buying them, out-maneuvering them.

In those days, without a doubt, was born that personal grandiloquence which was to find circus-like expression later on in life—the retinue of retainers with which he traveled everywhere—the masseur, the physician, the secretaries, typists, valets, the airships in which he passed from capital to capital. One is inclined to speculate sometimes as to how far into the future his outflung thoughts took him, whether, in any of those moments of revelation, he caught at any time a glimpse of the writing upon the wall, had even the dimmest vision of his foredoomed end, of that awful moment when, amidst the thunder and roar of the wind, and the throbbing of machinery, he was to abandon forever the arena of his struggles, and take that terrible plunge into the gray void of eternity.

It was in 1905 that his great chance came, and it found him, as he had always intended that it should, fully prepared. A South American light, power and tramway company applied to his firm to purchase for them a similar company in Brussels, and to raise a portion of the money required to float it. His fencing companion reminded one of the heads of the firm of young Loewenstein's ambitions, and the latter was given a chance. With a share of the business placed in his hands, he made a brilliant and astonishing start. As though by instinct, he seemed to know the predilections of every bank, the weak side of every financier, where money was to be found, and where it would be waste of time to seek for it. He knew precisely the way to appeal to the most astute bankers of the city, precisely the separate arguments to use with the speculator and the investor. The head of the firm, astonished at the discovery of such an unexpected genius, sent for young Loewenstein to congratulate him.

"Anything I can do to help you?" he asked.

"I should like the whole business in my own hands," was young Loewenstein's surprising reply. "There are too many of us covering one another's ground. I can raise the whole amount of money required by Saturday next, and bring you an option for the purchase."

The banker stared at his nephew's friend.

"Plenty of confidence, young fellow," he remarked.

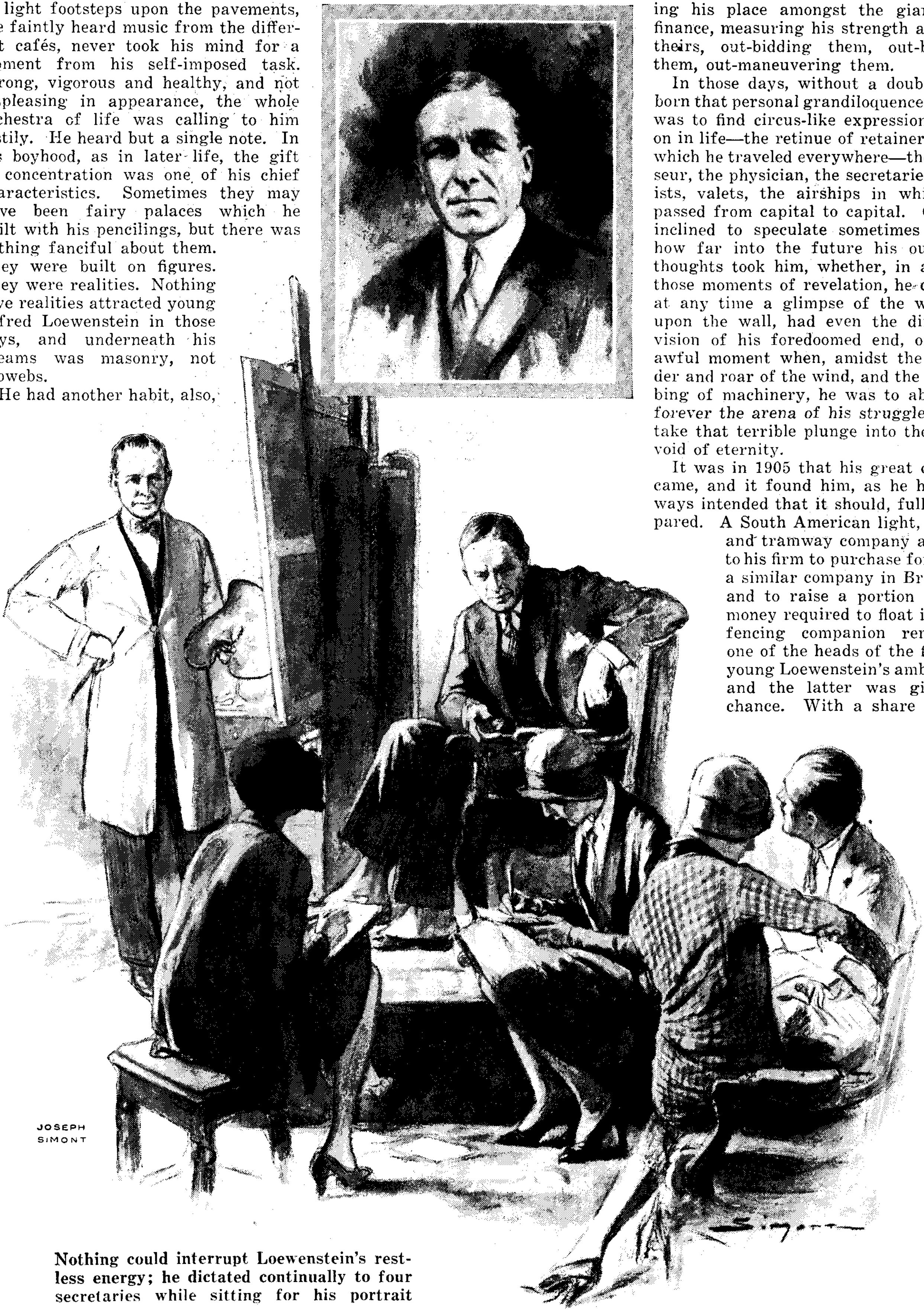
"I can do it," was the dogged assertion. And he did. With the bonus shares offered to him for his success, he opened up business on his own account, and, during the next few years, laid the foundations of his great fortune. Before long the same company whose affairs he had handled so skillfully, and whose heads placed unlimited confidence in him, once more sought his services—this time in distress. They had committed themselves to an enterprise which they were unable to carry out. Young Loewenstein took a week to study the possibilities of their scheme, and in the end accepted the very generous offers made to him. A lad, still in the twenties, he succeeded where they—experienced financiers and bankers—had failed. He raised the money, and established a European reputation.

Accepting the Inevitable

Alfred Loewenstein then, for the first time, stood out alone, and faced the world. In those earlier days he probably juggled with money as most of the other smaller financiers have done—juggled for a small profit, but for safe returns. As soon as he felt his feet, however, he looked out on the business of money-making with different eyes. For a short time the war interfered with his activities. He served with distinction as an artillery officer, and would probably have remained in the service through all those dreary years but for the fact that the authorities at Brussels had already some appreciation of his financial genius, and transferred him to a civil post. He found no outlet here, however, for his energies, and by means of persistent efforts succeeded in obtaining a place on an international commission for the purchase, storage and distribution of food. In the end he was transferred to England, where he was trusted with war work of a wider scope. As a matter of fact, his activities during this terrible period have scarcely been fully appreciated.

The war to him was an annoying interlude in his career. He was no idealist. He had not the least desire to give his life for his country, or anyone else's country. On the other hand, he recognized the inevitability of the thing which had arrived. He was a young man, and, notwithstanding the superior gifts with which he genuinely believed he was endowed, he fully realized that he must take his place with the others, and work out his own salvation.

His military rank—which in later years was sometimes scoffed at—was duly and bravely earned in the service of his own (*Continued on page 42*)



Nothing could interrupt Loewenstein's restless energy; he dictated continually to four secretaries while sitting for his portrait

Could you use these extra razor blades?

Compared to 50¢ dentifrices—and there are many good ones—Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves an average of 3 dollars a year per person. That 3 dollars will buy razor blades (6 pkgs.), shaving cream, socks, handkerchiefs, etc., for men. Women, of course, need no suggestions as to what it will buy.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

As good as its name

-*and only 25¢*

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25¢ Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of 3 dollars a year per person, over costlier dentifrices, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

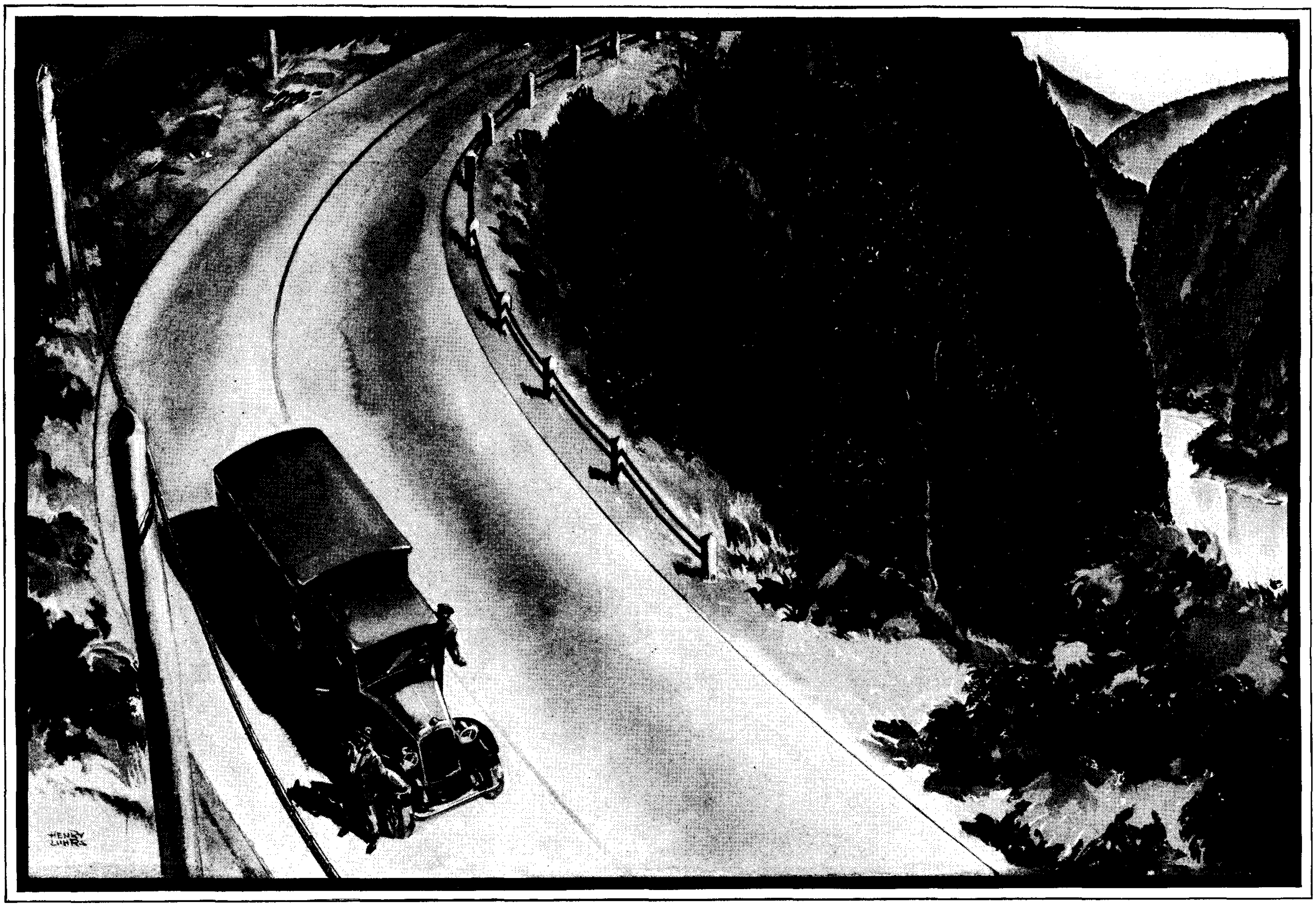
It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note too, how cool, sweet, and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over. Compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Getting there ahead of the trouble

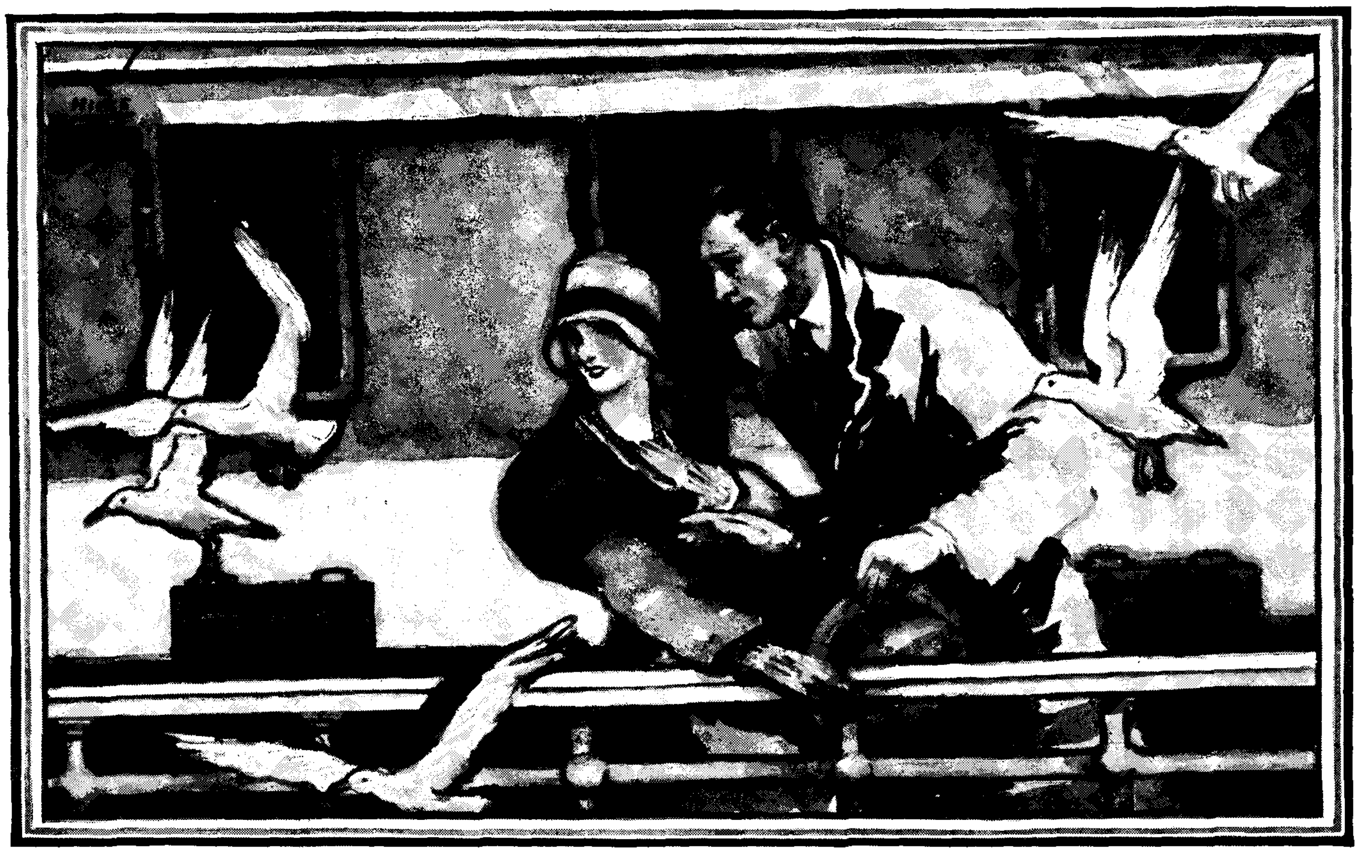
An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

During the afternoon of March 17, 1928, an alarm bell rang in a telephone test station in the heart of the Alleghany mountains. This meant that a puncture had been made in the air-tight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The men on duty knew that the injury was somewhere within 50 miles.

Highly developed locating devices were instantly applied and in sixty-five minutes the trouble spot was located. By 7.15 in the evening, before the break in the sheath had affected service on any of the 248 pairs of wires in the cable, the repairs had been made. Because of the preliminary warning on the indicator wire and the locating devices that enabled the test station to tell the repair crew just where it would find the trouble, not one conversation was interrupted. This special alarm system is one of the many mechanical and electrical wonders developed by Bell System engineers to guard telephone conversations. The apparatus is placed along the cable routes at intervals of 100 miles. It gives instant warning day or night of any disturbance to the cable within 50 miles in either direction. Automatic warning signals, electrical locating devices, constant testing of all switchboard apparatus and circuits—these are some of the ceaseless efforts that so effectually reduced interruptions to service on Bell lines in 1928.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"



Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

He put out his hand to steady her. "But, Tommy!" she cried. "What are you doing on this boat?"

After Three Years

A Short Short Story

By Dana Burnet

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"HELLO! Is this—? Hello! I want to speak to Mr. Thomas Clarke. Oh! . . . Hello . . . Tommy! This is Angela. What? You do! You recognize my voice? After three years! My dear Tommy—! Oh, hello, hello! You're not going to ring off, are you? Tommy! I must speak to you, I've simply got to! . . .

"Tommy, listen. I saw the announcement of your engagement in the paper this morning. . . . Yes, in the society column. Yes, I still do—religiously! Remember how you used to say it was the only part of the paper I ever really read? What? You can? You can still see me sitting up in bed reading the society column?

"I suppose it's just habit, but I always turn first to the social news. . . . And there I saw the paragraph announcing your engagement to Miss Delafield. Is she pretty, Tommy? She is? Well. . . . Just how pretty would you say she was? Prettier than I am? What? No, of course you wouldn't say. . . . You always were gallant, Tommy, even when you were so annoyed with me you wanted to choke me. . . . And naturally you've forgotten how I look.

"You haven't? You say you what? You *saw* me? Oh, a taxicab!

"How perfectly extraordinary! And I'd only just arrived in New York! I got in two days ago from California.

"You say I haven't changed? No, I haven't, on the outside. I look just the same, I really do. But *inside* I've changed a good deal. Yes, I have. . . . Why, I was, too! I was as silly as a peacock, and just about as vain. I'm not vain any more. I'm . . . rather humble, Tommy. Humility, as a rule, comes with misfortune, doesn't it? At least that's what they say. . . . Mine came with good fortune. I'm rich, Tommy. I've got everything I ever wanted, except . . . one or two things. How did I do it? I'll tell you.

"Oh, but before I go on I want to congratulate you on your engagement. That's why I called you up. I do hope you'll be happy, Tommy. You deserve to be. I wish you all the happiness in the world. I really do!

"Well, let's see. . . . You remember I was going to marry Dick Holt? Yes, naturally you remember, since I divorced you to marry him. But I didn't marry him, Tommy. What? You knew that? Am I what? No, I'm not married now. I've never married anyone in my life but you, Tommy. And what a mess I made of that!

"No, it wasn't partly your fault. The whole trouble was that I was so silly and selfish and so frightfully demanding. . . . All right, I'll stop. Only don't ring off, will you, darl—?

"Where was I? Oh, about Dick. Yes—Well—you see, I was going to join him in Rio and we were to be married there. I had my passage engaged. I was all packed up ready to sail. Yes, from New York. Then one morning I was reading the paper, and I saw an item about some motor stock that a big banking firm was trying to buy. The paper said this stock had been practically worthless for years, but that it had suddenly become valuable because this banking firm needed it to get control of another company they wanted to buy.

"THE name of the stock struck me as rather familiar. It was Sprague Motors. Yes, Sprague Motors! Yes, yes, I did! I had a lot of it! I had a whole bundle of it, tied with a pink ribbon, in a drawer in my trunk.

"How did I get it? Uncle William left it to me in his will. A lawyer told me it was worth about ten cents a gross in Confederate money.

"So there I was, in my room at the hotel, reading about the boom in Sprague Motors. . . . What? I should say I was excited. I jumped up and ran to my trunk and got out my bundle of securities, and sure enough it was all Sprague stock.

"Well, I dressed as fast as I could, and went to a broker I knew. He almost fainted. He said: 'It's a lucky thing for you I'm an honest man! I could buy you out at the market and make a fortune reselling this stock to the syndicate that's after it!'

"Tommy! I got almost a quarter of a million dollars for that stock. I couldn't believe it for days. And then I realized the truth about my feeling for Dick. I'd never really faced it before. He was rich and attractive and he'd offered me the kind of life I'd always wanted, and I'd accepted him without thinking twice about it.

"Well, since I had plenty of money of my own I found that Dick had lost all his glamour. So the day before I was to sail I canceled my passage and telegraphed him I'd changed my mind. I went to France that year. I'm on my way to France now, Tommy.

"Yes, I'm sailing tomorrow. Tomorrow at noon. I've a suite de luxe on the Majestic, Tommy . . . I shall curl up in it like a contented cat, and dream my way across the ocean.

"What will I dream about? I don't know . . . Maybe—a little—about your wedding. I should like to see you married, Tommy. . . .

"What! Am I crying? Why, of course not! Why should I cry? I told you I was perfectly contented with my life. I live a beautiful life, Tommy, I really do. . . .

"And what about your life, my dear? You've been successful, haven't you, these past three years? And you're happy, aren't you? What? You're the happiest man in the world? Oh, Tommy, I—I'm so glad. I'm so very, very glad!

"Will you tell the girl you're going to marry that I wish her every happiness, too? Tell her for me that life is beautiful, Tommy. Not the things that go to adorn life, but life itself. . . . Just to live, and be in love. . . . To eat and sleep and work and laugh and play with someone you love. . . .

"I am *not* crying! I'm not, I'm not! But *I've* said all I have to say to you, except good-by, and I'll say that now. Good-by, Tommy! God bless you! Good-by, dear! Good-by!

"Good-by, Tommy!"

THE following day, about two o'clock, a man and a woman met on the promenade deck of the Majestic as she steamed out of the Narrows on her way to Europe.

"Hello, Angela!" said the man.

"Tommy!" said the woman. She put her hand to her breast. Her slender body swayed toward him. He put out his hand to steady her. "Tommy!" she said again, faintly.

"It's all right, Angela! It's all right! It's . . ."

"But, Tommy!" she cried. "What are you doing on this boat?"

"I'm going to Europe—with you."

"With me? But you—! What about your *fiancée*?"

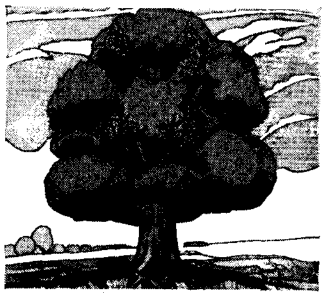
"I haven't any fiancée. I put that notice in the paper myself."

"You put that—? You mean the notice of your engagement? But—oh, Tommy! But why?"

"Because," said the man, smiling, "I didn't know how else to get hold of you. I knew you were in New York because I saw you. But I had no idea where you were staying. Then I remembered that you always read the society columns in the newspapers. I telephoned the fake news of my engagement to every paper in town, feeling sure you'd read it and call me up. And you did!"

"Tommy!" said the woman called Angela. "Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy—!"

"Angela!" said the man called Tommy.



© 1929, Chrysler Corporation

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality.

Unapproached Value in Every Field

CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

—

CHRYSLER "75"

—

CHRYSLER "65"

—

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

—

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

—

DE SOTO SIX

—

PLYMOUTH

—

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

—

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

—

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

BY A SHEER process of natural development, Chrysler Motors has gone far beyond any mere grouping of separate entities.

The co-operation between the units comprising Chrysler Motors was born long before Chrysler Motors was born.

The underlying principle had been in operation from the day that the first Chrysler car was produced.

Out of this principle grew the logical advantage of Chrysler Motors—a conserving, economizing, efficiency-increasing force, under the personal direction and guidance of one head, benefiting the buyer of every Chrysler product from first to last and no matter what its trade-name.

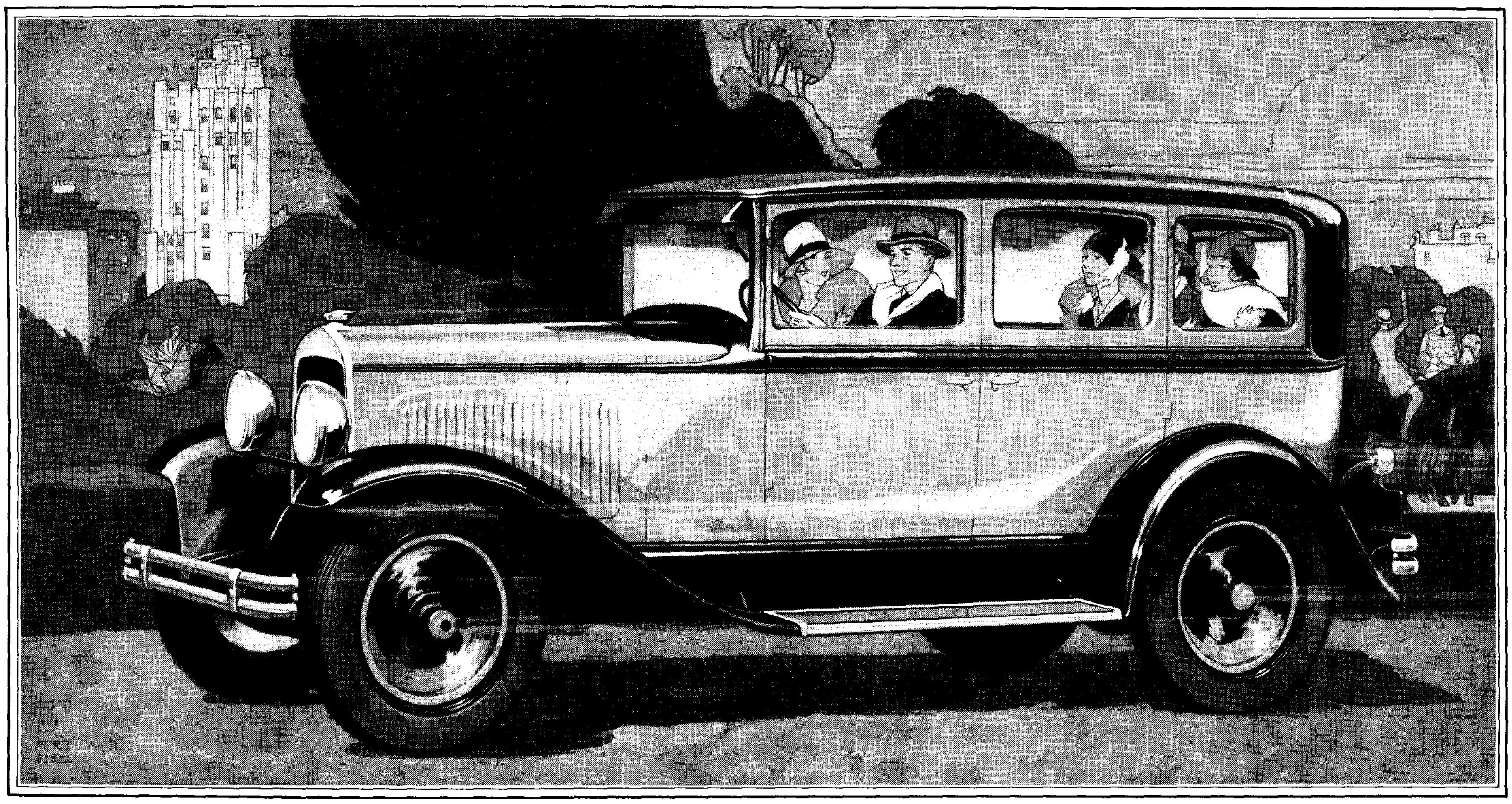
In the precise form in which it is operated, Chrysler Motors represents a new economic force in industry because, while preserving a complete separate identity of the products and their distribution, it welds together the advantages resulting from the common policy of engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing under one personal head.

Each of these products contributes to and shares in the advantages in engineering, purchasing, precision manufacturing and financing of all the rest.

For the cardinal principle of the grouping of these properties is the one thought—to benefit the buyer by a uniform basic quality and an enviable standard of value in every price field.

Chrysler Motors is the practical culmination of a long-cherished ambition which operates as an absolute guarantee of unapproached value to every motorist who buys a Chrysler-built product.

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



Plymouth 4-Door Sedan $695

New Lower Prices Make PLYMOUTH Values Greater than Ever

PLYMOUTH'S new lower prices emphasize the value leadership which Plymouth enjoys through the unique engineering and manufacturing facilities of Chrysler Motors, and their increased efficiencies and economies.

In quality, Plymouth now advances to even higher levels, while it retains the sound Chrysler principles which have given it international repute for economy of operation and upkeep.

In the lowest-priced field, Plymouth is still the full-size car with ample room for all adult passengers;

it is still the only car near its price equipped with Chrysler weatherproof, hydraulic four-wheel brakes;

$655

AND UPWARDS

Coupe	$655
Roadster (*with rumble seat*)	675
2-Door Sedan	675
Touring	695
De Luxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	695
4-Door Sedan	695

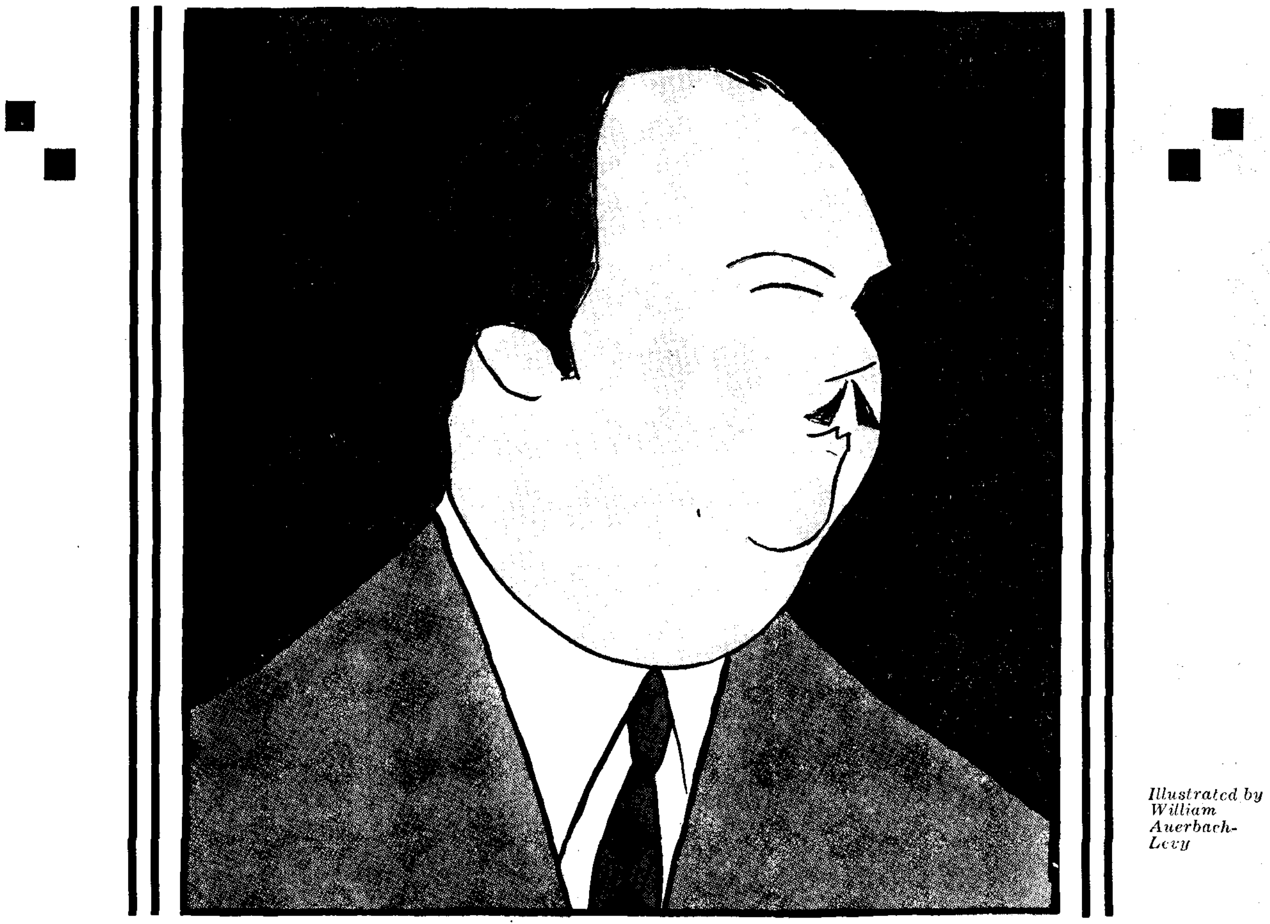
All Prices F. O. B. Factory

it is still the one big buy at its price, combining Chrysler's advanced engineering and performance with modern style, size and luxury.

See the Plymouth. Compare it, try to equal it for the price—and inevitably you will rank it first and foremost in every element that determines true motor-car value.

* * *

The Plymouth offers typical Chrysler performance, being Chrysler-engineered and including such modern advancements as high-compression, L-head, 45 H. P. engine; rubber engine mountings, aluminum alloy pistons, torque reaction neutralizer, full pressure feed lubrication.



Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

Paul *the* Fiddler

or Here they come up our street

By Ring Lardner

The grim, stark realness of the Russian, the hot passionate qualities of the Spaniard, the gay whimsicality of the Eskimo, the moody sweetness of the Celt, the bird-like warble of the piccolo and the booming of the surf upon the shore. Put them all together and they spell Whiteman—as you'll see by reading this sketch of Paul Whiteman by Dr. Ring Lardner, biographer and scholar

PAUL WHITEMAN was born big and when he was christened, two weeks later, it took half a dozen men to carry him to the font. They were called Paul bearers. The infant's sponsors decided to name him Whiteman so people wouldn't get him confused with Paul Robeson or Pola Negri.

Christenings were great events in those days. The relatives and friends hired a hall in which to trip the light fantastic toe, but the orchestra didn't come and didn't come, and the guests whiled away the time with obstetrical palaver.

"Imagine!" exclaimed Aunt Jenny. "Paul weighed eighteen pounds and a half!"

"That's a Whiteman record," said her husband, a Mr. Wilkes.

So they all went in to their dance and some of them didn't reach home until one o'clock, not such an ungodly hour you may claim, but don't forget that it happened in Denver, which would make it three o'clock here and nine in Berne, Switzerland. However, we need not concern ourselves with foreigners. Suffice it that the United States runs on Eastern time from the Atlantic Ocean to a line passing through Toledo, Huntington, Macon and Apalachicola; Central time thence to Pierre, Dodge City and the western boundary of Oklahoma; Mountain (or High) time to furthermost Montana, Ogden and Yuma, and syncopated time from there to the coast. Small wonder, then, that the Burling and Stewart children belabored their parents with strips of gauze.

Paul was born in 1890, which makes him this writer's junior by five years. (Editor's note: What of it?) While he was still a larva his father, a musician, presented him with a violin about the size of a toy.

"You can start on that," said Mr. Whiteman, Sr. "When you are a bit older I will give you a regular one that plays a whole octave."

"I'd rather have a guitar or a banjo," said the little fellow.

Ups and Downs for Paul

"You won't get one," replied his daddy. "Look at your uncle, a Mr. Wilkes! He has fooled with a guitar all his life and nearly worried himself to death. But a violin has no frets."

"I always thought Frets Kreisler was our greatest violinist."

"Nonsense! He doesn't compare with Heifrets!"

So Paul started on the miniature violin and in a few days had it nearly all eaten, but one morning the family heard him choking and rushed in to see what was the matter.

"Fiddlesticks," gasped Paul, and it was necessary to summon a violin exterminator to clear his throat.

Paul was precocious and became eleven years old while most of the boys and girls around Denver were still five or six. His father bought a genuine $65.00 Corona and gave it to him with the understanding that he practice on it one hour per day. To insure the boy's living up to the promise, he locked him and his new fiddle in a room that contained no books, pictures or toys and no other musical instruments excepting a sewing machine and a painting of some fruit. There Paul played scales and arpeggios till he was bow-legged, but he was not yet wearing a double chin and one afternoon the violin slipped out of his grasp and smashed into a thousand thirty-second notes.

"Well," said his father, "I will buy you a new one when you have earned the price, and you must earn it by mowing the neighbors' lawns."

Now the neighbors who could afford to have their lawns mowed all lived on fashionable Plumb Avenue, Pike's Peak, and none of them ever ventured from the house without a parachute: only a fly or a steeplejack dast walk in any of their front yards; the grass grew straight out sideways like the cat's whiskers and cutting it was not to be classed as a dolce far niente. It took Paul six years of ups and downs to get the $65.00 and he spent it on a viola because it was bigger than a regular fiddle and no more expensive, and didn't seem quite so unfair for a boy his size to pick on.

At seventeen he was a soloist in the Denver Symphony Orchestra (Yes, they did, too), but quit to join a coeducational light opera company, dividing his time between the viola, the iolanthe and the yum-yum. The troupe went to San Francisco, but wouldn't stay there, so Paul organized an orchestra of his own and got a job in Tait's restaurant, where the Democratic convention of 1920 was held as far as I'm concerned.

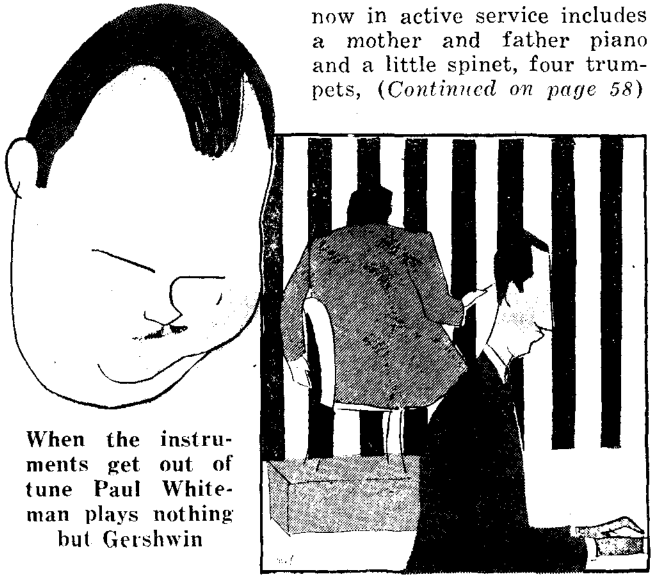
The High Cost of Music

However, Paul moved out a year before I moved in; it was 1919 when he received and accepted an offer to bring his gang to New York and on the night he broke this news to Mr. Tait, the latter got mad and fired him. They often laugh over this now. (Editor's note: Who? Author's note: Nearly everybody. Editor: I haven't heard anyone laugh over it. Author: How do you know you haven't? Lots of times people laugh and you ask them what they are laughing at and they say, "Nothing." But they must be laughing at *something* and it is almost a certainty that the cause of their mirth is the above incident.)

The "band" Paul fetched East was just a germ of his present outfit. It was composed of twelve musicians who could play one instrument apiece and their combined salary amounted to less than nine hundred dollars a week. The existing cast numbers twenty-six and each member can make a fool of at least four assorted utensils. An applicant for a job as bassoonist has no more chance unless he is also hail-fellow-well-met with a Sousaphone, contrafagotto and shoe horn, and he must be able to fake on all these tools as well as read at sight whatever is set before him. But if he is good he will get between $200 and $750 every Saturday night. The payroll is around eight grand, not including Paul's own cut, and you can bet he doesn't stand up there and wave that wand all day and part of tomorrow just for spite.

Recently Mr. Whiteman and his artists received three and a half million for making two sound pictures. Paul says it was $500,000, but this writer doesn't believe a man like Carl Laemmle could think in such fragments. Anyway Paul and his performers can always order a big meal even if they haven't time to eat it.

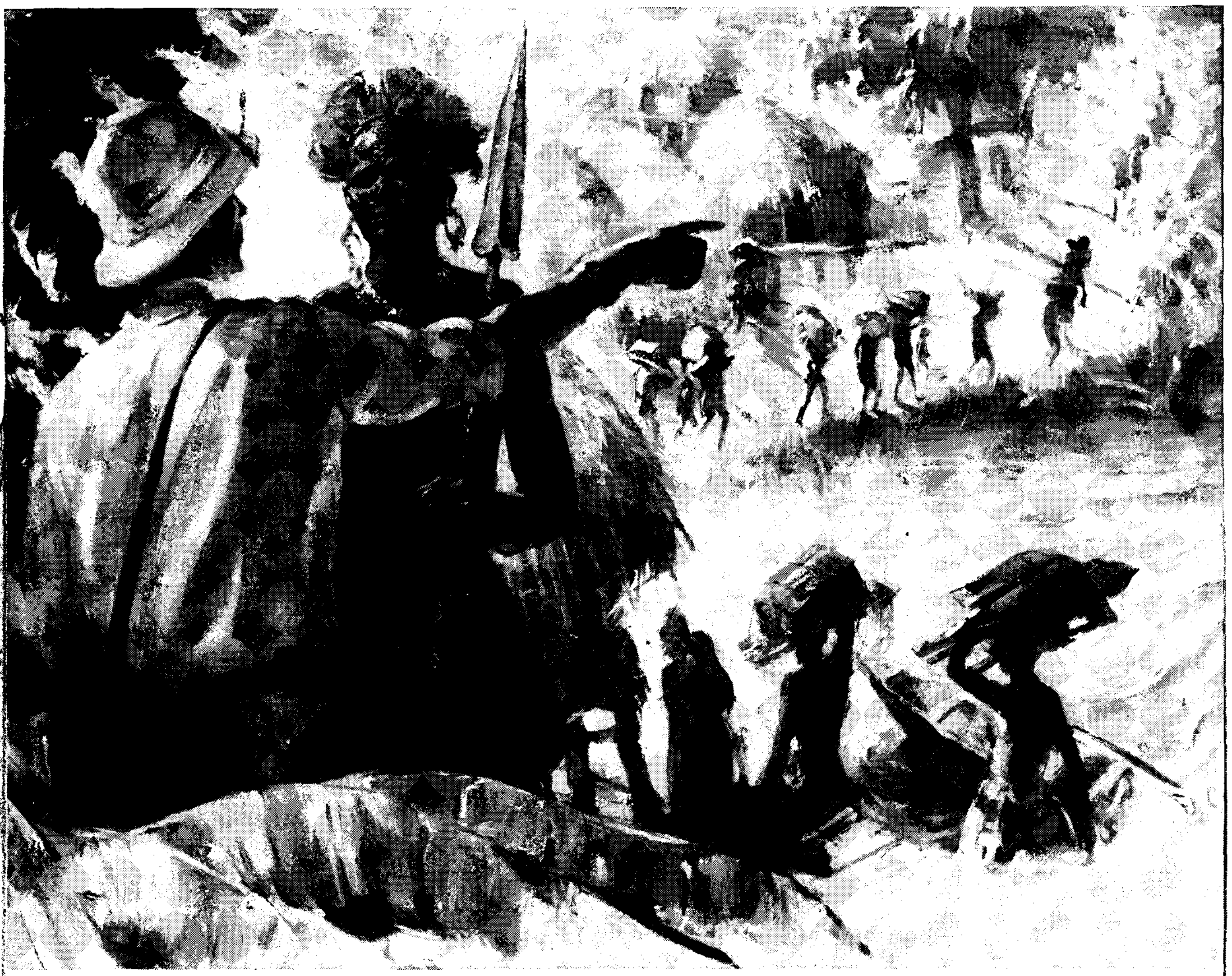
The collection of instruments now in active service includes a mother and father piano and a little spinet, four trumpets, (*Continued on page 58*)



When the instruments get out of tune Paul Whiteman plays nothing but Gershwin

**BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"There is no other way, Apolo Kagwa!"

And a nation moved its home at a doctor's word

"Build yourselves new homes far off in the hills, Apolo Kagwa," spoke the wise doctor from the white man's country. "Only thus can your people escape the drowsy horror that is slowly murdering them."

The natives did not know what was spreading Sleeping Sickness* among them. But David Bruce knew. And *his word alone* unpeopled the fly-infested shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza in the heart of Africa, thus saving thousands from the stab of the tse-tse fly and the terrible disease it carried.

The doctor's power keeps growing

But it is not alone in far-away jungles that Medical Science guides nations. You can watch its growing influence at work in your own community, guarding health and saving lives.

It is responsible, through a better understanding of the methods of prevention and treatment, for the decreasing loss from Tuberculosis. With widespread acceptance of vaccination, Smallpox is fast becoming a rarity. Through the doctor's efforts, and the availability of modern serums, Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever are losing much of their terror. These are only a few examples of the growing power of modern Medical Science. When epidemics threaten, the doctor alone can avert disaster. He builds protecting walls of quarantine. He searches out sources of infection. His word is law.

So enormously have the resources at the doctor's disposal increased that in the past fifty years more has been done to protect health than in the entire previous period of recorded time.

The steadily increasing obligation of the maker of medicines

To supply physicians with medicines in which they can place absolute confidence and to conduct constant researches for the preparation of *new* remedies has been a steadily increasing responsibility since our beginning in 1866.

Only recently Parke, Davis & Company were called upon to develop certain special drugs to be used in an effort to control and cure Sleeping Sickness in Africa. And this is but one example of how Parke-Davis products are relied upon by the medical profession for the protection of health in all parts of the world.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Your physician will tell you that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is exceptionally rich in vitamins A and D. It is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

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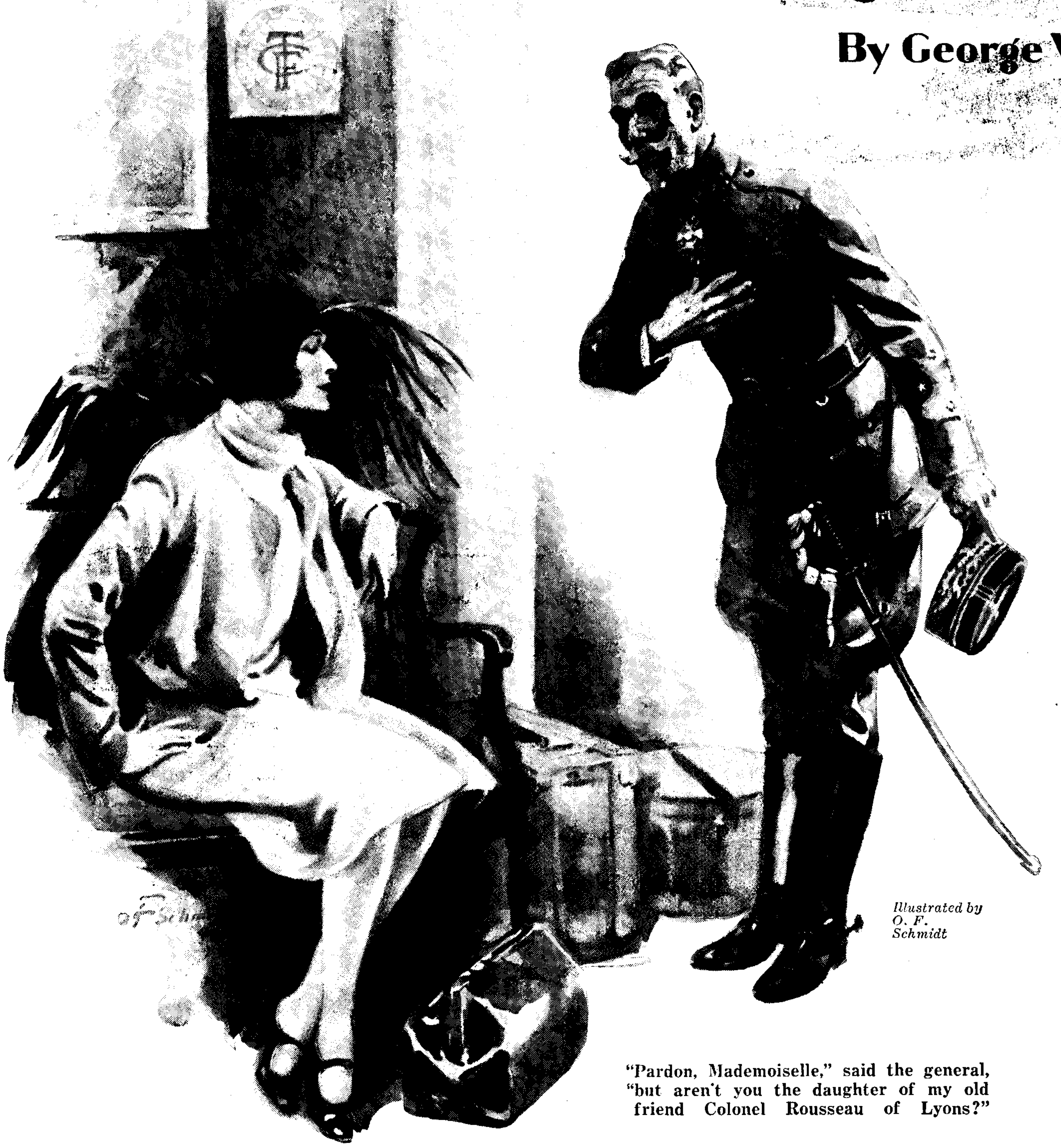
*This refers to African sleeping sickness. This disease is not to be confused with the so-called sleeping sickness of Europe and America.

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston



Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said the general, "but aren't you the daughter of my old friend Colonel Rousseau of Lyons?"

X

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, of German descent, the son of an actor who committed suicide because of a love affair with a Mrs. Van Deusen, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge, made by Captain Lastry, of striking a superior officer and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who is scheduled to be sent to Switzerland as head of the United States Intelligence there. The Judge offers Mill the job of preceding him abroad.

Mill meets at Judge Henrichs' home Joyce, niece of the aforementioned Mrs. Van Deusen, and Baroness Mitzi von Seidler, a German agent, who is also sailing for work in Europe.

In Switzerland Mill—thinking to gain valuable information for the Judge—gets an appointment to the German Intelligence service. He is sent to Paris, where he and Mitzi work together.

Joyce, with the Red Cross, realizes that Mitzi is a spy and suspects Dell. She is unhappy over it because she and Dell are in love.

Morin, a British major from whom Mitzi expects to gain important information, speaks to Dell the evening before Dell's departure for Charleville to interview the Chief. Morin suspects Dell and, not believing him when he pretends to be going to investigate an American sector the next day, asks to be taken for an airplane ride. Dell thinks fast and next day when he and his sergeant take Morin up the sergeant knocks him senseless and Dell takes him to Charleville, a prisoner. This will keep him from Mitzi and thus foil Mitzi's work without casting suspicion on Dell with the Chief.

Dell, dressed as Lieutenant Anderson, an American, is sent to Meaux, where there is to be an Allied conference. At the Hotel Tête-de-Bœuf, his headquarters, he sees Mitzi.

M. TREBIZON, the new proprietor of the Tête-de-Bœuf at Meaux, was a proud man—proud of his embonpoint, of his judgment, of his splendid mustache—but above all, perhaps, he was proud of his rippling speech, which was never ending, but always descending—the way the water comes down at Lodore.

"For many years," he said to Delavan, "I have had my eye upon this place, but whenever I approached my predecessor, M. Passicousset—ah, no, no, no! He would not listen—not at any price!

"Another man would have been discouraged—but I? Ah, no, not I, M'sieur! And last month, when the German line leaps forward like a wolf and swallows Château-Thierry, I come once more to M. Passicousset.

"And this time, he sells—you see?—quite overlooking the fact that Meaux is safe in any event. For if the Germans do not widen their salient, they will never take Meaux. And if they widen their salient, the war is over from that moment and it only remains for us to make what peace we can."

"I would like a room," said Dell, who meanwhile had been waiting to say this.

"And I have already turned away half France, civilians and soldiers alike," replied M. Trebizon contentedly. "Rich refugees from the Aisne who did not wish to get too far from home—I had looked for them and they did not surprise me. But this Allied Council in the Hôtel de Ville across the park—that, I admit, is a gift from God. I only wish that General Foch were staying here instead of with M. le Maire."

"I would like a room," repeated Delavan in a lower voice, and still following the instructions which he had memorized he added, "I've just arrived from Charleville."

M. TREBIZON'S frown might even have filled the great Porthos himself with envy.

"Zut!" he muttered. "Then you could not have come at a worse time. Precisely when I can fill every room at double prices, the Chief springs half his staff upon me!"

"Perhaps Foch doesn't come from Heaven, then," suggested Dell.

"But wait," said M. Trebizon—a prisoner, then, who thought he saw a key in the straw of his cell. "There is a party on the second floor who has two rooms. I will put her in a single room and you shall have the other." And lowering his voice from quickly found satisfaction to a more careful key he added, "You are the courier, M'sieur, who has been promised?"

For the next few minutes they talked in guarded numbers, arranging a code, among other things. That evening, for instance, at dinner time, when M. Trebizon grandly made his way among the tables, like Jupiter attending a feast of mortals, Delavan said to him, coldly, as though they had never spoken together before, "Have you an American newspaper?"

"I will see, M'sieur," said the other gravely; and disappearing long enough to visit his office he added, "Not yet, M'sieur. I am expecting one, though, and will bring it the moment it arrives."

AFTER dinner Dell went upstairs to the room which had been prepared for him.

"Part of Mitzi's suite, I wouldn't wonder," he told himself, thinking he caught a fugitive scent of the perfume which she used—tea-roses sprinkled with vanilla and a touch of spice. And he wasn't surprised a few minutes later at hearing a cautious rap on the door which led into the adjoining room.

"Yes?" he said in a low voice.

"This is Mitzi!" came a cautious voice through the panel. "Quick! Let me in!"

He withdrew the bolt, and the next moment the door swung silently open and she was in his room. . . .

"Isn't this exciting?" whispered Mitzi. "Trebizon was a fool, though, to put us so close together. The whole town is swarming with Intelligence agents and so we must pretend not to know each other. Then, you see, if either of us has the bad luck to be spotted, the other won't be involved."

They looked at each other, smiled a little, at once grew thoughtful again.

"Queer—to meet again—like this," said Delavan.

"No—just a compliment to both of us," she murmured. She crossed the room to the window, where they could see the lights of the Hôtel de Ville across the square.

"This is one of the most important conferences of the war," she continued, "—perhaps *the* most important. And the fact that the Chief sent us means that we both rank high on his list—one of us for digging out information, and the other for getting it over the line. Evidently you didn't come to any harm because of Goya—" she broke off.

"No; they seemed to understand—"

"—that he was trying to kiss me?" she interrupted with a significant smile.

"Well, no—" Delavan hesitated.

"Well, no—" she mimicked him.

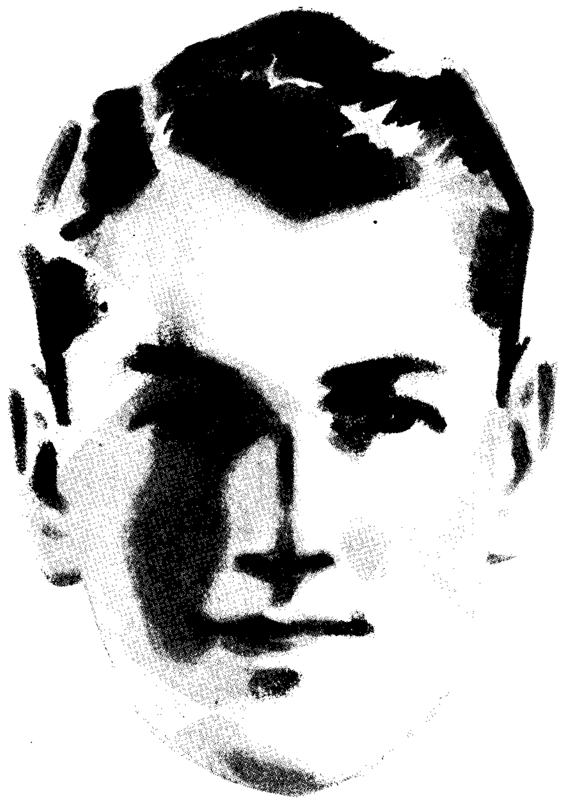
Because they were whispering, they were standing closely together near the darkened window, watching the lights of the Hôtel de Ville. Mitzi, as though unconsciously, leaned back against Delavan's shoulder. There was a wealth of innocent unconcern about this—an unconcern which found an echo in Dell's voice when he spoke next.

"I don't know why," he said beneath his breath, "but when you knocked on the door, I was thinking of your friend

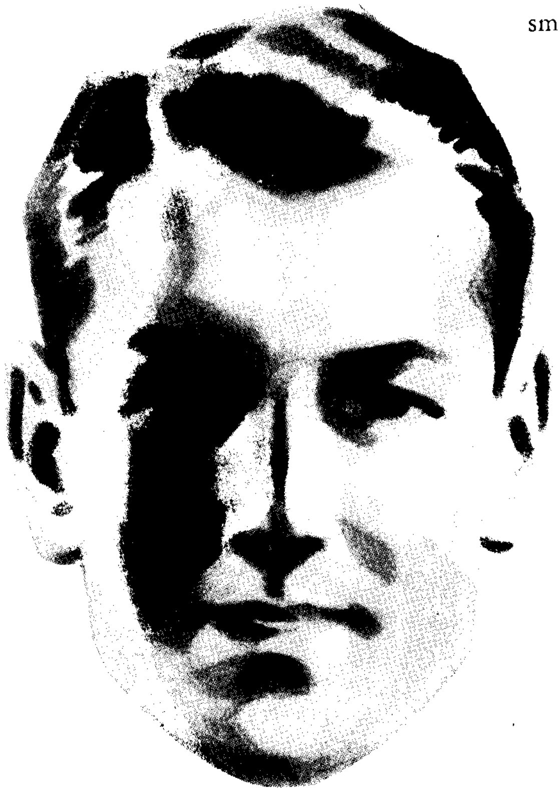
(*Continued on page 30*)

★★★★★★★

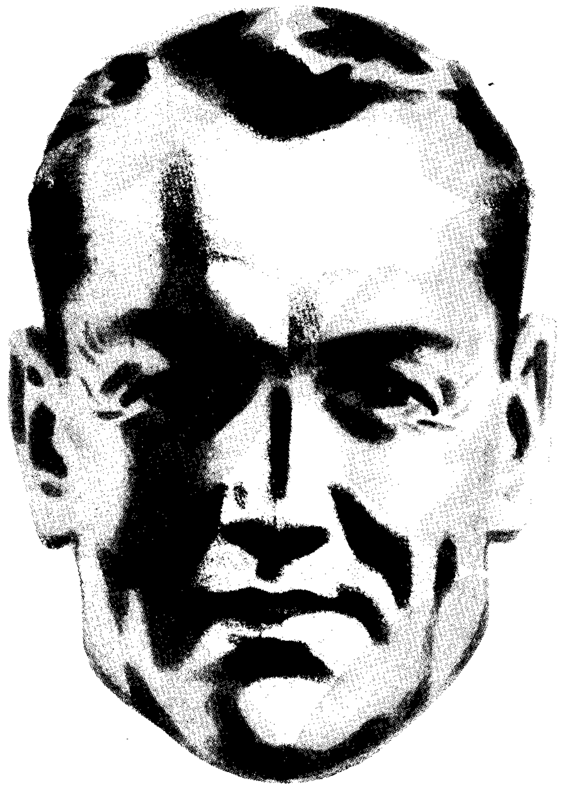
The older the man, the harder the job for his razor; the more important it is to safeguard your comfort by lathering a full three minutes, using the correct diagonal stroke, and slipping a *fresh* Gillette Blade in your razor when time is short. That's how to get Gillette's unrivalled *maximum* of smooth, sure shaving luxury.



TENDER BEARD
16 *to* 21



MEDIUM BEARD
21 *to* 30



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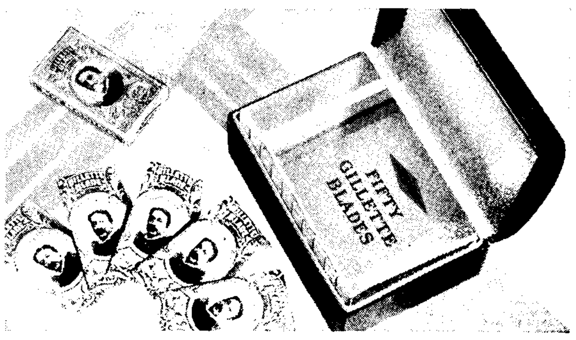

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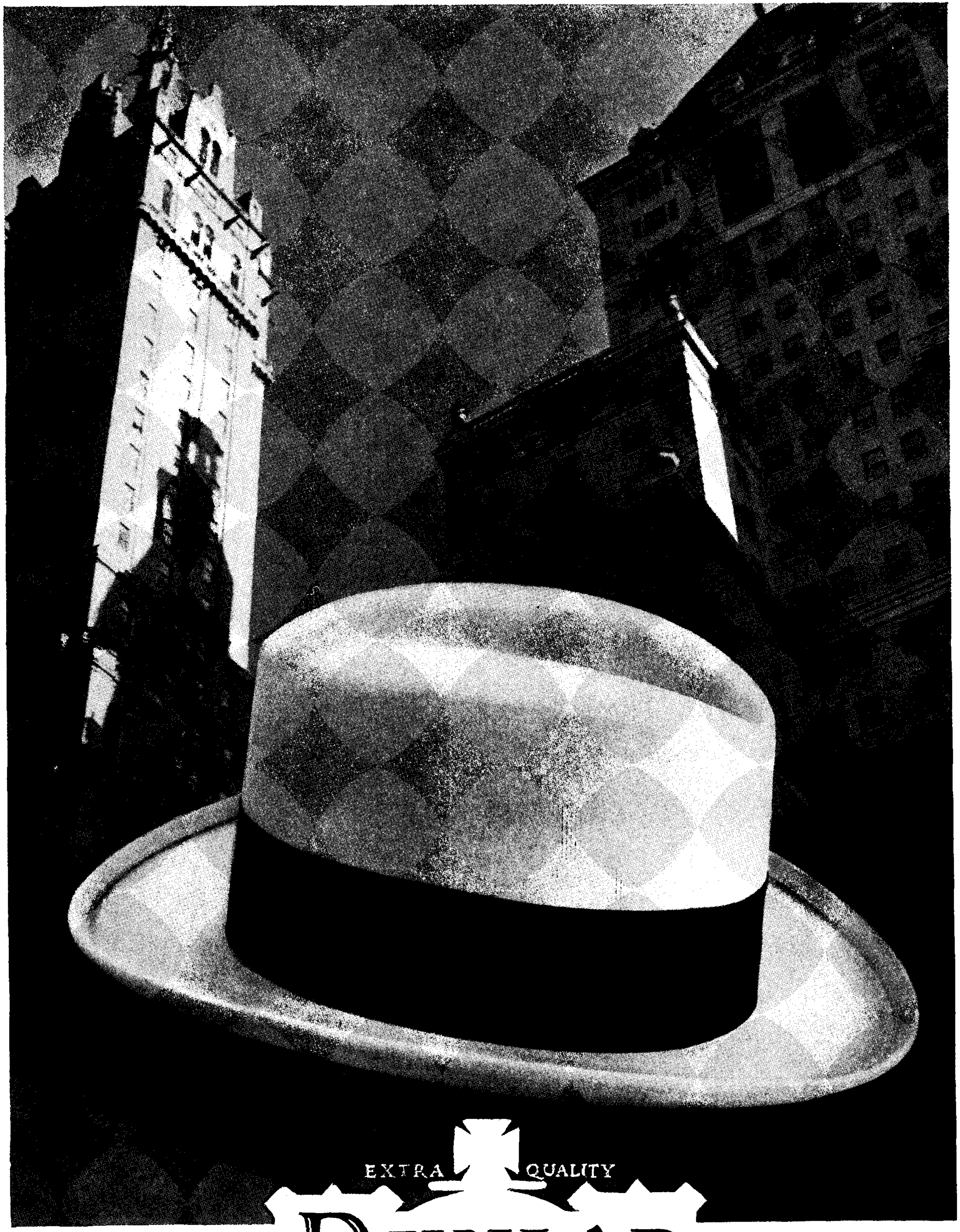

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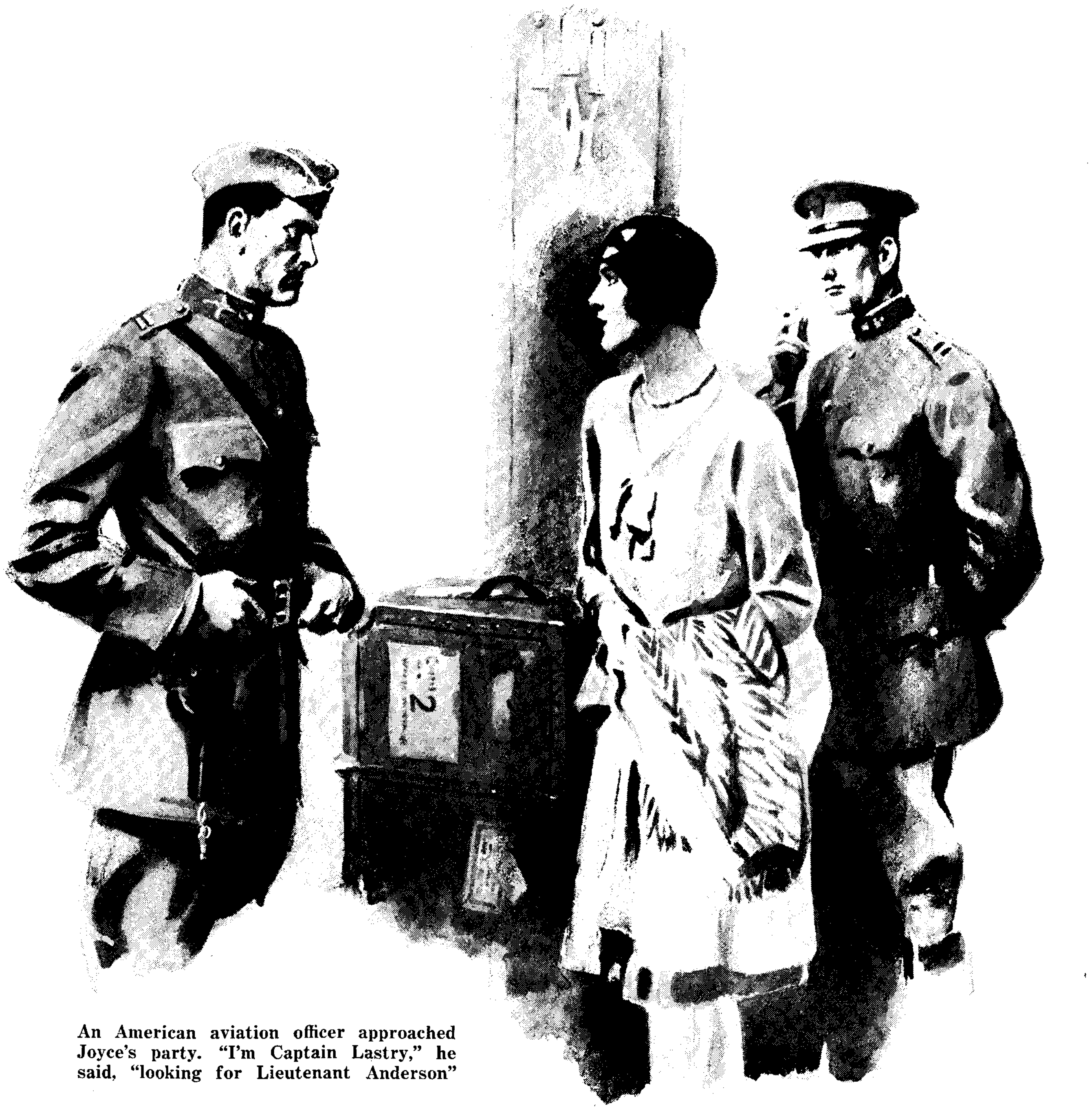

An American aviation officer approached Joyce's party. "I'm Captain Lastry," he said, "looking for Lieutenant Anderson"

(*Continued from page 26*) the English major. . . . Did he tell you anything important the day I left Paris?"

"Oh, so-so," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"He was going to tell you about the meeting between Pershing and the British staff," Delavan reminded her, as studiously careless as before.

"YES," she nodded. "I made my report. Fairly interesting, perhaps, but nothing to change the pages of history."

Without a pause to show the seam, she continued, "That French general is the darling, though—General Jouarre—the one who was talking to me when you arrived. He's older than Major Morin—just the right age, really. . . . Old enough to want to impress you that he isn't really old . . . if you know what I mean. And he's awfully good company. Perhaps you noticed him."

"'He loomed upon my vision like a harvest moon,'" quoth Dell. And still half teasing, half chiding her: "Do you like him better than you liked your English major?"

"Major Morin isn't English," she quickly side-stepped again. "He was born near Dublin. But wait till I tell you about Papa Jouarre. I was sitting down in the lobby when all at once he came along—his spurs jingling like sleigh-bells in an orchestra, keeping time to his step. And that's another thing you may not know," she broke off, half turning and smiling upward, "of all branches of the service, cavalry officers are the most susceptible—and engineers the least."

"But why are engineers the least?" asked Dell.

"I wish I knew," mused Mitzi. "Perhaps it's because they check up their work so often—and the minute you try to check up romance, you know, you lose it. Anyhow, General Jouarre stopped and bowed the moment he saw me. Even his spurs went still.

"'Pardon, Mademoiselle,' he said, 'but aren't you the daughter of my old friend Colonel Rousseau of Lyons?' 'No, General. I am truly sorry, but I cannot claim the relationship.' 'Ah, yes, as now I see. You are, if you will allow an old man to say so, even more attractive than Mademoiselle Rousseau, and *she* is generally considered as being one of the most beautiful daughters of France.' Just like that!"

"Isn't that what the engineers would call fast work?" asked Delavan.

"Not for an old cavalry officer," said Mitzi, with another upward smile. "He pushed a chair forward and before he had been there five minutes he had me positively purring. And the best of it is he's on Foch's staff. I think he's partly there, myself, to keep the others in good humor. So from now on," concluded Mitzi, "I wouldn't be surprised if he keeps me in good humor, too, by his witty, yet guarded, reports of what's going on at the Hôtel de Ville."

"You're going to see him again tonight?"

"I should hope so! Isn't he going to show me the countryside by moonlight? I expect to have something good to report tomorrow!"

A footstep creaked in the corridor outside—and then another.

"I'd better get back," breathed Mitzi, already tiptoeing toward her door. "If the *femme-de-chambre* catches me here, there may be a scandal in the Tête-de-Bœuf. And I, you know, am a good little girl or Papa Jouarre wouldn't love me!"

Delavan grew thoughtful after Mitzi had left.

"She wasn't particularly frank—nor particularly truthful—about Morin," he couldn't help telling himself. And the inevitable further reflection arising: "I wonder what else she has told me that isn't quite so. . . ."

From which, as you will realize, he might almost have belonged to the engineers.

HE DIDN'T see Mitzi again that night—nor did she appear next morning for breakfast. But M. Trebizon appeared, walking like Jupiter among the tables as though to observe the behavior of mortals when they ate.

"Have you an American newspaper anywhere around this hotel?" demanded Delavan of the proprietor as he neared his table.

"I will look in my office, M'sieur," said M. Trebizon with lofty civility. "Perhaps you will be good enough to step in for a moment on your way from the dining-room."

Dell stepped in as soon as breakfast was over, but instead of receiving the message which he had expected M. Trebizon bowed him to a chair by the side of his desk. With great dignity he then took his own place in the seat of honor and beckoned Dell to bend his ear forward.

"There is nothing yet," he said in a mysterious undertone, "but something tells me it will not be long. We have learned this much, however, that last night each of the Allied generals sent a long code telegram to his own home government. You realize, of course," he continued, "the extreme significance of this action."

"Do you?" asked Delavan.

"But, M'sieur," protested M. Trebizon. "It is as plain as yesterday's bill-of-fare! They are about to make important plans. *N'est ce pas?* Well, then! What is the first thing they must know? Is it not how many new troops can be expected within the next thirty or sixty days?"

HE LEANED back, his head on one side, like a modern Solomon who had just put a very wise question to a youth of Jerusalem; watching him, Delavan couldn't help thinking how many men, seated at desks all over the world, had won the war over and over without turning a hair.

"They know every mistake that the Allies have made," he thought, "—every false step that the Germans have taken. They could have won the war in the first six months—easily. A war to end war? . . . Like fun it is! . . . If the rest of us don't look out, some of these old boys will be trying it again in a few years, just to show how it should have been done in the first place."

"At least," continued M. Trebizon, bending forward again, "that is the first information which I myself would require if I were Marshal Foch."

At this he unconsciously bristled his mustache and swelled his cheeks, so that Delavan could almost see a gold-braided cap upon M. Trebizon's shining dome, the baton of a marshal in his hand.

"But whatever the information required," continued the latter, "they are obviously marking time until they receive it. This morning, for example, some are going to Montmirail, others are looking over the territory between here and Château-Thierry. It is here, you know," he added, leaning confidentially forward again, "that the Americans are expected as soon as they have put enough stone and gravel on the country roads from Thierry up to Soissons."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Delavan with a touch of anxiety.

"But, M'sieur!" protested M. Trebizon again. "I am always sure, or I would not tell you so. Less than a month ago the Tête-de-Bœuf was nearly filled with American engineers and flyers—looking over the terrain, making maps and taking photographs—"

"Taking photographs from the air?" asked Dell quickly.

"But certainly from the air!" exclaimed the other. "And they used my little room from Parlor A as a dark-room!"

"Did you notice the number on the aviators' collars?"

"Noticed it and noted it!" said the other triumphantly. And opening his day book he presently reported, "Here you are. The Twenty-sixth squadron—properly reported at the time of course, with all other information that I could find about them."

Delavan (*Continued on page 59*)

FOR CITIES LOOKING 100 YEARS AHEAD

Cities looking a century ahead are planning *now* to cope with a traffic problem undreamed of a scant score years ago. The astounding volume and tonnage of today's traffic point to street construction ever stronger, more complex, and *costly*.

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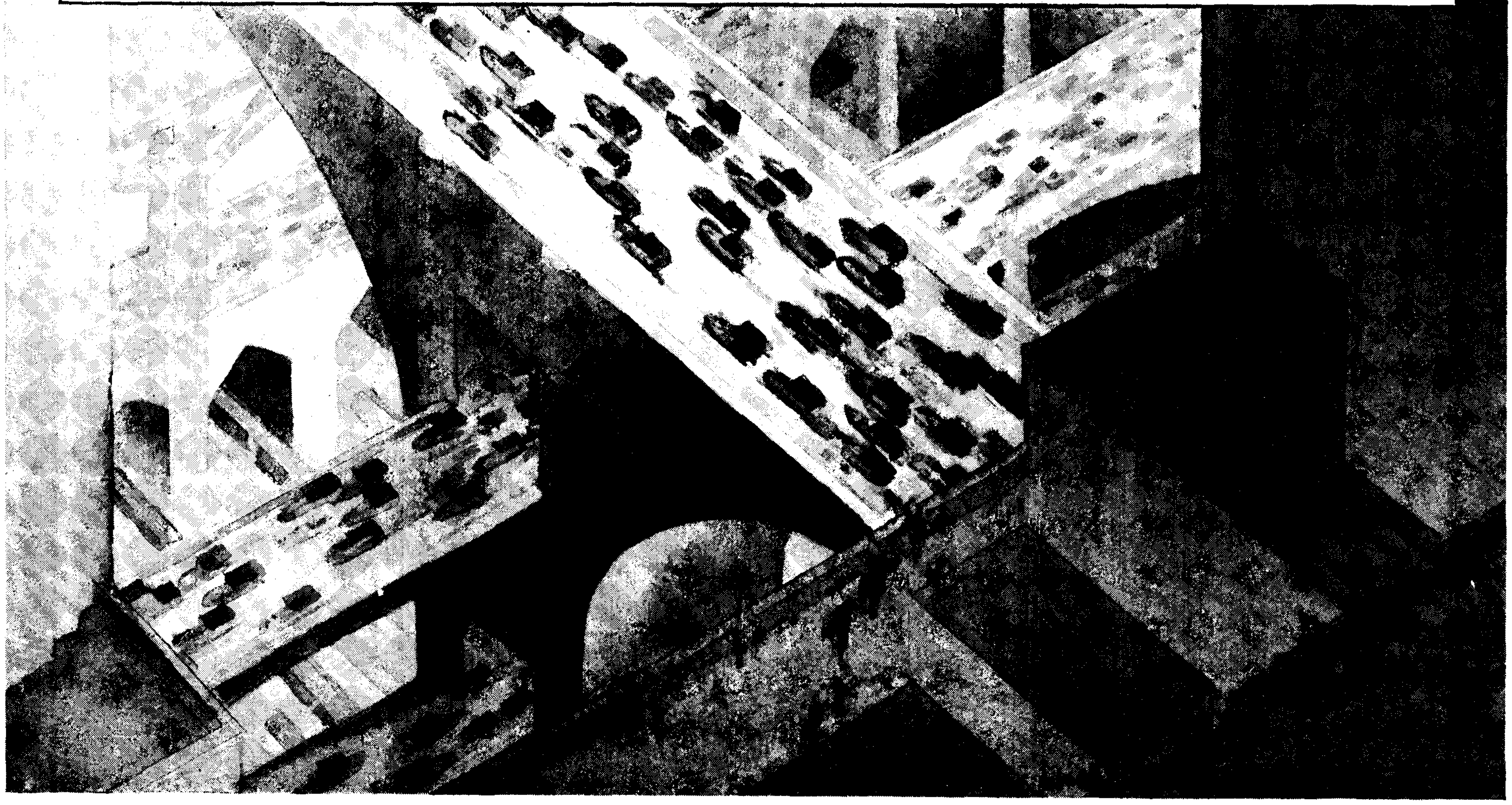

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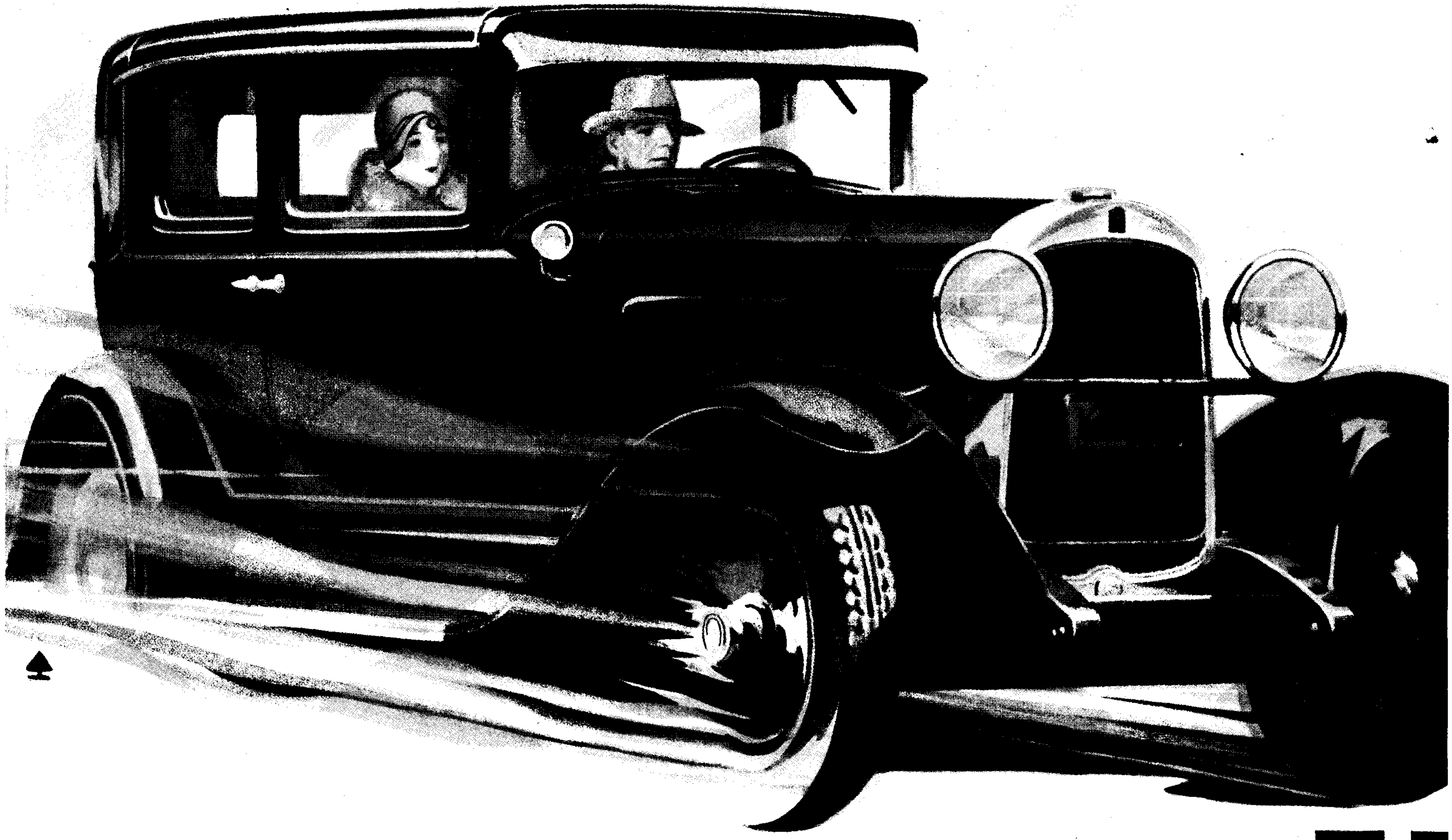

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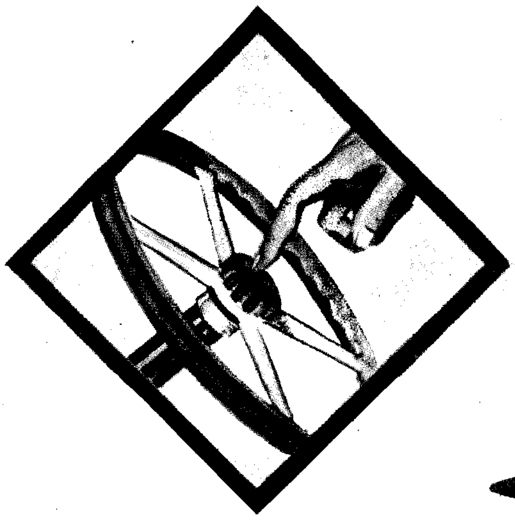

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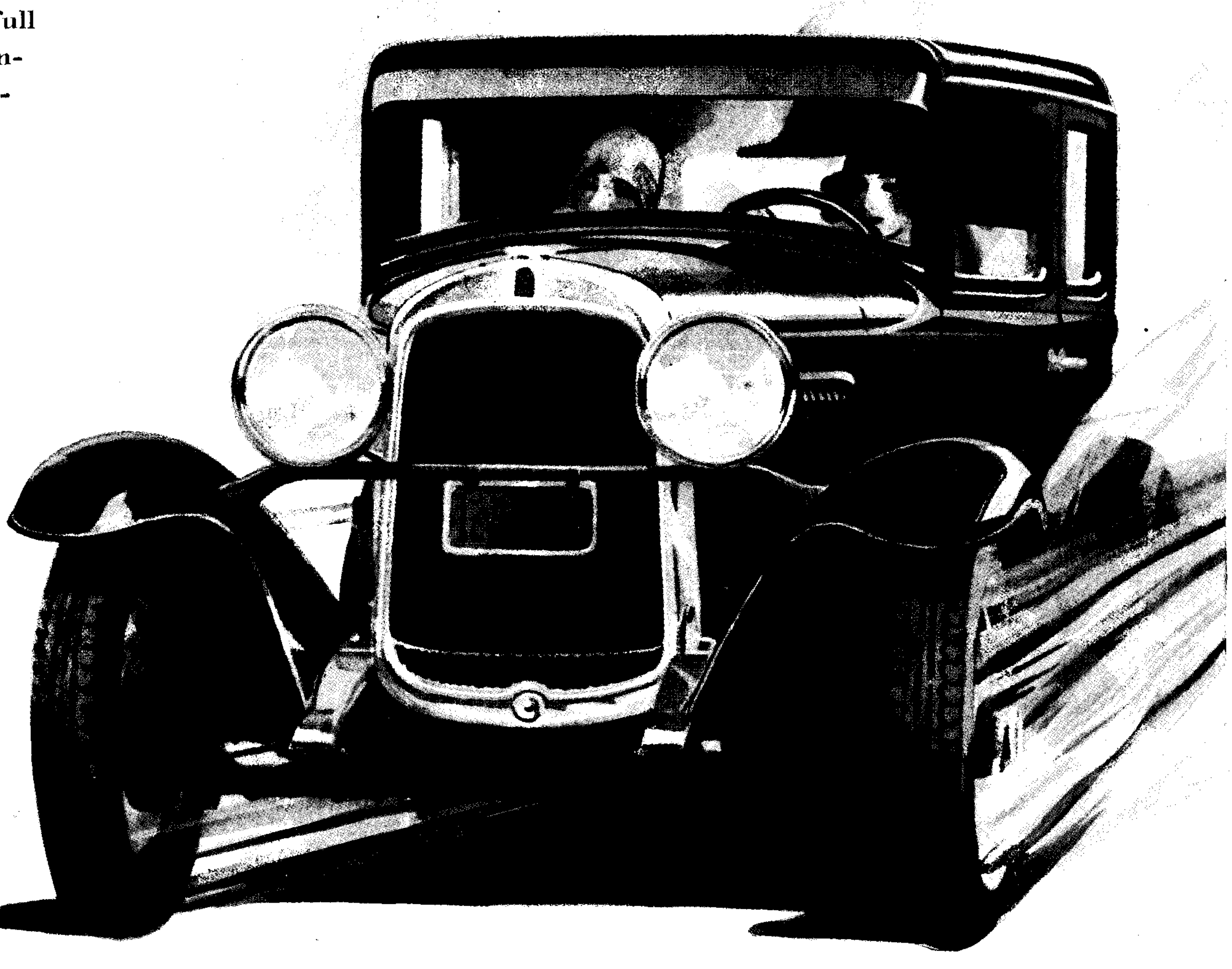

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To those who prefer an Able Craft

Model 16 handles beautifully with full load at speed

OF ALL the friendly folk who thronged the Sea Sled Exhibit at the Motor Boat Show, if there were any shy enough to slip away without proper acknowledgment of their interest and appreciation, will they please accept this as a page of very heartfelt thanks.

The Sea Sleds have stepped so far out ahead on production that it is perfectly safe for an out-of-town purchaser to order from his local dealer by mail, assured that for quality, speed, style and dependability his craft when delivered will be exactly what he ordered. The only thing he need bother about is size and price. He will find the smallest Sea Sled just as able in her class as the biggest. The secret of which is that all are built from exclusive and patented designs—and built on honor.

It isn't necessary to waste a word on husky little Model 13. She said it for herself at the biggest open water races of last year. But for the purchaser of moderate means, Model 16 offers more in class and performance than anyone could anticipate for the price. This is a swagger craft with her long mahogany decks, nickel-silver deck fittings and ultra-smart double cockpits. Her new auto steering wheel carrying throttle control and ignition switch, is the last word in outboard convenience.

If you ought to stop in your boat expenditure at a definite limit, Model 16 furnishes a perfect stopping point, speed—comfort—safety and an extraordinary excess amount of good looks and performance.

The next step up in the Sea Sled fleet is Model 18, the Outboard Express Cruiser, with her sliding, adjustable cabin, auto steering gear, kitchenette and toilet. During the Show week, the builder of some of the finest and most expensive boats exhibited, the maker of some of the best engines, and one of the most sophisticated periodicals, gave her an enthusiastic first rating for convenience, competence and comfort.

The two new Models, 22 and 26, with their graceful curves and flush deck — stream line beauty, attracted warm admiration. One competent looking sailor man voiced it to an audience of interested strangers when he said, apparently unconscious that he was being overheard: "There's a boat as is a boat. She's the real stuff."

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In spite of the fact that no extra attempts were made to force attention on the Sea Sleds at the Show, the universal verdict of public, boating and style authorities, indicates that Sea Sleds are going to be an especially good thing for the dealers this year.

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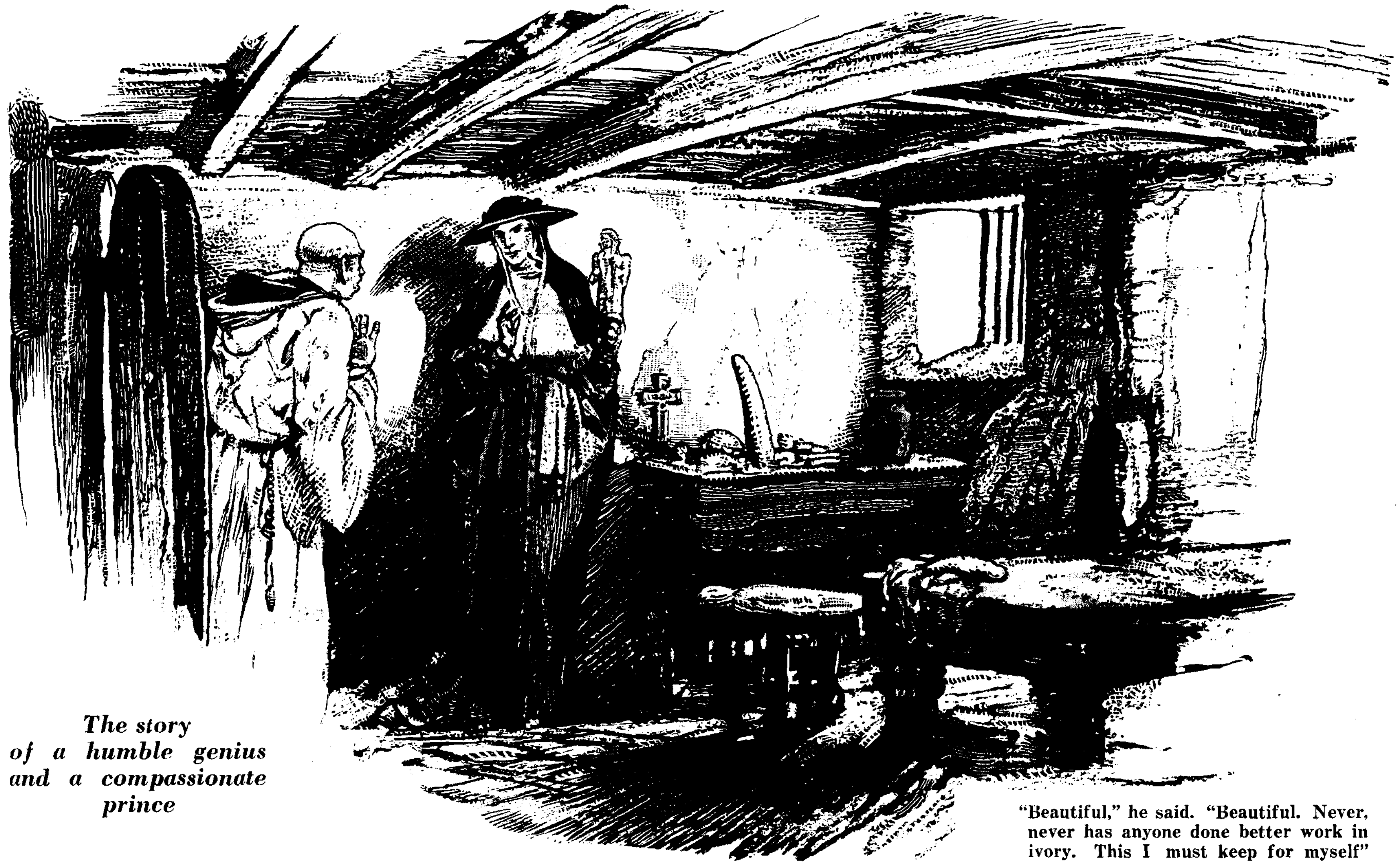


The story of a humble genius and a compassionate prince

"Beautiful," he said. "Beautiful. Never, never has anyone done better work in ivory. This I must keep for myself"

The Ivory Virgin

By Edward L. Mc Kenna

THE courtyard of the palace was red with flares and clangorous with ringing steel and doleful cries. Within the dining hall a candelabrum, overturned, dripped wax upon the tiles. Beneath an ivory table lay one of the Ferenczi, dead from his cousin's dagger thrust. Sprawling in death he lay, for all his red robe, and the Pope's ring upon his finger, awkward, and huddled, and small, and pitiful.

Trembling till his eyes jingled, the Cardinal's seneschal skipped along the corridors before the swords of the marauders. He would hide nothing from them, nothing, he protested. He would indicate the rarest jewels, the treasures beyond price, in the Cardinal's coffers.

"My brother, Sabbato, will tell you if you make mistakes," said Cesare.

"It is the ivory-room that you would see, my Lord Sabbato," said the steward. "His Lordship the Cardinal loved ivory most of all— Will it please you to enter?"

Sabbato smiled and made a courteous gesture with his sword. The key scratched in the lock. "Lights, here," said Cesare.

THE steward leaped about, lighting the candles. Sabbato put down his torch, and stepped upon it and chuckled softly, as he looked around him.

It was true that the Cardinal had loved ivory. Here was ivory from all the world. Ivory from India, from Africa, from the Arctic fogs. Elephant tusks, and the jaws of the hippopotamus, and bleaching narwhals' bones. Fossil ivory, with Viking runes scrawled upon it. Ivory of every tint, from the blue-white and rose of a goddess to the yellow of an old man's skin. Greek figurines, an Isis from the Nile, and the four-armed gods of Nubia. The triptychs of a consul and tesseræ from the games, pyxes and retables, a crozier, and a bishop's fan. Combs, and mirrors, and chessmen that belonged to Charlemagne. Cup-and-ball, and gambling gear, demure beside a chalice, and a lavabo, and a chaplet of ivory beads.

And, by itself, a statue of the Virgin, upon an onyx pedestal.

Sabbato picked it up in his left hand, as he had picked up many a statue of a nymph from the Cardinal's treasures.

"I do not know who carved this. Whose work is this?" he said.

"I do not know, My Lord. The Cardinal never told anyone that. Others have asked."

"Have they names, these ivory carvers?" asked Cesare.

"No," said Sabbato, and looked aslant at his brother. "No. Mostly they have no names. But this work is of our own time. There is Batesta in Milan; in France, there is Vautel. . . . It is droll, that they have no names. This work is clumsy. See how his hand slipped here. The design is ordinary— Why should he have this here, with these?"

"Perhaps he carved it himself," said Cesare, and brayed out a laugh— "Have you seen all? Then let us go, little brother. Ivory is very well—take us to the Cardinal's strongboxes, Sir Steward." He pricked him lightly with his sword.

"Strongboxes!" said Sabbato, and smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "After you, Cesare."

"Beauty and innocence before old age and rascality," said Cesare, and bowed to his brother. "Have no fear, Sabbato. We will return again for your ivory."

"It is a queer thing," said Sabbato, as they descended the stairs. "There is but one piece in that room which should not live forever. And he puts it upon a pedestal— He did well, Cesare—"

"He was one of the Ferenczi, before he was a priest—have a care for the step, little brother."

NOW, while the Cardinal was making for himself a career that glows in the pages of the chronicles, another priest, some few years older than he, was a brother in the Carthusian monastery, at Padua. Dom Pietro, his name was; he could scarcely read and write; a hulking man, and stupid almost in everything.

While his learned comrades painted upon glass, or canvas, or parchment, or wrote their histories or their books of devotion, Pietro toiled in the fields, or fished, or worked in the kitchen. He liked to fish, and when the trout were sluggish, he would take his knife and a bit of wood, and carve an image from it, a Christ upon the cross, or a figure of the Virgin.

One day the abbot summoned him, and Pietro went in great fear; he was a timid man, and gentle, and ever afraid of giving offense to someone, or to God. But the abbot spoke to him kindly, turning in his hand one of the little wooden crucifixes Pietro had made. He bade him go to his cell, and fashion another cross, a larger one; gave him material and tools, and the criticism of a man skilled in the arts.

Pietro learned with much speed to carve. All day long he cut and hammered, and all day long he sang, "Sancta Veronica, ora pro nobis," "Sancta Dominica, ora pro nobis," "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes, Laudate eum, omnes populi."

From wood he went to soapstone, and from soapstone to ivory. The abbot smiled at him, and patted his great shoulder, and urged him on. Some of his work stayed in the monastery, a set of stations of the Cross, a crucifix or two. Some of it went to the Pope himself, or to this great one or that, for money, or for favors received or anticipated.

Then after ten years the old abbot died.

His successor was a stern man, much given to prayer and fasting. He made many changes, good changes, too; he was forever talking of temporal works of mercy, and the poor; he sold some of the treasures of the monastery, and gave the money to poor people; and it was well, for it was a bad time.

Being a simple man, Pietro followed the voice of authority. For ten years he had been happy in his work, and exultant in it, and thinking of little else. Of the sins of the flesh, gluttony was the only one that assailed him: he worked hard all day, and he was always hungry. Here was the abbot, with his fasting; very well, Pietro would fast, too, and mortify himself.

Presently, another doubt assailed him. He tried to put it away; he could not. At last he went to the abbot.

"Father, I am—I think I am—committing the sin of pride," he said, faltering and blushing, and twisting his big body this way and that.

"The sin of pride," said the abbot, and stroked his chin with his long thin fingers.

"Yes, Father."

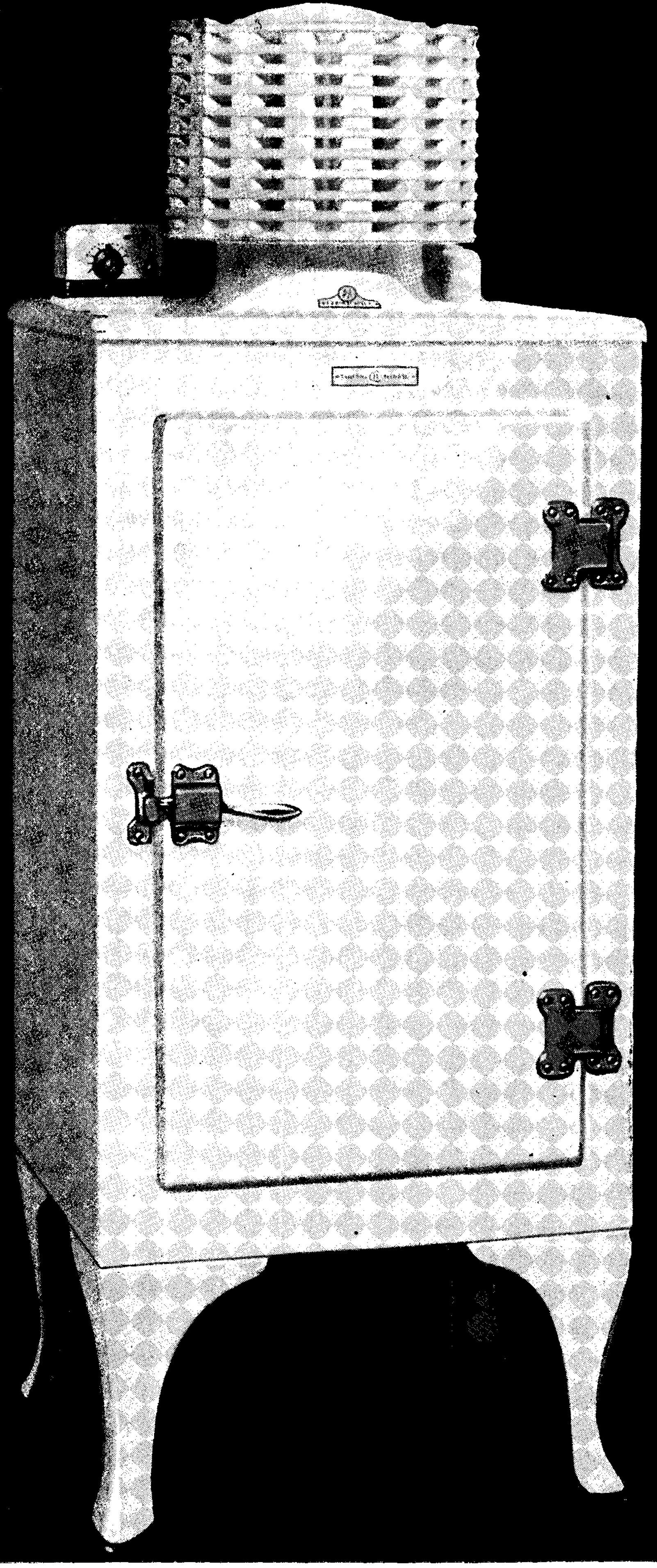
"You are proud that you are known outside the cloister. Is that it?"

"No. No, it is not that. It is just—I—do my work—I—I am so fond of my work that I am forgetting God, and the Virgin—I think only of my work—I—I cannot explain it to you. But when my work is right, when I have done it well—I—I—"

(*Continued on page 38*)

General Electric

ALL-STEEL



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REFRIGERATOR

A new small-family model at the very low price of

$215

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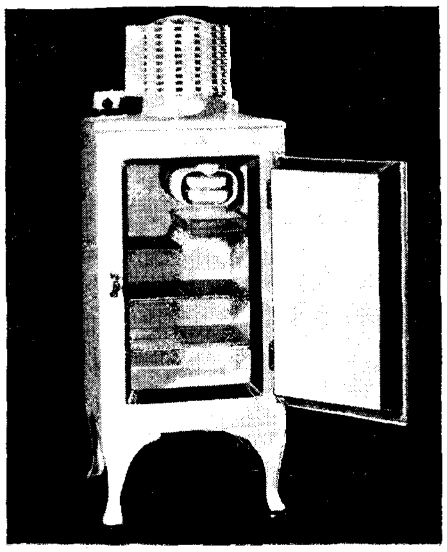

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

(*Continued from page 35*)

"I see," said the abbot. "I will think of your case and advise you— Meantime, you may fast for three days, and pray."

"Shall I work, Father? I have a Saint Anthony almost finished."

The Father Abbot saw the gleam in his eyes, and hesitated. "Yes," he said, at last.

After two days, the abbot sent for Dom Pietro again.

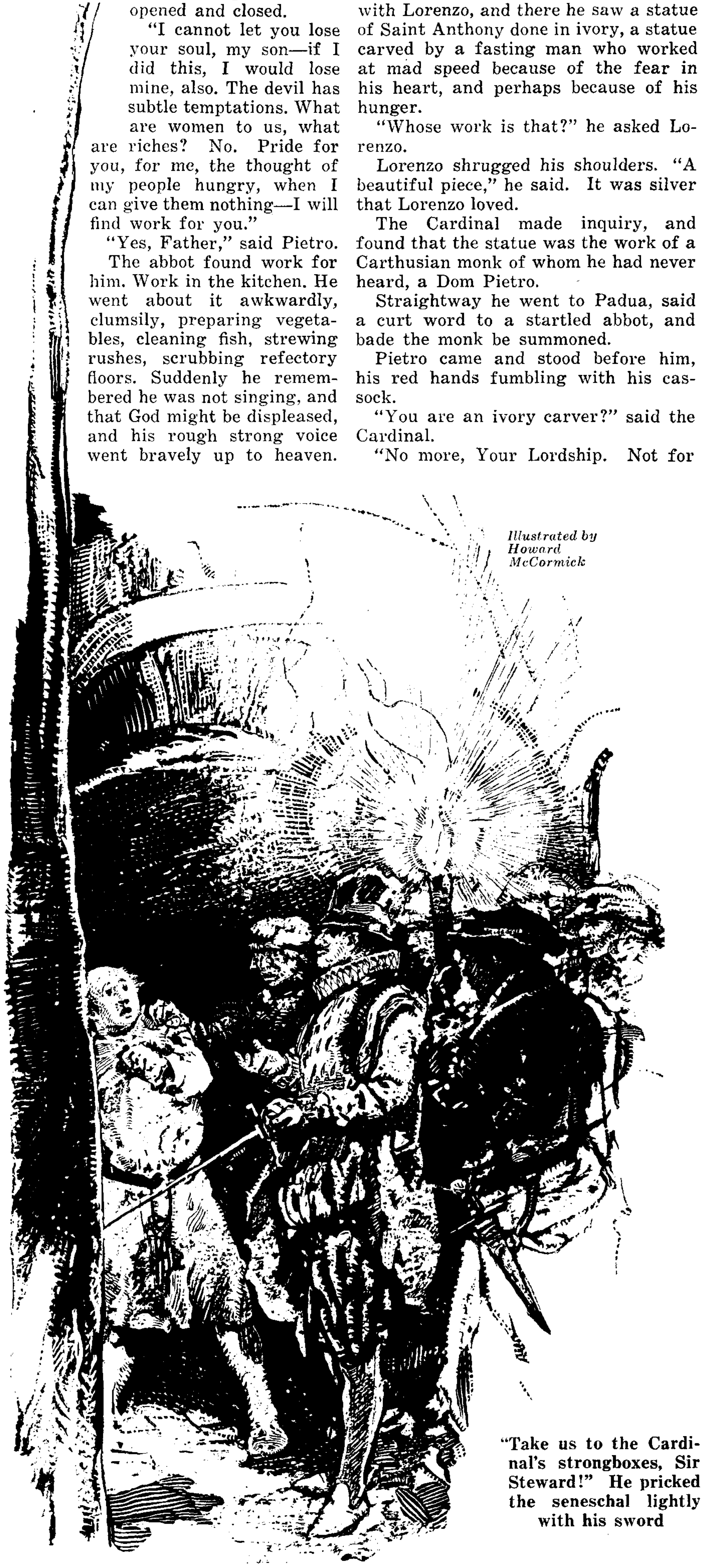
"I have decided, my son," he said. "You must give up your work. There is no other way."

Pietro's great hands opened and closed.

"I cannot let you lose your soul, my son—if I did this, I would lose mine, also. The devil has subtle temptations. What are women to us, what are riches? No. Pride for you, for me, the thought of my people hungry, when I can give them nothing—I will find work for you."

"Yes, Father," said Pietro.

The abbot found work for him. Work in the kitchen. He went about it awkwardly, clumsily, preparing vegetables, cleaning fish, strewing rushes, scrubbing refectory floors. Suddenly he remembered he was not singing, and that God might be displeased, and his rough strong voice went bravely up to heaven.



Illustrated by Howard McCormick

"Take us to the Cardinal's strongboxes, Sir Steward!" He pricked the seneschal lightly with his sword

"Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes, Laudate eum, omnes populi."

Scrape, scrape, scrape, at a plaice's scales. "Ab omne malo, Libera nos, Domine. A maleficio, libera nos, Domine."

He never touched mallet or carving tool for twenty-seven years. He never thought of himself as one who lays a gift upon an altar; rather did he consider himself a sinful man repenting of evil ways. And he spent little time thinking of himself at all.

NOW it chanced that a Cardinal, one of the Ferenczi, had an audience with Lorenzo, and there he saw a statue of Saint Anthony done in ivory, a statue carved by a fasting man who worked at mad speed because of the fear in his heart, and perhaps because of his hunger.

"Whose work is that?" he asked Lorenzo.

Lorenzo shrugged his shoulders. "A beautiful piece," he said. It was silver that Lorenzo loved.

The Cardinal made inquiry, and found that the statue was the work of a Carthusian monk of whom he had never heard, a Dom Pietro.

Straightway he went to Padua, said a curt word to a startled abbot, and bade the monk be summoned.

Pietro came and stood before him, his red hands fumbling with his cassock.

"You are an ivory carver?" said the Cardinal.

"No more, Your Lordship. Not for twenty-seven years." And presently he was telling him how he had committed the sin of pride, and all.

The Cardinal stroked his chin, as, long ago, an abbot had stroked his chin. He looked at Pietro, and he looked down at the monk's bare feet, and at the rushes on the floor.

"You have been mistaken, my son," he said at last. "Whoever advised you so has much to answer for." His dark eyes swept the abbot for an instant, but the abbot who had counseled Pietro was dead these many years. "These men—the sin of pride—what folly, what impertinence—look you. When Peter, your namesake, heard the words, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church,' do you not think his heart leaped in pride? The pride that scorns fear, and death, and disgrace, that says 'I will be worthy of my name, I will scorn to do a low thing'— The pride that keeps the artist from doing less than his best, the soldier from blenching at the foe, the priest from forgetting his vows? The sin of pride?"

He looked at Pietro, and saw his puzzled eyes, his fumbling hands.

"I will give you my blessing, my son," he said, briskly. "Tomorrow, I am sending you ivory."

"Ivory," said Pietro, and his hands opened wide, and clenched.

"I will be your confessor; no one else. Carve what you will, without fear. It is I, a Prince of the Church, who tell you— What will you make for me? A Saint Sebastian, perhaps; a David with his sling; Esau, returning from the hunt. Think of that, Esau returning, to be cheated of his birthright."

"Your Highness—Your Lordship—I—I would like to make a statue of the Madonna."

"The Virgin— Yes. Very well. The Virgin, hastening with eager steps to Limbo, to the unbaptized children. To sing them the lullabies she sang to little Jesus, in a barn at Bethlehem. Beautiful stories, beautiful pictures. All in ivory. Chalcedony is lovely, too, so is jade and lapis lazuli, but ivory!— To have your gift, my son— How many years have you?"

"I do not remember. I think I am— Let me see. Twenty-seven, and ten, and twenty-one— I think I am fifty-eight, Your Lordship."

BUT after he sent the ivory, the Cardinal fell ill, of poisoned wine, so Buchard says, but trust him for the worst story always. And then the Pope died, and all was turmoil and intrigue, and the Cardinal thought no more of Dom Pietro for some ten months. Then suddenly, he and his retinue descended upon the monastery, in search of the monk and his statues of ivory.

"How goes the work?" he asked the abbot, as they were waiting.

"I do not know. He sings no more, not for many months. He will let no one into his cell. You left your orders; we have obeyed them."

"Hush, here he is."

The Cardinal blessed Dom Pietro, and gave him his ring to kiss. "Well, my son," he said, and beamed upon him. "How is the statue? Or the statues?"

"The statue—the statue—" stammered Pietro from his knees. "Your Eminence, Your Lordship—the statue—it is not finished— It—my hands, they are stiff, look."

"Rheumatism," the Cardinal said.

"A little, Highness, yes, some years ago. It is not that. My hands, my hands. They are stiff. They can no longer do my bidding, my hands."

"Let me see what you have done."

"No, no," cried Pietro, shambling up from his knees. "No, Your Lordship, Your Eminence, please. Please, no."

But the Cardinal swept by him with rustling robes and a brow like thunder. Along the corridor he went and into Dom Pietro's cell.

There was a pile of shavings in the corner, and a broken knife that had been hurled quivering into the wall. There was much ruined ivory, false starts, abandoned attempts. And a tiny statue of the Virgin.

It was crude and awkward and apprentice-like. It had not even the grace of Dom Pietro's early wooden crucifixes. The Cardinal saw all this, and his face fell, but suddenly he heard the monk's bare feet pattering behind him.

"Lordship, it is no good, it is no good. Please, please do not look at it."

BUT the Cardinal barred his way, thrusting out his arm, and silenced him with a look. He stepped forward, and took the tiny figure in his hands, and kissed the hem of its robe.

"Beautiful," he said. "Beautiful. The Mother of God, on her way to Limbo— You have never done work like this. How graciously her robe is draped, the face, how lovely. I had meant this for Lorenzo, to put beside that Saint Anthony of yours. But it is too fine. This I must keep, for myself. He knows silver, ivory he does not know. I will put it in my—uh—in my chapel, my own chapel. Never, never, has anyone done better work than this in ivory."

"Eminence—Your Lordship—is it—is it indeed good work? My hands, my hands are so stiff— Sometimes, I thought it was good, but I missed my idea so far— The drapery is the best, Highness, is it not?"

"The drapery is fine. The face is fine. All, all is lovely. It was worth twenty-seven years, to wait for this. A little stiff, you say? Well, what would you? This is not a scene from the circus—you artists, my son, you're all the same. You never know your best work.

"Tomorrow I will send you more ivory and you will make me a Saint Joseph."

"A Saint Joseph, Your Highness?"

"Yes. A Saint Joseph. A poor carpenter, getting himself established, getting his trade and his clients. Suddenly, he gives it up, gives up his business, his poor possessions, that he may take his son out of danger. He rises, in the dead of night, and puts his wife and his son on a donkey, and they flee into Egypt. Into Egypt. Hagh! Now, the statue. No other hands than mine shall carry it hence—My blessing, my son. In nomine Patris—" So the Cardinal, who, as Cesare said, was one of the Ferenczi first, and a priest afterward.

He took the little statue, and brought it home, and put it upon a pedestal, among his prized possessions. And if anyone noticed it with lifted brows he stared at them with eyes that had black depths and sudden lightnings.

He was spared the embarrassment of further additions. After working three months on his Saint Joseph, Dom Pietro stopped one morning. The abbot had noticed that he was not singing, and put his head in at his cell to see whether anything was wrong. Nothing was wrong. Dom Pietro was dead, he died with a mallet and a chisel in his hands. The statue of Saint Joseph was just so much spoiled ivory.

SO CESARE and Sabbato came up from the cellars and summoned their men, who came with sacks of canvas. They went to the ivory-room.

"That statue of the Virgin, Cesare," said Sabbato. "Let us leave it. It is worthless."

"Nonsense," said Cesare. "Would he have had it here, upon a pedestal, if it were worth nothing? Put it in the bag, Matteo."

"Yes, My Lord," said Matteo, and wrapped it carefully.

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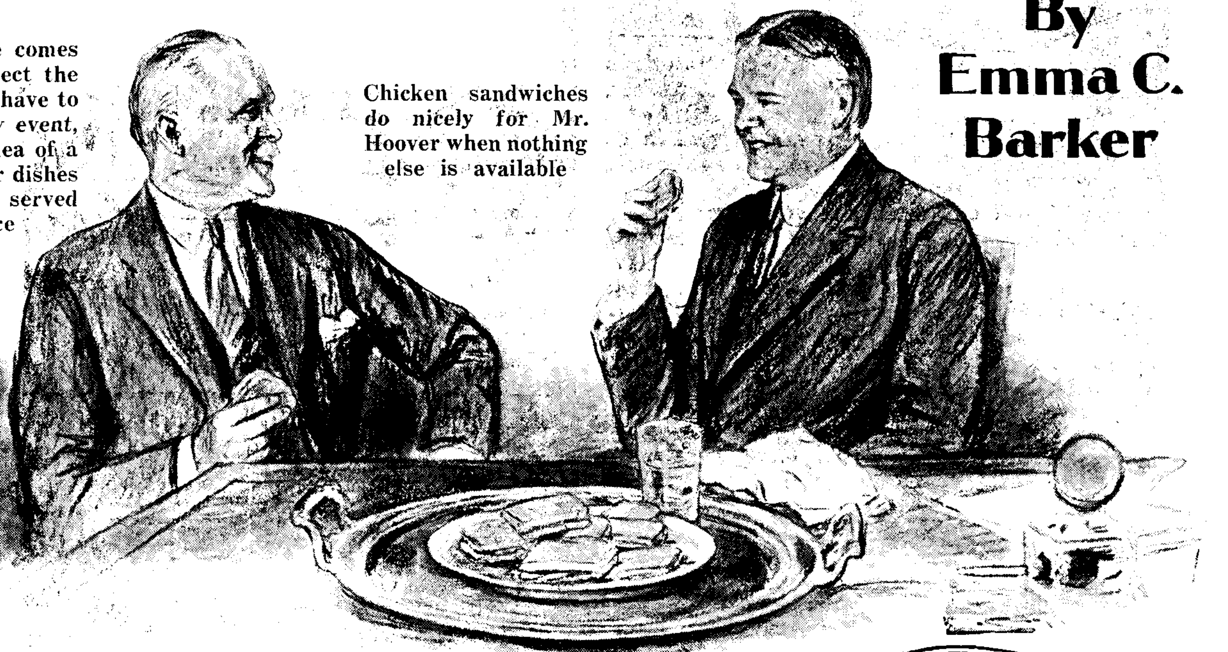
Mr. Hoover Snatches a BITE

By Emma C. Barker

What does your husband eat for luncheon? If he comes home for the midday meal, of course, you can select the menu. But if he eats downtown at noon you'll just have to *give him his orders and hope for the best.* In any event, here's some information as to President Hoover's idea of a business man's lunch, together with some recipes for dishes which pleased him, as prepared by the woman who served his luncheons in the Department of Commerce


Chicken sandwiches do nicely for Mr. Hoover when nothing else is available

WHEN I read in the papers about the dinner at which the then President-elect and Mrs. Hoover were hosts to the crew on board the ship returning from their South American tour, I smiled as I noticed a certain item on the menu: Boston Baked Beans. For Mr. Hoover is, I know, partial to this dish.

For twelve years I have been caterer to the Department of Commerce building and as such it was my good fortune to supervise the preparation of the meals which Mr. Hoover so often ate in his office when he was secretary.

Our facilities for serving meals in the building are not extensive. There is a small cafeteria with just a few tables and chairs but the meals are all cooked in my own home not far from the building and sent over by a waiter.

When baked beans were on the menu, the tray usually came down from Mr. Hoover's office considerably lightened. This is the only key I have to his preferences with regard to the midday meal. He is a gentleman of simple tastes not difficult to cater to. In all the months I served him, he never requested any special delicacies—always he ate whatever we served to the scores of clerks and other workers in the building.

Sometimes when we had a large choice of side dishes, I'd put two or three on his tray but he usually ate only one. He never was strong for salads or cole slaw but I know he liked our beans and chicken pies and corn bread and our apple pies. You will probably be interested in my recipes of these dishes, given on this page.

His luncheon usually consisted of soup, a main dish and then pie or cake. But, as I say, he was not particular. Indeed, I remember one occasion when *he and a gentleman* with whom he was in conference called for luncheon in the office. It was later than usual and I had to send up word that there was nothing left but some chicken sandwiches. Promptly the order came back to send them along. And apparently they enjoyed them, for there was not a scrap left on the tray.

But to get back to the beans. I have my own recipe for preparing them and it differs from the regular one for Boston baked beans. You will notice that no mustard or molasses is used. Of course I bake in large quantities but the recipe printed in the panel on this page will make six or eight portions.

Emma C. Barker prepared Mr. Hoover's luncheons at the Department of Commerce building

On the Hoover Blueplate

BAKED BEANS

2 cups navy beans
½ pound corned pork
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon sugar

Soak beans overnight. In the morning boil until tender with corned pork. Season with salt and pepper. Put into bean pot with sugar and pork, dicing the rind of the pork and leaving the rind exposed. Be careful not to have the beans too dry. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

APPLE PIE (6 portions)

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup (scant) shortening
Cold water to mix dough
6 medium-sized apples
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Sift together flour and salt. Rub in shortening until mixture feels granular. Add enough cold water to hold dough together. Sprinkle a little flour on board. Pat dough into shape and roll out lightly. Cover pie tin with half of it. *Filling:* Peel the apples. Add the sugar and cinnamon and salt. Cook until tender. Fill the lined pie tin and cover with rest of pie crust. Bake in hot oven for 20 or 25 minutes or until crust is brown.

CORN BREAD

2 cups corn meal
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
1 pint milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat eggs. Add milk and melted shortening. Add to dry ingredients. Put into pan and bake in moderate oven half an hour.

CHICKEN PIE (6 or 8 portions)

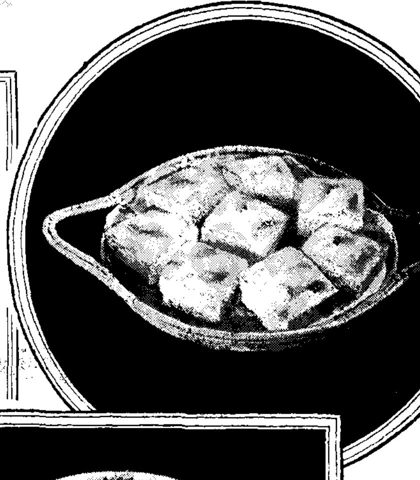
1 four-pound chicken
3 or 4 potatoes
1 small stalk celery
2 carrots
1 small onion
1 can peas
Chicken stock

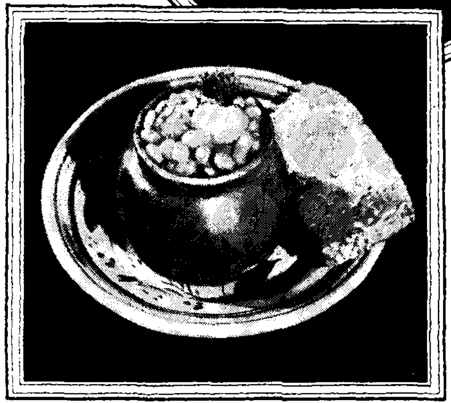
Boil the chicken in seasoned water until tender. Remove meat from bones and cut in small pieces. Place in baking dish with the potatoes, celery, and carrots all cut into small pieces. Add the onion finely chopped and the peas. Cover with the chicken stock, thickened with a little flour. Season with salt and pepper. Cover with biscuit pie crust and bake in moderate oven one-half hour.

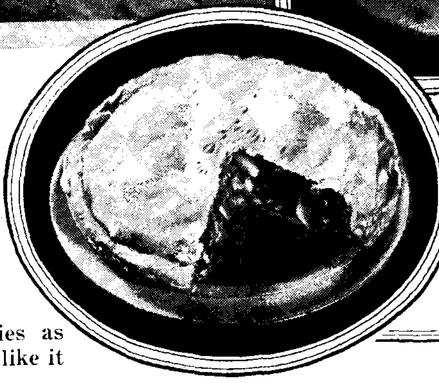
BISCUIT CRUST

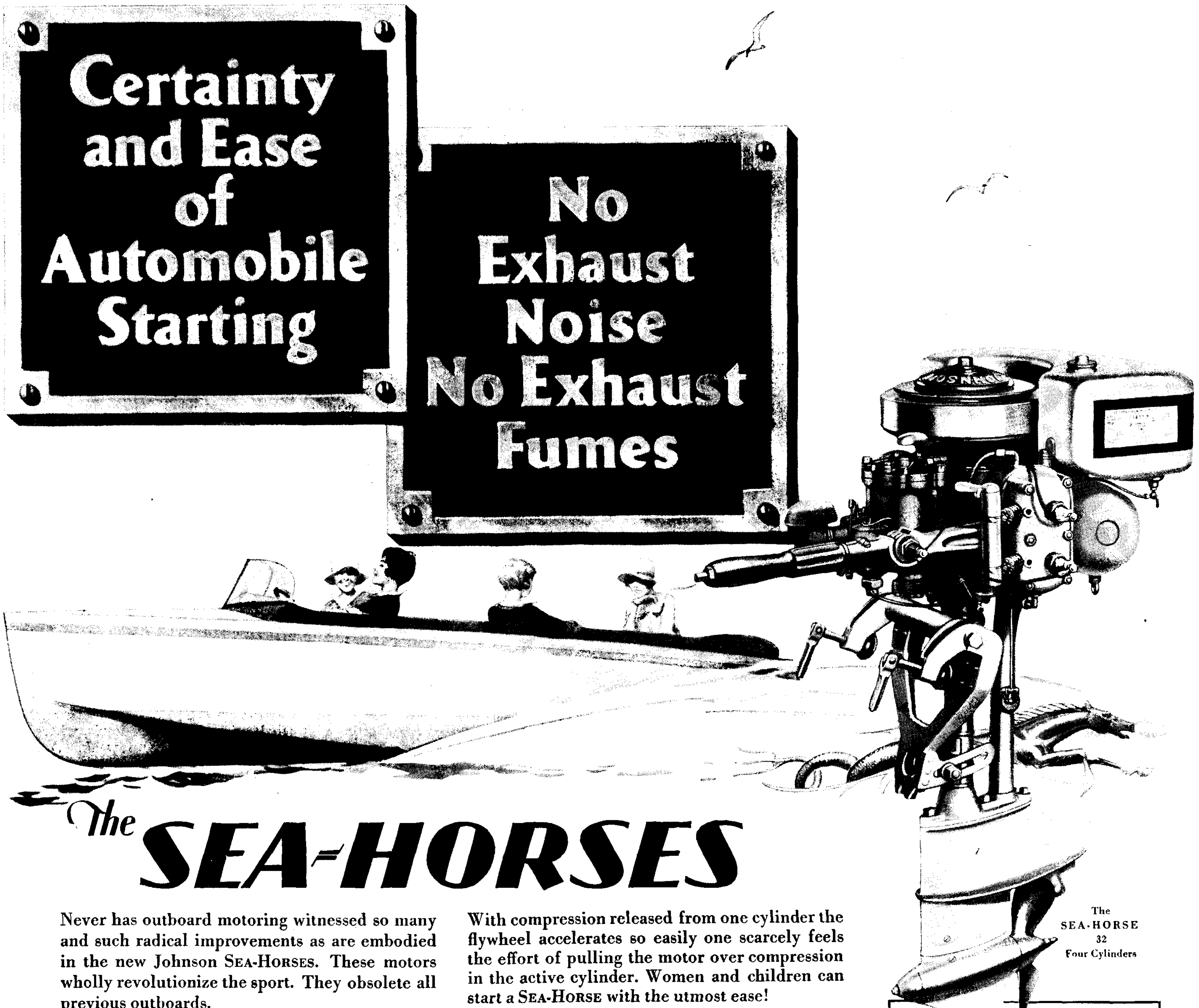
3 cups flour
½ lb. shortening
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
2 heaping teaspoons baking powder
Enough milk to mix dough

Roll out to fit baking dish.




Corn bread and beans as prepared above meet Presidential approval


Apple and chicken pies as you (and Mr. Hoover) like it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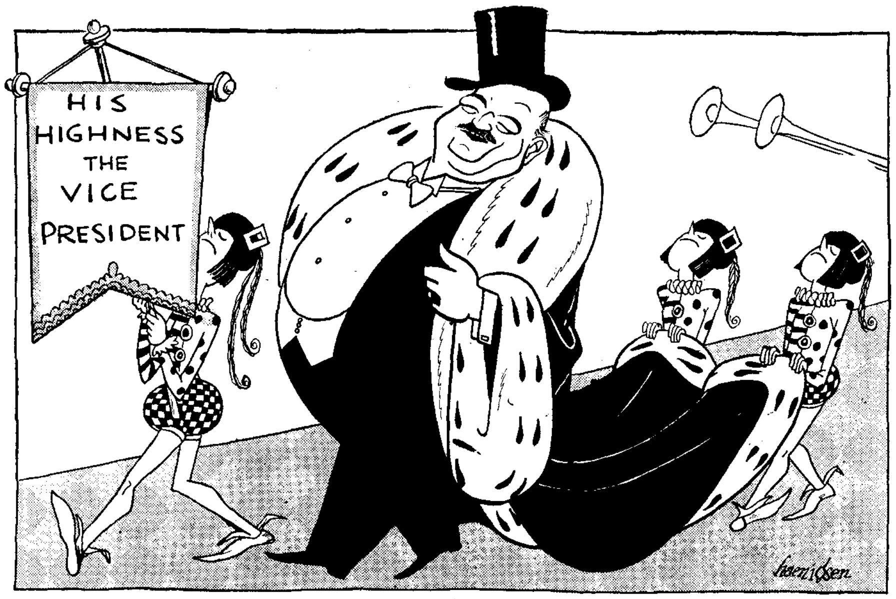

HIS HIGHNESS THE VICE PRESIDENT

Bursting into Bloom

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WASHINGTON is extracting a great deal of amusement out of the evolution of Charles Curtis from a simple soul who sat in the back row of the Senate into an important social and political figure. Nobody since John Adams ever took a job of Vice President half so seriously as Mr. Curtis, and Adams used to worry because no title of nobility went with the office.

Charlie Curtis is being launched socially with all the passionate attention to detail of a débutante being ushered into the marriage market. His old Western wide-brimmed hat has given place to a tall silk affair. A private telephone wire connects the new Vice President's hotel suite with the White House. In some salons it is the custom to play the Star-Spangled Banner while all the guests rise as the Vice President enters with his sister and hostess, Mrs. Gann, Mr. Curtis being a widower.

Great heart-burnings take place over the place Mrs. Gann shall occupy at dinner parties, precedents not being adequate to deal with the problems of the rank of the sister and hostess of a Vice President. The State Department, arbiter of all such bitterly contested questions, says firmly that at any rate even if asked it will refuse to adjudicate the rank of Mr. Gann, husband of Mrs. Gann and brother-in-law to the Vice President. So there seems to be nothing for Mr. Gann but to stay home and mind the cat, while Washington society divides over the proper seating of the Vice President's sister.

The Presidency has risen steadily in importance until in the imaginations of the people it has assumed a semi-royal character. But the Vice Presidency has lagged sadly behind, all holders of the office since John Adams having given up the attempt to give it a princely character. The chief activities of a Vice President are to sit in a chair in the Senate and say from time to time, "The Gentleman from Massachusetts," or "The Gentleman from Oklahoma," and to dine out.

Thomas Riley Marshall had the "throne," as it was called, removed from the Vice Presidential dais in the Senate and replaced it with an ordinary chair. Here's a tip to Charlie: that "throne" must be around somewhere.

The new Vice President will see that the office makes up in dignity what it lacks in power. Why, going to the Bowie track, Mr. Curtis may some day, like the Prince of Wales, set the fashions in men's clothes. Already the Washington dealers are doing a rushing business in silk toppers!

The odd part of it is that Mr. Curtis as a senator was the most modest man in the world. He had, moreover, a humorous eye for the little egotisms of his associates on the floor, playing upon them very intelligently and with a chuckle to obtain those results called leadership. One would have predicted that he would remain unobtrusive. And here he is lifting the office into one of the most dignified in the world.

It is a case of a repressed ego, suddenly brought into the sunlight of distinction and sprouting and burgeoning like one of those grains of wheat which has lain dormant 3,000 years in an Egyptian tomb. Ice cream served in the form of Indian heads with an elaborate many-colored feathered headdress is de rigueur in Washington, a delicate tribute to the Vice President's Indian ancestry.

Well, no one should begrudge Mr. Curtis the pleasure he is getting out of the Vice Presidency. He has his place in the sun at last.

No Room for a Court Jester

While we are on the subject of the declining humor of Washington it is appropriate to tell of the bereavement of Will Rogers now that Calvin Coolidge is out of the White House. For years Mr. Rogers has cracked jokes about Mr. Coolidge, jokes which were thoroughly enjoyed by their object. Invested betimes in Montgomery Ward or Radio the earnings from the White House jokes must be now a very considerable fortune. The new administration will no doubt be great and brilliant but one with little opportunity for a court jester.

Stories about Mr. Coolidge multiply. A secret service man was examining the former President's gun as he was about to go clay-pigeon shooting. He had the breech open and was squinting through the barrel, Mr. Coolidge standing by impatiently. "What's the matter?" Mr. Coolidge finally asked. "Did you find a hole in it?"

Another: When the Rupert Hughes book on George Washington came out, some indignant patriotic lady came to the White House almost tearful over the book's frankness about the Father of His Country. Mr. Coolidge rose and looked out of the window. "Well," he said, "I see his monument still stands!" His dry nasal quality was worth a good deal to Will Rogers.

Who Travels Alone

Continued from page 18

country. The fact that he was removed from active service was not due to any request of his own, but simply to the desire of those in authority to make better use of a young man who had already shown unusual gifts of persistency and diplomacy.

He was sent to England to interview Mr. Asquith, and Alfred Loewenstein, who had already met with phenomenal success as a pushing financier, again scored a success in the far more delicate business of diplomacy. He secured from the then prime minister the supply of rifles for Belgium for which, up till then, every application through official quarters had failed. He afterward served as Belgian delegate to Lord Kitchener's committee, and executed important commissions for the Allies. For these services, the C. B. was conferred upon him.

His war record, genuine though it was, was scarcely ever mentioned by him in later life. He proved his courage to start with and his modesty with regard to his personal exploits in his subsequent silence where they were concerned. If the war had continued, he might have died a poorer man, but he might also have given evidence of some of those finer qualities of character of which at odd times there were unexpected suggestions.

It was at the conclusion of hostilities that Loewenstein's ambitions became definitely crystallized.

It was his friendship with one man, perhaps—Doctor Pearson, unfortunately drowned in the sinking of the Lusitania—which gave substance and solidity to his ambitions, which encouraged him to step outside the routine business of small banking, and to strike boldly out along the great main road to wealth —not the paper wealth produced from the wizardry of figures, but wealth justifiably created from the brains of inventors, the machinery built to carry out their ambitious dreams, and, behind both, the mammoth driving power of industry.

Pearson taught him all that there was to be learned of the power and the promise of hydroelectric utility. Loewenstein learned, too, the secret of the new methods of making art-silks. These two things were enough for Loewenstein. He saw in the manipulation of them the possibility of a huge fortune, and, obeying his instincts, he concentrated. His ignorance of other subjects was often pathetic, but he knew all that there was to know of hydroelectric utilities and art-silks.

There is no doubt that for a time he was amazingly successful. The fabulous profits which he worked out on paper he actually realized. He walked in those days like a man in a dream. Two things only existed in the world, and those two things were in the forefront of all his thoughts and ambitions. There was fortune enough in them for a dozen Rothschilds.

A Man in a Dream

If only he could have kept his head, could have retained control over the peculiarities of his disposition, he would have been in a fair way to become the greatest millionaire the world has ever known. As he climbed, a certain magnificence, a flamboyant glorification of himself, brought him at times very near the borderland even of insanity. He conceived a great dream. No matter that others were first in the field, he, Alfred Loewenstein, determined that he would control the art-silk industry of the world, and the hydroelectric undertakings of every sort.

The amazing possibilities of his enterprise, racking and stimulating his brain by night and day, inspired in him during this period of his career a certain vainglorious egotism. With the financial stature of a David he mocked and flouted the financial Goliaths of the world, boldly entering the lists against them, hurrying in where they hesitated, running successfully risks which they feared to assume. His belief in himself and his own powers was amazing. As time passed on, it was reflected in the manner of his life. His entourage assumed a spectacular, almost a circus-like effect. The ordinary means of travel he scorned. He built not one but a small fleet of airships, engaged his own pilot —the famous war pilot Hinchcliffe at one time worked for him—rushed all over Europe, from capital to capital, working out his schemes with the help of a retinue of secretaries and typists, with a physician at his side to keep him tuned up, not from any real nervousness but because he must always be at his best in his personal contacts.

A $5,000,000 Deal in One Day

Imagine the drama of such a life, the strain upon the nerves of even such a man as Loewenstein. One day he would lunch in Berlin with a group of bankers. The long-distance telephone and the wireless were at work on his behalf. The Bourse in Paris, where he had large credits, was weak. A few brief words, and he was riding over the clouds, a ledger and table of exchanges before him, a problem to solve—how to turn the money position to his own advantage.

Once he traveled half across Europe to meet the managing director of an art-silk enterprise. The concern had been started with insufficient capital. It needed money desperately. Its shares were a drug upon the market, salable only now and then in small quantities. There was no need for Loewenstein to study balance sheets. He knew more about the position and prospects of the company than the directors themselves.

"How much of your interests do you want to sell?" he demanded.

"Two and a half million dollars' worth," was the answer.

"What is the total amount of the shares upon the market?"

"Five and a half millions."

"You want to retain control," was Loewenstein's swift comment. "I buy the lot or none."

The directors had no wish to sell the lot. The business was simply suffering from lack of capital; a smaller amount would set them on their feet. Loewenstein would have nothing to do with any smaller amount. He left the city with another large and prosperous business added to his group, paid for by a draft upon a bank in which he had not a quarter-million dollars!

Across the clouds once more, this time the engines beating themselves out to their full capacity. Two thousand miles, mostly flying by night, back to the city upon a bank of which he had given the draft. In the gray twilight of the morning his machine reached the earth. A racing car, sent for by wireless, was waiting. Before the ordinary business hours he was closeted with one of the financial magnates of the city. He left with the credit arranged for. Within twenty-four hours he had bought a business for five million dollars which was probably worth ten, and paid for it!

In addition to his mansion in Brussels, he purchased a château at Biarritz, and adjoining it a whole street of villas in which to house his ever-increasing retinue of clerks, secretaries, valets, masseurs and attendants of every description. He had spells of taking exercise in any form which suggested itself. Sometimes he fenced, sometimes he boxed, nearly every day he submitted himself to the attentions of the best masseur he could find in Europe. He once told a friend, quite seriously, and with obvious belief in the truth of his words, that his health was necessary to the welfare of Europe. With regard to massage, he had the curious idea that when once he was used to the operator's particular form of manipulation of his body, the treatment failed to be beneficial. The man was thereupon ruthlessly dismissed, and as he usually claimed at least six months' fees, and he had often journeyed from the other side of Europe, Loewenstein's massages alone must have cost a small fortune.

Never a Boaster

Then there came to him one day a sudden return of his old passion for horses. Within a week he had bought a hunting lodge at Thorpe Satchville, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, England, had passed plans for modernizing and trebling the stable accommodations, bought a stud of priceless hunters, engaged a houseful of servants, and built a miniature airdrome and landing enclosure. He would fly sometimes from Brussels through the night, and hunt the next morning. He was the amazement of the neighborhood. For days after one of his meteor-like visits nothing else was talked about. His household had always to be prepared. Nothing was known of his coming until the beating of his engines roused the sleepy old town in the small hours of the morning.

In Melton his astonishing advent left people at first gasping. They scarcely knew what to make of him. A newcomer who expected any sort of social recognition was, as a rule, one of their own sort, with mutual friends and relations, the same shibboleth of speech and manners. But a foreigner, a banker of world-wide reputation, unknown personally to a single one of them, who flew the Channel by night to hunt with them by day, who kept a stable of magnificent horses and a house full of servants merely to be in attendance for one of his flying visits, was an inconceivable proposition. By degrees, however, the simplicity of his manners and speech, so far removed from the pageantry of his entourage, had their effect. People began by tolerating, then almost liked him.

To do him justice, he was never a boaster. He seldom alluded to the magnitude of his transactions, and treated the amazing character of his household as a thing of necessity. Furthermore, he rode well, and understood something about horses, two facts which in such a neighborhood counted for almost as much as his millions. His seat and style came in for a certain amount of criticism, which was almost natural among such classic surroundings. He rode in the Belgian style, with a tight seat, a trifle flashily, and it was no doubt in some respects due to the excellence of his horses that he seldom met with disaster. The riding school on his estate was built entirely for his personal glorification. Englishmen, as a rule, understand little about trick riding, in which he delighted, and he was always organizing jumping competitions, many of which, as he gave any price he was asked for his horses and they were mostly trained for the job, he contrived to win.

There was no doubt whatever about Loewenstein's fondness for English country life, especially as he became more familiar with it, or his genuine love of horses—decidedly unexpected traits in his character to those who only knew his business side. The courage with which he achieved his financial exploits never deserted him in the hunting field. Even his detractors, who found fault with his foreign manners and accent, admitted that he did not lack pluck, and in time he attained a popularity among his new friends which is easily understandable. Today all that section of Leicestershire is licking its wounds, and cutting down its stable expenses.

Loewenstein was supposed to be a good judge of a horse, but Easter Hero, for which he paid more than $25,000 just before the Aintree Meeting, let him down badly. He was luckier in France, however, and won two of the biggest steeplechases of 1927, paying $35,000 for one of the winners only a few weeks before the race. He was well known, though not exactly popular, as an exhibitor at the principal horse-shows, and often rode his own animals in the jumping competitions. At Olympia, on a recent occasion, he lost his temper and was asked not to compete again. This, however, was an exceptional incident, and, so far as one can gather, not like the man. His fondness for these indoor exhibitions, for riding showy, high-stepping horses by electric light before a concourse of people, seems somehow curiously indicative of the character of the man, and in keeping with the somewhat flamboyant habits of his life.

There was no man in the world who studied more closely the economy of time. He never went to bed without paper and a pencil by his side. If he could sleep, so much the better. If he failed, as he frequently did, he pressed the bell. A certain secretary, already arranged for, appeared, and he either dictated letters or proceeded in the evolution of one of his amazing schemes. The number of secretaries who were always attached to his suite provoked occasionally the ridicule even of his friends. As a matter of fact, they were not so unnecessary as they seemed. His brain was tireless. Sooner than let it rest, he evolved propositions, and made notes about them of the most impossible character. It is a fact that not one tenth part of the letters, prospectuses and notes which he dictated by day and by night ever led to anything. On the other hand, it was he who was always their executioner. He often worked at a scheme which he knew from the start to be impracticable. As soon as he had arrived at the inevitable conclusion it was rejected.

A Mania for Work

It was all mind training he once told a friend, and he liked always to play with the idea that the mind needed exercise like the body. Hence, the masses of torn papers by which he was continually surrounded. Hence his absurd number of secretaries. Sometimes it must have seemed like a child playing the game of "grown-ups" in the nursery. But there is this always to be remembered. He made mistakes, but he never tried to breathe life into impossible propositions. It was he who filled the waste-paper baskets. What he kept was worth keeping.

There are hundreds of anecdotes concerning this devotion of his for work at all times and all hours. Even so recently as his last visit but one to Paris the head waiter at the hotel where he always stayed was summoned to his room with the dinner menu. The waiter found his important client lying

(*Continued on page 44*)

Norman Rockwell tells *Jim Henry*

Jim Henry—*famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream.... This photograph shows him talking to Norman Rockwell, the famous painter.... Mr. Rockwell is seen working on a painting for the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post.*

"I can put more *Chuckles* in my pictures when I've had this COOL shave"

Norman Rockwell:—"Sure, Jim, I'll give you the dope on the artistic shave... I like to paint hoboes, but I certainly don't like to *look* like one... That's why I shave carefully—every day... Being a particular cuss, I've experimented with shaving creams almost as much as I've experimented with colors.

"I guess I was one of the first to try that Menthol-iced of yours... I don't know what's in the cream, but I do know that it gives my face a keen cool tingle that I've never had from any other shaving cream... There's a real kick to it! Some day, maybe, I'll do a painting of a happy shaver with his tube of Mennen. You know, Jim—that would be a self-portrait!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

There is a dash and a cool invigoration in Mennen Menthol-iced that is typically young—modern! The lather has a "get-up-and-go" feeling to it that fits in with young ideas. Menthol, blended into the cream by a secret process, gives your shave a mountain-air coolness such as you never felt before! The minute the rich creamy lather bubbles up from the brush you'll say to yourself, "Here *is* something different!"

Dermutation Improves Shaves!

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams have Dermutation — a three-way shaving improvement — exclusively Mennen's. . . . Dermutation 1. Softens the beard. 2. Lubricates the razor blade. 3. Invigorates the skin. The proof is in a trial. *Send the coupon!*

After the shave—Mennen Skin Balm. *It protects the skin and removes "face shine" ... non-greasy.* Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder that does not show... Great after a bath, too!*

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM
MENTHOL-ICED
THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEW!

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY. The Mennen Company, Dept. C-2, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Norman Rockwell say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name..

Address..

Double and Redouble

By Peter B. Kyne

If the Peter B. Kynes ever hold a convention, they'll have to hire a stadium. The chap who died confessing he was the famous author won't be there. But there'll be plenty of others.

I CLAIM to have more doubles than any other author in captivity and to be the only author in the world whose doubles actually bear the same name as his own.

Once upon a time there lived in France a Huguenot gentleman named Pierre Bernard de Chigne. One night he had an unaccountable attack of gooseflesh and mentioned it to his wife. The lady, being a Catholic, was able to diagnose his case as dangerous, due to the approach of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Peter B. Kyne and some of his Herefords in Shasta Valley, Cal.

Pete beat it to County Galway, Ireland, with his wife and the junior Pierre Bernard. Junior married into a Celtic clan, which lopped off his de and commenced spelling his name approximately the way it is pronounced. Thus was the Kyne dynasty founded and the Frogs passed out of the picture. But the habit persists in the clan of naming one male child in every generation after our common progenitor.

Gangway for the parade of the Peter B. Kynes I have dug up to date. There were four in the A. E. F. Two of us commanded batteries of field artillery, one was a K. of C. secretary and another commanded Wagon Train No. 50.

Now, Stewart Edward White and I were in the same regiment, and a week after we had docked at Hoboken on our way home from France our doubles appeared on the next transport. That was the last I heard of either of them, until two years ago when I received a letter from one of that Peter B.'s lieutenants, which would indicate that my double wasn't such a bad hombre.

Three years after the war I received a stern letter from the officer in charge of the adjustment of European claims. He wanted me to explain why I had billeted a dozen sick horses on some French peasant and never called for them. The Frenchman had sent in a board bill to Uncle Sam as long as a Theodore Dreiser novel. He had the wrong Peter.

Not long ago a visitor stepped out of my car at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles and got aboard the train to go east. The Pullman conductor was Peter B. Kyne and had a card to prove it. There is a Peter B. Kyne in Philadelphia, one in Durban, South Africa, one in Missoula, Mont., and at least a squad of Peter B. Kynes scattered over England. And recently some people in Sydney, Australia, passed along a spirit message they had received:

"Tell Peter B. Kyne to remember Rheims, and to come to Umgalico, by the Dead Sea, when the war is over. Signed GEORGE C. LOMEY, Captain 5th Australian Light Horse, killed at Gaza."

Well, the 5th Australian Light Horse fought at Gaza and got home one of the finest cavalry charges in history. But, thank God, I wasn't there!

Another Pete lies moldering in his grave at Gallipoli, and Jim Kyne is the last survivor of an Australian battery that was annihilated there. I think all the French has been bred out of the Peter B.'s by now and that, for all practical purposes, they are susceptible to registration as pure-bred wild Irish.

Some time ago I had quite an argument with a motion-picture lady. She tried to tell me she had met me at a party at a Mr. Guggenheim's in New York in 1917. I took one drink and departed without ostentation.

So I know there was a real Peter B. Kyne at Mr. Guggenheim's party. The liquor wasn't good. We never stay when the liquor isn't good. When a party doesn't suit us we can always find a decent, respectable wake and sit up with the corpse. We know how.

Once I ruined an impending marriage between a fake Peter B. Kyne and a girl in Colorado Springs. On another occasion a girl in Spokane wanted to know how come she'd never heard from me since that night in Tucson when I spoke them words to her.

No, my doubles never bother me, although I did feel pretty much hurt a few months ago when a Bohunk doctor down in Pennsylvania departed this life, confessing at the last that for years he had hid the literary fame of Peter B. Kyne under his M. D. sheepskin. His wife wrote to my publishers suggesting that they kick in with his royalties. I disillusioned the poor soul as gently as I could.

If all the real Peter B. Kynes in this world weren't so widely scattered, I'd advertise for them and try to hold a convention. Perhaps the good Lord, in His inscrutable wisdom, has purposely scattered them.

We'd probably hold the convention in New York; we'd all want to be toastmaster, and after the police arrived we'd begin picking out relatives among The Finest, and nothing would be done to quell the riot unless Pat Kyne, who is a reserve police captain, should happen to be there.

Pat is no mean poet and would probably suggest himself as a compromise candidate for toastmaster. But I would never stand for that. He'd read his own poems, and, of course, after that, we'd gag him and send him home to his wife on a shutter.

Have You Been Doubled?

Speaking of doubles, have you ever had one? If so, tell us about it. Boil your story down to 300 words, or less, and mail it before April 20, 1929. After which, hope for the best. We are going to buy seven such stories—one for $15, one for $10, and five for $5 each. Send yours to Letter Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 43*)

upon a couch being examined by a doctor, with a French and English secretary on either side to whom he had been dictating letters.

"I will return presently, monsieur," the waiter suggested.

"Stay where you are," Loewenstein ordered. "Doctor, the pain has gone. Your further services are not needed. Monsieur Grisson, my private secretary in the next room, will pay your fees. Miss X, take a letter to the National Bank of Merchandise in Montreal. Charles, give me the menu."

The doctor took his leave—rather wondering whether he had to do with a lunatic. Loewenstein gave a long and somewhat intricate letter to the young lady at his side. After each sentence he indicated a dish upon the menu. The letter and the order for dinner were finished at about the same time. The waiter left the room a little dazed, just as Loewenstein was summoning his German secretary.

Another instance of Loewenstein's mania for never ceasing work under any conditions is afforded by the fact that when he agreed to have his portrait painted by Sir William Orpen in the spring of last year he insisted upon having four secretaries in the room, to one or the other of whom he dictated ceaselessly. Sir William expostulated in vain, and very nearly abandoned the commission. The only time he could get his sitter to give him the least attention was when he was painting the head, and lack of movement was necessary. The portrait is still incomplete, but is said to be a striking production even in its present state.

Business, as he viewed it, must always be on a great scale, must always be transacted with almost lightning-like dispatch. He had no use for the financier who asked for time to make up his mind, no use for even the friends who disagreed with him, nothing but a mild and wondering contempt for the rest of the world who were not interested in his hobbies. The idea of a partnership with anybody only irritated him. He fought for personal supremacy. Here, in his oligarchical ambitions, his impatience of rivalry, his overweening confidence in himself, he met with his first disaster. Once too often he challenged the mightier force. He emerged from the contest still defiant, but with the prestige of many minor successes shattered.

One Important Failure

The British Celanese Company at that time was the greatest undertaking of its sort in the world, with a staff of chemists, including Henry Dreyfus and Clavel, who had made its products unrivaled everywhere. Loewenstein, although at that time on friendly terms with the Dreyfus brothers and their co-directors, realized that with this company in competition he would never succeed in his great ambition, which was to dominate the art-silk production of the world.

The company required money, and, with such magnificent prospects, was not afraid to say so. They agreed to consider Loewenstein's proposals chiefly because he led the directors to believe that he could help them in many ways, notably by getting the Tubize Company of Belgium to give them the benefit of their technical experience, and also to buy such a quantity of cellulose acetate to make up in their own factories as would substantially decrease the cost of manufacture to British Celanese. In return Loewenstein was to have a large commission, with which he agreed to form a holding company and to buy $2,500,000 worth of Celanese debentures.

The holding company scheme turned out to be a failure. In the first place, its manner of issuing its prospectus was an offense to the Dreyfus interests. It set out in bold type that it was formed to acquire the specified interest in British Celanese, but in an obscure corner of the prospectus it added in microscopic type that it also took power to invest in any Continental artificial silk or cellulose firm. Furthermore, the money promised by Loewenstein was never forthcoming, and later on it became clear that the Tubize Company could not buy any appreciable quantity of cellulose acetate, and that in technical knowledge its chemists were behind, not in advance of, Dreyfus and Clavel.

"If I were drowning," said a big shareholder in Celanese, at a meeting called to consider the situation, "I would certainly hurry up and get it over if I saw the holding company's boat coming to my rescue, with Loewenstein at the helm."

He Makes a Bitter Enemy

As soon as the company realized that it had been overreached, recriminations began. It developed into a battle for control. Dreyfus bought shares against Loewenstein, and the former, who was a remarkably astute man, as well as a great chemist, had no difficulty in retaining the sympathies of his co-directors. He was determined that the company, whose enormous prospects were all built upon his brain, should never fall into the hands of a man whom he designated as a "marauding financier." The phrase was repeated to Loewenstein, and the fight waged more fiercely than ever. Stripped of its financial technicalities, the dispute which filled the columns of the press for weeks was after all a struggle between two men—Loewenstein pulling the strings which brought down the golden stream, but occasionally failing in his promises, and Dreyfus, the accomplished scientist, a conservative, far-seeing young man of affairs, wholly convinced of the soundness of his great enterprise, and fully determined not to see its control pass for the sake of a little easy money into the possession of a man whom he now thoroughly disliked and distrusted. The progress of the struggle, so far as one can read between the lines, was probably never seriously in doubt. The Dreyfus group were established, and they managed to preserve the sympathy of their investors.

Why not, indeed! The brains of Henry Dreyfus and his brother had given a new product to the world, had created a new and marvelous industry. Against such a feat, what did the command of a few millions count? Why, in other words, should money buy brains? For the first time Loewenstein saw defeat staring him in the face. There was very little financial loss attached to it, but the abandonment of his scheme was a great blow to his prestige. At the last moment—unlike himself—he changed his tactics. He tried to make friends with the man whom he had fought so bitterly. Dreyfus, having private insults also to avenge, refused his extended hand. For that Loewenstein never forgave him. From being on terms of, at any rate, apparent, friendship they became bitter enemies. Loewenstein disposed of the royalties, privileges and shares which he had acquired, without damage to the credit or prospects of the company. In every Bourse, and in every money market of the world, he announced loudly that he had done with British Celanese. Now and then his auditors must have smiled.

They must have known that the British Celanese Company had dispensed with further financial aid from the Belgian banker.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 15

being as badly hurt, when I was thrown, as I would be on the hard ground of the corral. Anyhow, I was his son and he was willing enough that I should have the best of it in falling; so he sat his horse and grinned like a fool while a couple of the boys helped me saddle the outlaw.

"Now this was not to be a rodeo ride, where you start out of a chute and finish when the pistol goes off, which is when the judges figure you've done your best and the horse has done his worst. This was to be a contest to a finish, winner take all. Fortunately I knew this horse's habits. When you first forked him he'd make four broad jumps, with his back arched, and come down hard each time. If that didn't do the trick he'd stop and do his stuff within an area of twenty feet. He'd let you get comfortably set in the saddle if he was kept blindfolded. So I faced him in the direction I desired him to buck, an assistant removed the blindfold and we were off.

"ON THE second broad jump he was off the firm sandbar and into the stream, where about two inches of water flowed over something my old man didn't know existed at this spot—and that was a patch of quicksand about eighteen inches deep. A sensible horse would have whirled out of it the moment he felt his front feet going down, but this horse was a lunatic and a creature of habit, besides. He just had to make his four broad jumps or bust, so he made them—and discovered I was still aboard. So he stopped and started to work on me in earnest, only to discover I'd outfoxed him as well as my old man.

"That horse just couldn't do his stuff because, in that shallow quicksand, he couldn't get any traction, and in about a minute he was blowing and sweating and trying to climb out. I wouldn't let him, and there he worked until all the ambition was out of him and I scratched him fore and aft until he stood still under it and just bawled like a spoiled baby.

"Of course Father screamed murder and tried to make a charge of swindling stick, but he couldn't go back on the written bet, so finally he paid it. Years later he admitted I'd saved him a million dollars by giving him a liberal education in the matter of covering all the possible contingencies in a contract."

"As I recall Grandfather," Muriel retorted, "he was a ten-minute egg and you're just like him. I want you to give that Ken Burney a good job on one of your California ranches. You have no right to permit him to risk his life in your employ here."

"Well, it's his business, honey. He has a man's right to roll his own hoop."

"But don't you realize, Daddy, that you're just suborning murder by employing him?"

The king was irritated. "There's entirely too much to-do made over the blood of rascals these days," he growled. "A lot of loose thinking and sticky sympathy wasted on the killer but none on his victim. This boy, Ken Burney, can kill Martin Bruce in cold blood and then, with my money and political influence back of him, he can plead not guilty by reason of insanity and a jury of twelve good boobs and true will turn him loose to kill somebody else. Of course, just to appear orderly, they'll send him to an insane asylum, where he can catch up on his neglected reading for three months; then the doctors will examine him, declare him sane and he will go back to his friends and be congratulated on two counts—one for going insane and the other for recovering."

His mood changed suddenly. He chuckled. "And that young idiot tackled Martin Bruce in his own bailiwick. Lord, what a lion-tamer the boy would make!"

"He isn't an idiot," the girl defended.

"I don't understand his *modus operandi,*" the king continued. "I gather that he took Bruce by surprise, disarmed him and then made a monkey out of him. Undoubtedly, at real fist fighting, he could have stretched Bruce in half a minute, yet he preferred to annoy him, to humiliate him by slapping him, to enrage him, to so imbue him with hatred and a yearning to even the score as to make a killing inevitable the first time they meet. Muriel, I'm certainly stuck for that boy's funeral expenses unless he consents to listen to reason."

The girl was exasperated. "But you're encouraging him not to listen to reason," she protested. "How can you be so inconsistent?"

"I'm not inconsistent. That young fellow has made up his mind to bring himself forcibly to my attention by doing for me something he knows will please me very much. He's heard some gossip around cow camps, has put two and two together and made four. I don't know what his plans are, but I suspect they will be very beneficial to me; I suspect that the first point called for in his plan was the rough-housing of old Martin Bruce, but whatever his plans are, they're his and I have no business to interfere.

"You forget, my dear child, that I started young and that I'm an old man now. All of my lieutenants who started with me are old men, too. Old age in the executives is what atrophies a business and I'll be shot if, when I pop off, I'm going to leave you an atrophied business, to be handled by old men. I need new blood in my business. Young blood, bold blood, clean blood.

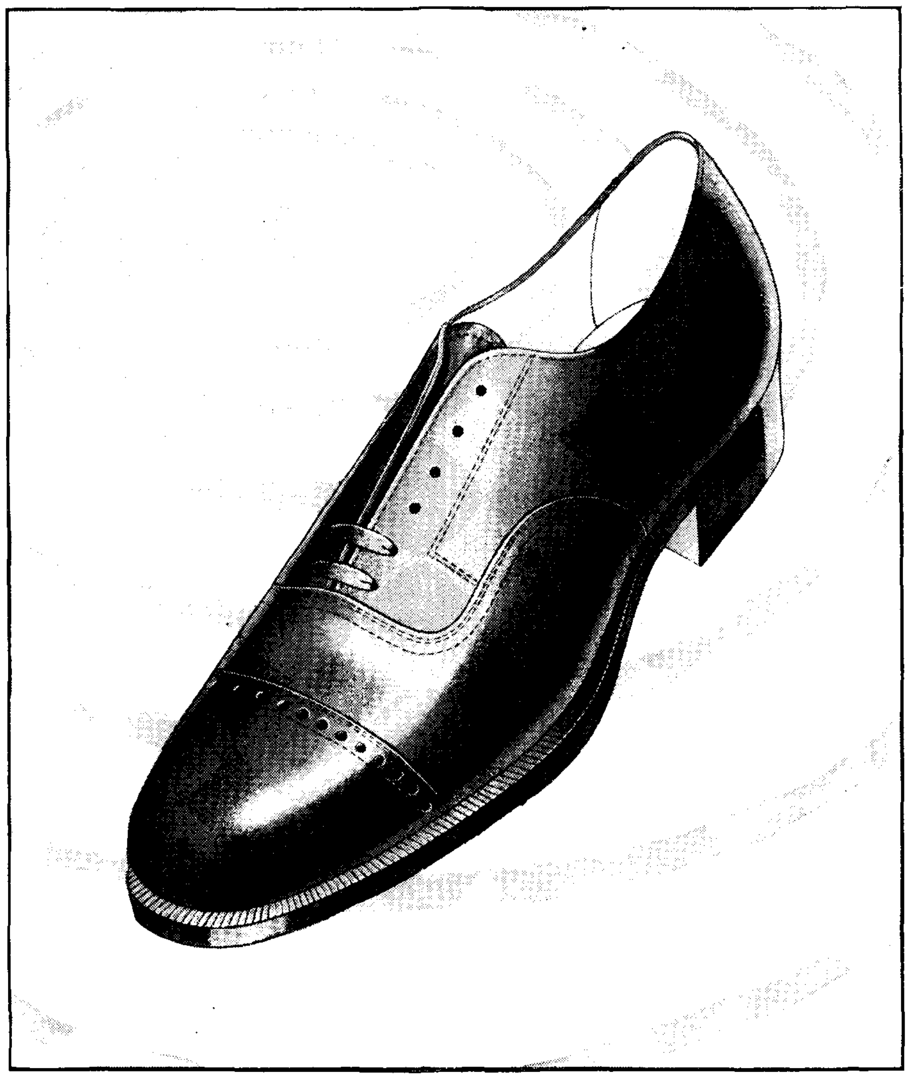
"I'm going to start with Kenneth Burney and give him a try-out; notwithstanding the fact that I have known him but two hours, he's my idea of a general manager for El Ranchito. He fascinates me, Muriel. Of course I could send him away to another ranch where his life would be as peaceful and safe as a monk's is in a monastery. But I don't want to and I know he wouldn't accept such a job, because he'd feel he hadn't earned it and that I was trying to be nice to him as a sop to my conscience for closing out his father's cattle.

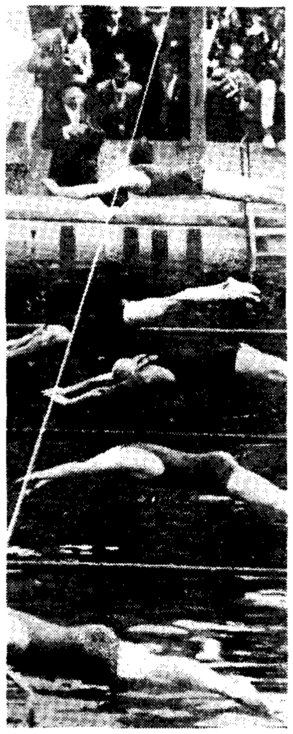
"I'M CURIOUS about that boy. I want to see him in action. I've got to test him out, even at the risk of his life, for if I do not test him out how am I to discover whether he is or is not worth two hoots in a hollow? Somebody has to step into my boots some day, Muriel. Whom have I got? A lot of fine, capable, aging men who each year pass more and more of their responsibilities down to their irresponsible inferiors.

"What's the use having sharp teeth if you're going to be fed on spoon victuals? I size up that Burney boy as one who, in playing poker, plays table stakes; in rolling the bones he prefers one flop and have it over with; his creed is to take a chance, to let the tail go with the hide—and cultured, educated, highly intelligent *gentlemen* who abide by that code are as scarce as the dodo. They're the sort of leaders I'm looking for. I want men who are smarter than myself—and I'm nobody's fool."

(Continued on page 46)

WALK·OVER SHOES





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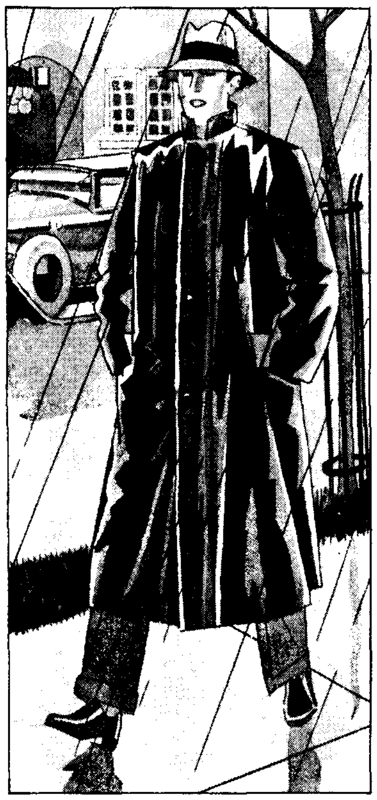

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TOWER'S
TRADE MARK
FISH BRAND

(*Continued from page 45*)

"And tomorrow night," the girl murmured absently, "he'll be berthed in the bunkhouse with his mental, moral and intellectual inferiors. Yes," she added, "and his social inferiors."

"But not his professional inferiors," the king reminded her.

"It will be very hard on him, Dad. Why don't you make him assistant general manager and let him occupy a room in Mr. Graydon's house?"

"His latent qualities of leadership will develop more quickly in the bunkhouse," His Majesty, in his wisdom, defended. "I graduated from a bunkhouse and he can do the same or get out—provided, of course, that tomorrow I conclude definitely to let him in. . . . I'm sorry I forgot he was a cowboy and invited him to dinner here. That was a tactical error."

"Why not? He's a gentleman also. I found him charming, delightful and very amusing and you know, Dad, good company is scarce here. May I not invite him to dinner again?"

"If you care to, Muriel. As a usual thing you have your own way with me."

Ken Burney rose at dawn, bathed, made his way silently out of the king's house and over to the corral, where he found his horses. His outfit was piled neatly on the ground just outside the gate, so he extracted from it a clean shirt, a change of linen and socks, a brush and comb, a small mirror and shaving outfit, toothbrush and paste. In the shelter of the closely boarded corral he changed his linen; at the watering trough he shaved, brushed his hair and teeth and, his toilet completed, performed a grooming service for his horses, after which he sat on the top rail of the corral and waited for the ranch cook to ring the breakfast bell. And when that "tocsin of the soul" resounded over El Ranchito, Mr. Burney slid precipitately from his perch and joined the rush with some forty other men.

ENTERING the mess hall, he slid into the nearest seat, nodded, murmured "Howdy" to the men nearest him and fell to, in silence, like the others. Nobody paid any attention to him; with them, eating was a sacred function, to be gotten over as quickly as possible. Burney ate leisurely, however, lingering to smoke a cigarette over his second cup of coffee, with the result that he found himself alone in the mess hall when Art Graydon, the general manager, entered and took his seat at a small table in a corner. A red tablecloth gave indication that this table was sacred to him.

Graydon was a tall, slim, iron-gray man with iron-gray eyes that had acquired a permanent squint, due to forty years of sunlight and snowfall. He glanced inquiringly at the stranger as he entered, whereupon Ken Burney stood up, bowed and wished him good morning.

"You're hellish polite for a cowwaddy," Mr. Graydon observed casually. "It ain't necessary to stand up when I come around. Them courtesies is reserved for the king." A mildly humorous gleam came into the squinty eyes as his straight glance roved over Ken Burney. "Come over to show my boys how the rough ones should be ridden?" he asked.

"No, sir. I came over to see you for a riding job, but while I got into the right church it seems I stumbled into the wrong pew. I met His Majesty first. I thought he was you and asked him for a job. However, he thought I'd better pass my entrance examination before he recommended me to you."

"Good old King Bardin," Mr. Art Graydon murmured appreciatively and smiled a thin, small smile of inward satisfaction.

"So," Ken Burney continued, "if it's all the same to you, Mr. Graydon, I'll be glad to show you what I can do. I understand from the king that he'd like to see me ride a horse called Geronimo."

Again Mr. Graydon smiled the small smile of inward satisfaction. "The king must have a grudge against you, mister. And, come to think of it, when'd you talk to him? 'Tain't usual for him to pile out this early."

"I dined with him and Miss Muriel last night and slept in a very lovely guest-room with a bath."

ART GRAYDON paused, apparently paralyzed, in the act of spearing a strip of bacon. "You et with the king?" he demanded.

"He was gracious enough to invite me and I was hungry enough to accept. Besides, I got in rather late and dinner was over here."

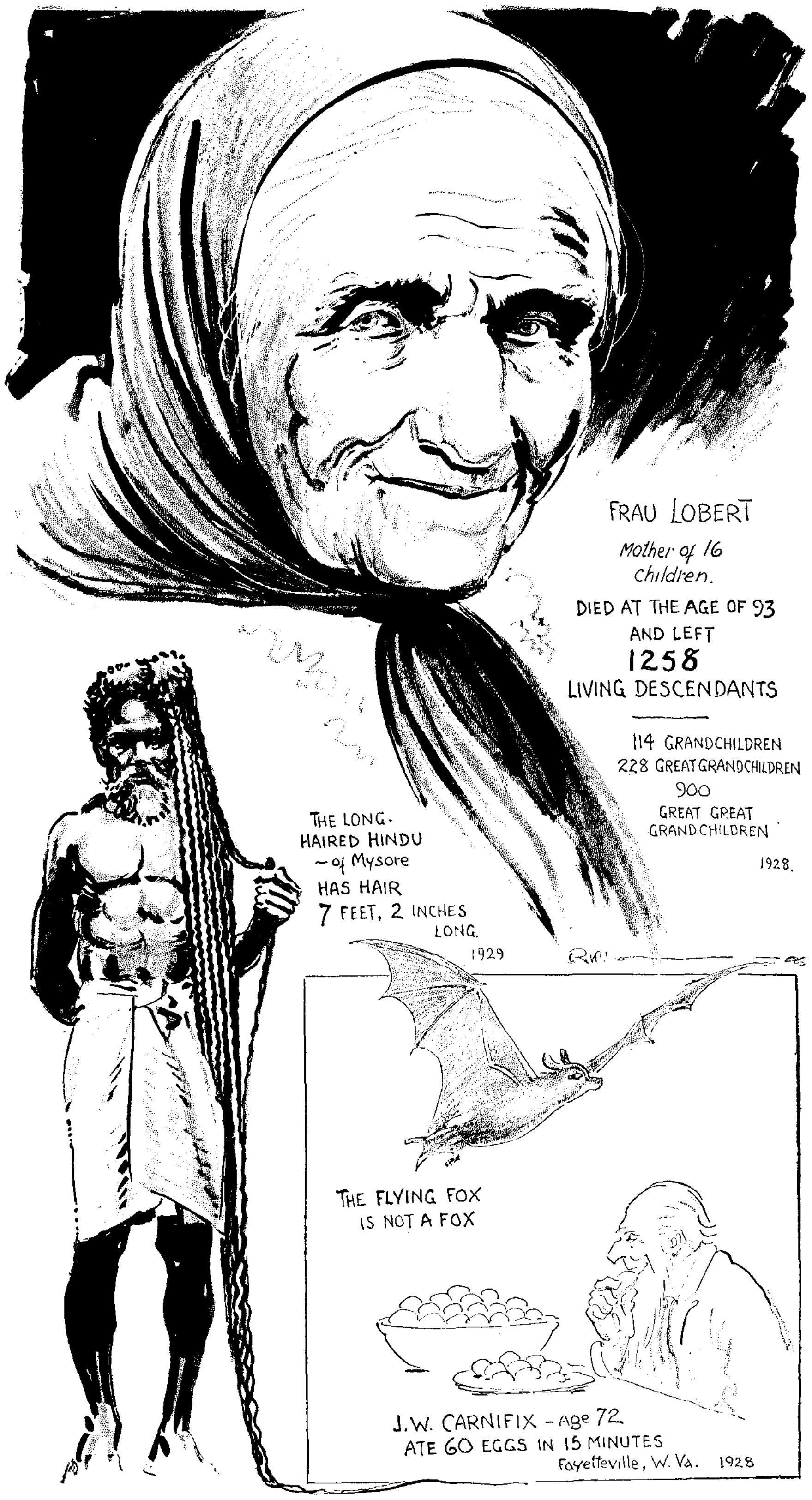
Evidently this information did not sit well on the Graydon stomach, and Burney was sufficiently quick-witted to realize this. "I hope you'll not hold my delinquency against me, Mr. Graydon," he begged. "Credit me with having sufficient good taste to slip out of the castle before the family was up and come here for breakfast. I know my place."

"Glad of it, son. If you didn't I'd show it to you." Graydon added a moment later: "The old man doggone seldom forgets his. Reckon he had his reasons this time. What's your name, mister?"

"Kenneth Burney, sir."

"A mite inclined toward the dark meat, eh? Well, we'll just call you Smokey an' that'll do until you have to sign the payroll. Of course I ain't say-

Believe it or Not! By Ripley



And if you doubt it, Mr. Ripley will send details and proofs if you address him at Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

in' I'll take you on, although I could use a good top-hand just now, but if I do take you on, you remember to keep away from headquarters until you're sent for, and then don't linger to pick wild flowers on the way. The king ain't none too patient. His middle name is Speed. We got to have some discipline here an' handshakin' the king don't go. I play no favorites."

This pronouncement Art Graydon made without rancor, without brag or bounce. He meant no offense and Ken Burney understood this thoroughly.

Breakfast was prolonged two hours that morning, in order to accommodate a dozen or more riders who drifted in from neighboring ranches with their bucking horses. From the bench in front of the bunkhouse where he sat smoking Ken Burney observed a dozen automobiles arrive and deposit their passengers in front of the king's house, and presently the king and the princess appeared, leading their guests down to some raised benches set out under a fringe of box elders on the edge of the field where the rodeo was to be held. A stout fence protected them from injury in the event that a wild horse or steer should attempt to stampede in among them.

TO BURNEY presently came Art Graydon. "The king says him an' his guests will be honored if you start the fireworks on Geronimo," he announced solemnly.

"The king hath spoken," the victim remarked blithely. He picked up his saddle and walked out on the field where two cowboys were holding a big black gelding. He sighed. He had never known a good bucker that wasn't a black or a bay. As he approached, a mounted man rode up, drew Geronimo's head across his mount's neck and seized the outlaw by the ears, while another man blindfolded him. The horse submitted to saddling without unusual protest, and when he was ready to be mounted, Ken Burney turned to Art Graydon inquiringly.

"You ride him with the headstall an' halter shank," that grim individual informed him. "One arm free an' raised above your head at all times an' if you pull his head down so he can't buck proper you'll be disqualified. You scratch him forward on the first three jumps an' rearward on the next three; you don't claw leather an' you stay with him until the gun goes off an' the hazers pick him up."

"Association rules. I know them backward. By the way, does His Majesty offer a prize for this?"

"Sure does, Smokey. Nothin' cheap about the big boss on the Fourth o' July. A hundred dollars special if you win, nothing if you lose—an' you pay your own hospital bill, if any."

"A hundred dollars special prize, eh? Well, Mr. Graydon, you trot over, please, and tell the king I'm riding special—an exhibition ride for the sport of kings and not in open competition. Say to him, please, that if I win I desire the prize to go into the pot as added money in the bucking contests to follow. Tell him the mail-order cowboy is quite content to ride for a job."

Art Graydon immediately rode across to the king's bench and delivered the message. "There's a true-blue sport for you," Muriel Bardin cried, and applauded. But the king wrinkled his nose. "Grandstander, playing to the gallery," he sneered. "He's pretty well convinced he'll be thrown, so he's saving his face and making a big I Am of himself. I don't like his methods."

"How ungenerous of you, Dad," the girl charged. "You know very well Geronimo has never been ridden. Bet you a hundred dollars my unknown knight rides him to a bawling finish."

"Taken," said the king. Then Art Graydon blew a whistle and Ken Burney vaulted into the saddle. Instantly the blindfold was withdrawn and the show was on. Across the field the outlaw bucked madly, but the rider stayed, his right hand uplifted, his legs scratching three times forward and three times aft. Suddenly the horse changed his tactics and leaped sideways at least a dozen feet. That trick had never failed him previously, but strangely his rider swayed with him and stuck.

Promptly Geronimo tried sunfishing. Still pitching, he metamorphosed himself into an equine pin-wheel. But still his rider stuck—and suddenly, in rage and chagrin, Geronimo squealed—and commenced running, with only an occasional pitch—and the king nodded to Art Graydon, who fired his six-shooter. Instantly the hazers, who had been following the outlaw, ranged in alongside of him and picked him up; Ken Burney slipped from Geronimo's back to a seat behind the saddle of the near hazer and thence to the ground, where he stood for a moment weaving on his feet, slumped to his hands and knees, remained there a few seconds and then pitched forward on his face. But nobody paid any attention to him and in about three minutes he rose, stripped his saddle off Geronimo and started wearily to retire. But a shout from the king halted him; the kingly command to approach was evidenced by a peremptory arm signal.

With his saddle in hand Burney reported. "Son," said the king, "you're a young devil. I never did see the beat of you. I gave you sixty seconds on that horse and ten would have been a passing mark."

"Yes, it was fifty seconds too long, sir. You embarrassed the horse and me."

"A bit dirty of me, I admit. But you're on the payroll. Art Graydon has been over asking for you."

"I thank Your Majesty."

His Majesty glowered and would, in all probability, have scolded him for employing the kingly form of address had not Muriel interrupted. "Why didn't you remain for breakfast, Mr. Burney?" she demanded.

"If you will ask your father that question, Miss Muriel, he will answer it correctly," he replied. "And, by the way, Mr. Graydon has changed my name. Hereafter I am to be known as Smokey."

HE DOFFED his sombrero and turned away. "See what you've done to him," the girl charged the king quaveringly. "He's bleeding from each nostril and each corner of his mouth."

"So I observed," His Majesty replied carelessly. "These rough-riders get more or less shaken up on occasion, but they get over it." His hand closed over his daughter's. "Honey, I've been a long time looking for that man," he whispered. "How badly I need men who aren't afraid to bleed in my service! An exhibition ride, eh? And he declined the hundred-dollar prize—with three dollars in his pocket. Something magnificent about that young man!"

"I'm sorry for him, Dad," said Muriel. "There's something pathetic about him, with all his bravado."

"Gentlemen down on their luck are always more or less pathetic," he reminded her.

The rodeo dragged on. At twelve-thirty the barbecue was served and Muriel saw her knight squatted on his heels on the outer fringe of the barbecue ground, gnawing industriously at a fat rib of beef. When her sympathetic nature suggested to her that she approach him and make polite inquiry as to his possible internal injuries, he rose and walked away to join a group

(*Continued on page 48*)

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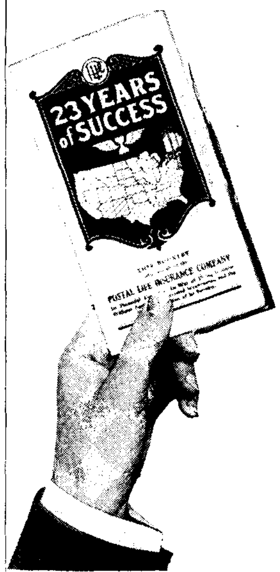

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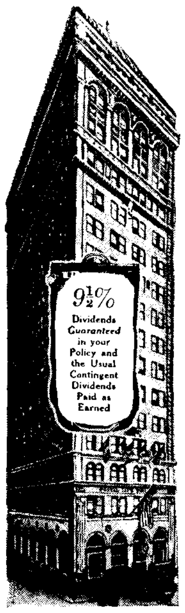

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CHAMPION
Spark Plugs

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(*Continued from page 47*)

of other riders, and her father, noting this, grinned maliciously at her. "His name is Smokey now," he reminded her. "He's out of your social circle now, my dear, and, consequently, out of your life."

She bit her lip and favored him with a glance of profound irritation, whereat he laughed, for well did he love a kingly jest.

In the afternoon, on his horse Rowdy, Ken Burney roped and tied a calf in sixteen and a quarter seconds and won first prize. Then he gave an exhibition of fancy roping and trick riding that won the plaudits of guests and competitors alike. And when the rodeo was over he found a vacant bed in the bunkhouse and retired, supperless, to collect his badly scattered internal economy and be prepared, at least, to simulate earning his wages next day.

AFTER dinner that night the king sent for Art Graydon to report at his castle. "Well, Art," he began without any verbal fencing, "what do you think of that dude cowboy, Smokey?"

"He'll make a top-hand, sir."

"What have the men got to say about him?"

"He's won their respect by proving he knows his business, and they like him because they suspected maybe he'd be a bit on the high an' mighty an' he ain't."

"That's good. Art, how old are you?"

"Fifty-six."

"You've been with the Bardin Land & Cattle Company since you were sixteen and you've spent the last twenty years on El Ranchito. It hasn't been an easy job."

"Well, it does seem to carry a lot more worries, lately, boss."

"That's because you're not so young as you used to be, and managing El Ranchito is developing into a young man's job. Art, you've got a wife and *four children and it isn't to be presumed* that you care to take the chances you used to grapple with as a single man. Kind of lonely here on El Ranchito, too," the king went on musingly. "Your children are getting to high-school age and there isn't a high school in this county.

"Art, I'm going to divorce you from hard work and worry. You're assistant to the president of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company, which means that I'm going to shove half my job on to you. You'll reside in San Francisco and your job will be to drift around among the Bardin ranches, keep in touch with what they're doing, do some cattle buying, attend to the land leases, make land appraisals—oh, there are any number of important jobs for you to do. Still, I want you to take it easy. Executives should let the other fellow do the hard work. Pack up as soon as you can and drag yourself and family out of here—at the Bardin expense."

Graydon favored him with a grateful glance and a deprecatory smile. "I'm willing, boss. I'd 'a' been willin' any time since I turned the fifty post. Who're you going to put in my place—if that's any o' my business?"

"Your salary is raised five thousand a year, Art—forgot to mention that—and Smokey takes your place. I don't like that name Smokey. It fits his complexion but he isn't the sort of man to labor along under a familiar nickname. Hereafter his name is Mr. Kenneth Burney."

Art Graydon was amazed. "How long have you known this boy, boss? Somehow, I got the idea you never met him before last night."

"Which you're right, as usual, Art. I'm just playing a hunch that he'll do."

"Well, he's got sand an' he can ride an' rope with the best. If he knows cattle—"

"I don't give a hoot if he doesn't know a cow from a sheep. We've got old Martin Bruce to the north of us and Miguel Gallegos to the south of us and at least Burney knows that. He's got to get rid of those two hombres, in order to hold his job. He can't manage El Ranchito for me and operate in red ink, and he realizes he can never operate very deeply in blue ink while those two skunks continue to annoy us. By making him general manager I automatically hand him a problem he's got to solve or quit. The job's worth fighting for, isn't it?"

Graydon nodded. "But, boss," he protested, "if he's a professional killer, why don't you just pay him for both jobs, after you're sure he's done them, and let him go? What's the sense makin' a killer your general manager?"

"We had a nice little rodeo today, didn't we?" said the king.

But Graydon was not to be sidetracked so easily. "Well, I reckon you can pay for your pleasures," he began, but the king, with a winning smile, interrupted:

"How about a little sustenance, Art? One drink to the new assistant to the president and another to my new general manager of El Ranchito!"

Art Graydon subsided, for he knew that when the king had exhausted a subject he dropped it as if it burned him.

"By the way," the king continued, "where is my new general manager?"

"In the bunkhouse, I s'pose, sir."

The various departments of El Ranchito were connected by telephone. The king, therefore, rang up the bunkhouse and got Tom Bledsoe, the riding boss, on the phone. "Tell that new man, Smokey, to report to me at my house immediately," he ordered.

"You'd better take him in hand tomorrow, Art," the king suggested, as he resumed his seat. "Tell him how you're *running the ranch, explain your system* to him, show him the map of El Ranchito and ride over the range with him and show him the boundaries. Put him on to all the details of your job for about two weeks. After you're gone he can continue to absorb information from the riding boss, Tom Bledsoe."

"I don't know as Tom's liable to be very communicative, boss. He's in line for promotion an' he's always had a hunch that when I moved on he'd get my job. Tom'll be right disapp'inted."

"At the present time the job is too big for him. After Ken Burney has ironed out the situation Tom can handle it, but not until then. You tell Tom to keep his nose clean and he'll get ahead in the world a whole lot faster."

A HALF-HOUR passed. "The new general manager is taking his time about reporting to me," said the king presently. "He'll have to learn to report on the jump when I send for him, so we might just as well start his education here and now."

He called up the bunkhouse again. "Bledsoe, I sent word half an hour ago, through you, for that new man, Smokey, to report to me. Has he started? . . . No. Why not? . . . Hum-m-m! Says he gave the day to me free gratis but the night belongs to him. . . . The pup! Tell him if he isn't over here in ten minutes to look for a riding job somewhere else tomorrow morning. Deliver that message now. I'll wait on the line for his answer."

Two minutes passed, then Tom Bledsoe came on the wire again. "He says he never allows no man to threaten him, boss," Bledsoe reported. "He says he's a danged sight more important to thee than thy ridin' job is to him, that thee know it an' to quit botherin' him until he can untangle his lights from his livers. Personally, boss, I think he aches all over."

"Tell him he's fired for impertinence and insubordination," the king roared, and hung up.

"Well," said Art Graydon, "you hired him over my head, boss, so it's just as well you fired him, too."

"Don't get peeved, Art," His Majesty implored, for he knew Graydon was jealous of his prerogatives as general manager. "It's the general manager's privilege to hire and fire his inferiors, but it's the president's privilege to hire and fire the general managers."

"A general manager ain't got no right to sass the boss."

"I'm not so certain of that, Art. It just happens that I never been sassed heretofore by a general manager. Somehow, I find the experience exhilarating. Must a man crawl on his hands and knees just to hold down one of my jobs? I don't blame him for being peevish. I'd have felt outraged, too, if he'd forced me to wait as long for the gun as I forced him this morning. Time certainly does drag when a fellow's giving an exhibition ride on old Geronimo!"

Art Graydon knew better than to argue with the king. "Well, then, I reckon you won't be promoting me for a while yet," he suggested.

"Oh, yes. My program stands. Ken Burney will be the general manager tomorrow morning just the same. I've just fired him from his riding job."

"Oh, Bradley Bardin, you darling!" a voice cried ecstatically, and the king suddenly found himself being embraced and kissed by his sole heir.

"You been spying on your old man," he charged.

"Keep quiet—you! And you're going to take him out of that awful bunkhouse, darling?"

"Of course, of course. Art, tomorrow morning you move the sulky pup into decent quarters!"

GRAYDON promised and shortly thereafter took his departure. At eight o'clock next morning he telephoned the king. "Smokey's gone," he announced.

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Nobody knows. Tom Bledsoe says his bed was empty when the outfit rolled out this morning; his stock ain't in the corral, so it sort o' looks as if your new general manager just naturally saddled up an' drifted on account o' him takin' you serious about bein' fired. You know he wasn't informed that he'd been fired from one job to take over a better one."

"The ungrateful young pup," His Majesty shouted. "I'll teach him his place. Art, you put a couple of good men on his trail, follow him as far as he goes and tell them to bring him back if they have to hog-tie him. I want him back, understand. No substitute will do. He's the only man in my employ who never took me seriously."

"I'll go myself," Art Graydon promised, for it had been his business for forty years to see to it that the king got what he wanted when he wanted it. On occasion, too, he had been wont to kowtow to the princess!

Shortly after noon he reported to the king as the latter sat at luncheon with his daughter: "I found Burney, sir."

"Good. Bring him back with you?"

"No, sir. He promised he'd come back when he got good an' ready."

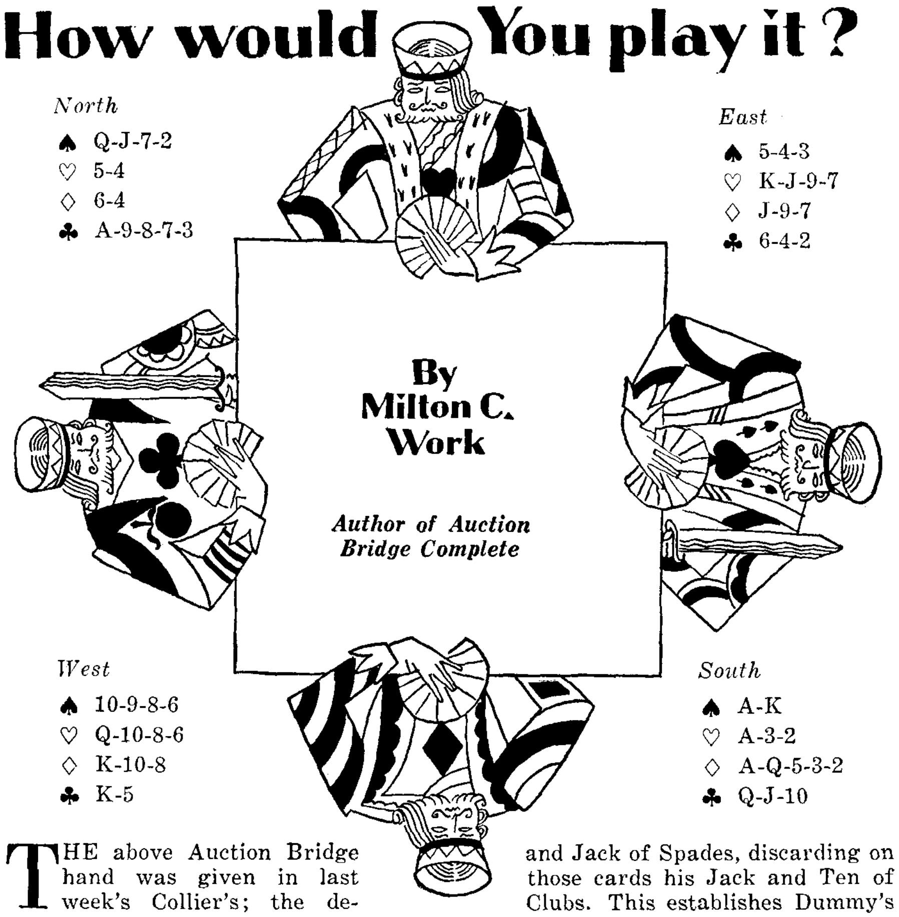
"What'd he run away for?"

"He said the princess objected to his hair and he was on his way to town to get it cut."

"Har! Har-har!" laughed the king. He had a habit of bleating like a sheep when aroused to sudden mirth. "So she did, Art. So she did. He must have overheard her. Har-har!"

(*To be continued next week*)

How would You play it?



North
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♡ 5-4
◇ 6-4
♣ A-9-8-7-3

East
♠ 5-4-3
♡ K-J-9-7
◇ J-9-7
♣ 6-4-2

By
Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West
♠ 10-9-8-6
♡ Q-10-8-6
◇ K-10-8
♣ K-5

South
♠ A-K
♡ A-3-2
◇ A-Q-5-3-2
♣ Q-J-10

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the detailed description of the game follows:

The Auction

There can be little question concerning the Auction Bridge bidding of this hand. A No Trump from South is obvious. West clearly has no bid and is much too weak to double. It would be inexcusable for North to interfere with South's No Trump. East is miles away from the strength needed for a lead-directing bid.

At Contract, South would bid two No Trumps. North would be amply strong enough to raise a two-bid to three.

The Play

West would open the stronger of his two 4-card suits—the Hearts; South would win East's King with the Ace. Ordinarily a No Trump Declarer, holding Ace and two small of the suit led and without a stopper in Dummy, holds up until the third round to exhaust the partner of the leader and prevent his leading that suit later. But in this hand the initial lead was a Six and, as Declarer sees the Five and the Four in Dummy, and the Trey and Deuce in his own hand, he knows that the leader (who of course led fourth best) had opened with his lowest Heart. As West led a four-card suit, and as Dummy had two Hearts and Closed Hand three, the adversaries had a total of eight—four in each hand—and it would be ridiculous for South to hold up the Ace until the third round, attempting with three Hearts to exhaust East's four Hearts.

Declarer knows that the adversaries will win three Heart tricks if the Club finesse, which must be tried, should lose, but that would not be a real catastrophe because the Declarer could still go game.

There is, however, one important play in the hand for the Declarer. Should he lead the Queen of Clubs to trick 2, and West cover with the King, Dummy, winning with the Ace, would have his long Clubs blocked by Closed Hand's Jack-Ten, and Dummy has no other entry. Consequently Closed Hand should lead the Ace and King of Spades to tricks 2 and 3, unblocking Dummy's Queen-Jack; and to trick 4 he should lead the Queen of Clubs. West covers with the King and Declarer wins in Dummy with the Ace, leads the Queen and Jack of Spades, discarding on those cards his Jack and Ten of Clubs. This establishes Dummy's Clubs and allows Dummy to take four more Club tricks.

On Dummy's lead of two Spades and four Clubs, East, South and West had some interesting discards. South on the two Spades unblocked by discarding the two high Clubs, and then on the four Clubs got rid of two losing Hearts and two losing Diamonds. This left South with three Diamonds (Ace-Queen-5), North with one Heart and two Diamonds. East's natural discards were two Diamonds and one Heart; but West had the most troublesome discards to make. He has to part with three cards; the first can be a Diamond, but after that he must either unguard his King of Diamonds, trusting that South will finesse, allowing a singleton King to win; or keep his King of Diamonds guarded, and leave himself with only one Heart. The trouble with the latter play of course—at this stage of the game his only thought is saving a Small Slam—is that Declarer can mark West with the Queen of Hearts; and if he bear down to one Heart, Dummy, at trick 11, will lead a Heart, forcing the trick 12 lead from West up to South's Ace-Queen of Diamonds. If West keeps two Hearts and the Singleton King of Diamonds, the Declarer may guess the situation, refuse the Diamond finesse and make a Grand Slam.

The winning play for West was to keep the guarded King of Diamonds and the Ten of Hearts, discarding the Queen. This would involve keen reading of the cards as East has not definitely announced that he holds the Jack of Hearts. Unless West discards his high Heart (an exit play) the Small Slam is there for a keen card-reader.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. Q-8
H. K-7-5-4
D. 6-3
C. A-K-4-3-2

East
S. 10-9-7-3
H. J-9
D. 9-8-5
C. Q-10-8-5

West
S. K-6
H. 10-8-2
D. A-K-7-4-2
C. J-9-6

South
S. A-J-5-4-2
H. A-Q-6-3
D. Q-J-10
C. 7

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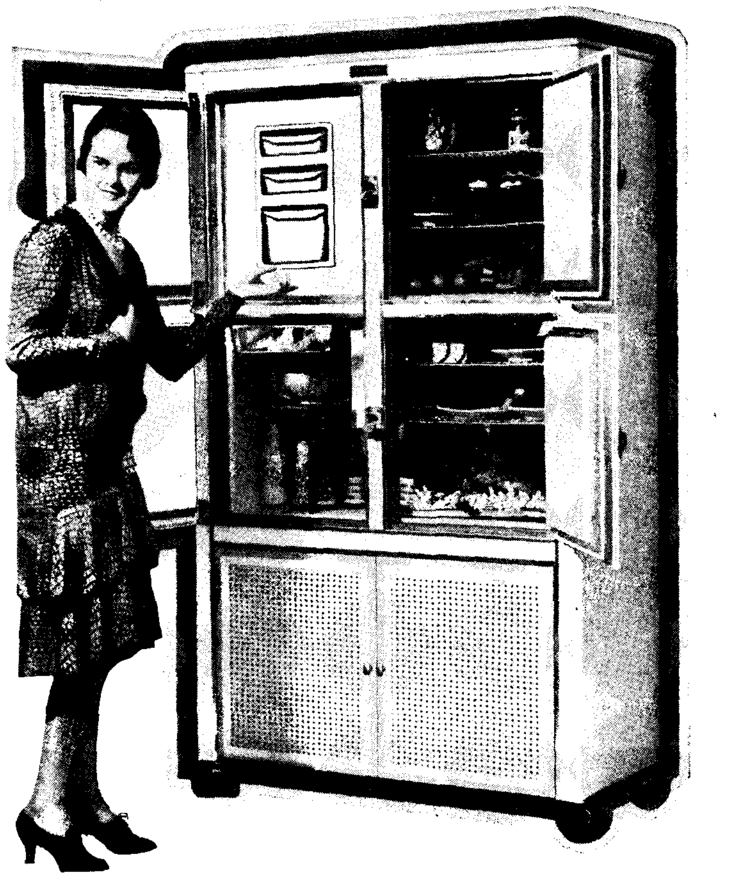

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WILDROOT

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Half a Stick

Continued from page 11

rattled and— You know. I guess she thought she had to. If she'd just only let me know!"

"Where'd they live?" Jim asked.

"Here and there," Webb said evasively, after a little hesitation.

"They roomed around," the brother explained. "They were always movin'. Most o' the time he wouldn't pay the rent an' even when he did he'd come home drunk an'—they were always gettin' kicked out!"

"I hear she worked in the floor show at Terrell's for a while," Jim said.

"Now don't misunderstand about that," Webb begged anxiously. "She did work there for a while but she— Look now. She wasn't like a lot of those girls down there. No. Really, she wasn't. She had to get something to do, Mr. Farley. Andy was drunk all the time and—"

"What's the use tryin' to kid somebody?" the brother growled. "Any girl that works in Terrell's—"

"Ed!" his mother reproved him.

Webb wiped his forehead. "She was all right," he insisted.

"Where they been living lately?" Jim asked.

The brother shrugged.

"They been away," Mrs. McPherson said. "I heard they went to Spokane."

"She ran away from him finally," Webb said. "She left Andy in Spokane and came back here. She was looking for some kind of a job. I've been trying to get in touch with her ever since."

There was a step in the hall. The door was flung open. Robert McPherson stood there, erect, head thrown back, pale eyes glittery.

"So!" he said, looking at Jim. "Still here, are you! That's good."

He paused and glanced from one to another in the room.

"I told you not to print anything about what happened to the woman who used to be my daughter," he said. "I was wrong. I want you to print it. Print it in big black type so that every young girl in this city can see for herself what happens to a willful daughter who sells out to the devil for a scarlet badge and a—"

"Robert!" Mrs. McPherson cried wildly. "Robert! Don't!"

"Hush!" McPherson commanded. "Print this in your story, you! She ran away with a worthless scoundrel by the name of Dimock. She—"

"Robert!" Mrs. McPherson implored.

"THERE were others!" McPherson said. Something near to a note of triumph in his voice. Something of the martyr's glory in agony endured.

"Others," he repeated. "Before Dimock. I have learned since that—"

"No!" Webb shouted. "No, Mr. McPherson. Please now! Look here, Mr. McPherson, you haven't any right—"

"You're a fool!" McPherson cut him short. "A weak, spineless fool! I tell you now that there were others and I want that printed! She was a shameless woman before—"

"Stop!" Mrs. McPherson commanded him. There was a new snap of authority in her voice. Her husband looked at her, puzzled.

"I'll not stop," he declared. "I want this—"

"Then I'll stop you!" she cried. "Twenty-eight years I've let you go your way. Twenty-eight years! I promised to love, honor and obey you, Robert McPherson! I've obeyed you up to now. I stopped loving you so long ago I can't remember and I stopped honoring you when—"

"Mary!" he shouted. "What—"

"Close your mouth!" Her voice topped his in volume and authority. "You drove my little Ruth away and made her marry a man she didn't love! I let you do that! Now you want to get it printed in the paper that she— Oh, no, you don't, Robert McPherson! I'll stop you or I'll send you to jail where you belong!"

She turned to Jim. "He's a thief!" she said, a stretched arm leveled at her husband. "Do you hear that? He's a thief! He's been a thief for twenty-three years."

The brother and sister cried out. McPherson's lips were parted a bit. A ludicrous expression of puzzlement on his face. Men mortally shot wear that look in the moment after the bullet hits.

"He wants something printed in the paper," the woman stormed on. "Print that! Print it in big black type so that every old man in this city can see for himself what happens to a thieving hypocrite who turns his own daughter out of the house! He did it. He stole! He stole money! He didn't know I knew about that. I'll testify. I'll go to court. I don't care. Print it! Print it in the paper!"

Legends have birth in such spectacles as the seeming physical transformation of Robert McPherson. To those in the room he appeared to actually shrink in size while they looked; grow shorter, thinner; smaller of frame and less in flesh. Then he reeled to a chair and collapsed in it.

"I'll prove it!" Mrs. McPherson cried. "Here's what you can print."

Her story was of partners in a carpenter business in a Massachusetts coast town. Hard times. A sum of money in the shop safe. Several hundred dollars. McPherson had slipped from his bed at night and stolen it. Wrecked the safe as evidence that it was the work of professional burglars. Then stealthily back to bed free of the slightest suspicion that his wife, seemingly asleep as he had left her, had wakened, followed and watched. The end of the bankrupt business then and the McPhersons' move to the Pacific Northwest financed by the filched money.

"I paid it back," McPherson mumbled weakly. "I did, Mary! Over ten years ago. Every penny. Mary! I did it for all of us. We had to have it, Mary. Bennett didn't need it. You know he didn't. His wife had money of her own. I—I sent it back, Mary. I did!"

No answer. He looked from one to another, his eyes pleading. At last his son spoke.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said slowly. A sneer twisted his features. "You've been a pretty tough old customer but I stood for you because I thought you were as hard on yourself as you are with everybody else!" He shrugged and voiced a short, ugly laugh. "Well—that's that!"

He walked into the hall and took up his hat.

"Ed!" McPherson called. "Where you going?"

"None of your business," the boy said shortly. "It never will be again!"

HE WENT out. The door slammed behind him. Mrs. McPherson walked into the hall and started up the stairs.

"Ma!" her daughter called, frightened. "Where you going?"

"To dress," her mother said. "I'm going down to see Ruth."

"Can I come, Ma?" the girl asked.

"Yes," her mother said quietly.

The girl left the room. She sidled as she passed her father; looked at him wide-eyed, scared, curious. Girls of her age and type stare thus at a mangled accident victim.

"All right," Mr. McPherson said to Jim, his voice weak. "Print it. I can't stop you."

"Don't be a fool!" Jim said shortly. "We can't use stuff like this. Nobody's going to print anything."

"Oh! Say, that's great," Charlie Webb exclaimed. He crossed the room. Laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. "Now don't feel so bad about it, Mr. McPherson," he urged. "Everything's going to be all right. We're all liable to make a mistake sometime."

He turned back to Jim. "That's

H. C. WITWER

knows his cauliflowers as well as his onions. He has written many a great ring tale, but never a zippier one than

A Sap's Fable

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

mighty nice of you not to print anything about this," he said gratefully.

"If you feel that way about it," Jim said, "you might dig me up a picture of Mrs. Dimock. We'd like to have one."

"I—I guess I could loan you one," Webb confessed, flushing. He drew a leather case from his inner coat pocket. "I guess maybe I shouldn't carry this around now that she's married to Andy, but—well, I've had it a long time and I sort of got used to—"

Jim looked. The photograph of a pretty girl with a firm chin and a willful mouth.

"This isn't really good of her," Webb said anxiously. "She's a lot better looking than that."

"This'll do," Jim said.

Mrs. McPherson and her daughter came down the stairs.

"I'll get my car out and drive you down, Mrs. McPherson," Webb offered. He started out.

McPherson straightened in his chair and stretched out his long arms. "Mother!" he said, begging. "Mother, please!"

She stared at him, saying nothing, her face calmly hostile. The daughter watched from behind her.

A retch of anguish shook the old man. He bent forward, head in hands, rocking up and down, crying audibly, weakly. Mrs. McPherson watched for a little without change of expression. Then she sighed, descended the remainder of the stairs and crossed to her husband. She stood before him and stroked his hair reluctantly.

"There!" she said. "Don't do that." He clasped her tight and pressed his head to her waist.

"Mother!" he mumbled, weeping. "I want to go with you."

"All right," she said. "Get your things on. Hurry."

HE ROSE, tottered out. Up the stairs. They could hear his slow child-like wailing as he moved about above.

"I'll get the car," Webb said in a low voice, awed. "I'll be right back, Mrs. McPherson."

The woman looked at Jim. "Are you going to print what I told you about him?" she asked calmly.

"No," he said. "I told him I wouldn't. We can't use stuff like that."

She drew a long breath. Nodded. "It would be hard on the children," she said thoughtfully.

Jim rode with the McPhersons as far as Fifth and Cline. He got out there. They continued on to the city hospital. Jim went into Terrell's.

"Ruth Dimock?" Terrell said in answer to his question. "Sure. She was here for a while. Why?"

He was a stout, baldheaded man with a round face, bulbous nose and protruding, frog-like eyes.

"Her husband shot her a little while ago," Jim explained.

"Andy? H'm! Knock her off?"

"No. She'll live."

They were seated at a table near the door. An act of six girls and a comedian working on the floor.

"What kind of a girl was Ruth?" Jim asked.

"Oh. I dunno. All right, I guess. She wasn't here long."

"Play around, did she?"

Terrell shrugged. "I dunno," he said indifferently. There was a commotion at the door.

The blurred voice of a drunk arguing.

"Speak of the devil!" said Terrell.

Jim looked. A hard-faced young man reeling in. In his right hand an automatic. He flourished it.

"I showed 'er," he shouted. "Try'n high-hat me! Thought I wasn' good 'nough for 'er. I showed 'er. Show anybody else 'thinks they're too good for me. Wha' y' know 'bout that!"

"Dimock!" Terrell whispered. "Steady, kid! Sit still. They'll get him."

The hat-check boy tiptoed to the door behind Dimock and sprinted out.

"Pull 'at shtuff on me!" Dimock went on, reeling, glaring around. "Ain't any copsh in here, is 'ere? Show 'em too! Be'sh you' life. Kill all loushy copsh 'et—'Lo, ev'body!"

A policeman in uniform slipped in. He saw Dimock and drew his gun. Dimock turned, crouched, fought with his eyes for clarity of vision.

"'At a cop there?" he demanded.

"Drop that gun," the policeman called.

"'At sho!" Dimock shouted. He raised his weapon. The cop fired. The gun fell from Dimock's hand. He blinked hard. Shook his head. Crumpled. Dropped.

Jim was at the policeman's side when the latter knelt and examined his victim.

"This one ain't goin' to cost the city anything," the cop said. "Right through the old clock! He had it comin'!"

COMING out of the police station on his way back to the office Jim encountered Charlie Webb.

"They told me you were here," he said excitedly. "I was just looking for you. My! That was terrible about Andy, wasn't it?"

"Um!" said Jim.

"They—they told Ruth."

"Yeh?"

"I—I saw her after they told her."

"Yeh?"

"We—we had a talk. I guess it's kind of ghoulish, him being just killed and all, but—er—everything's going to be all right."

"Good."

"She never did—you know—love him."

"I suppose not."

"We're going to be—er—you know—get married just as soon as she's all right again."

"That's fine."

"She—she's all made up with her father too."

"Well!"

"Yes, sir! Everything's going to be all right! I—you see, I've b-been f-fond of her for a long time and—and— Oh!" He broke. Cried. Jim caught him by the shoulders and held him tight.

"Steady now," he soothed him. "Take it easy."

"I—I'm all right," Webb said, fighting for control. "That was s-silly of me. I've been kind of shaken up."

"NO CLASS," the city editor said scornfully. "Bum pug and a lousy little tramp out of Terrell's floor show! We're tight tonight anyhow, Jim."

"How much do you want on it?" Jim asked.

"'Bout half a stick," said the city editor. "Just cover it."

"You don't want her picture then?"

"Hell, no!"

Jim went to his desk. After a minute he began to write. He wrote this:

Andrew Dimock, a pugilist, was shot and instantly killed last night by Patrolman J. K. Finster while resisting arrest.

Dimock was being sought by the police for the shooting of his wife, Mrs. Ruth Dimock, earlier in the evening at the corner of Oak and Eighth streets. Mrs. Dimock was taken to the city hospital, where it is reported she will recover.

Dimock was run to earth in Terrell's Cabaret at 786 Cline Street, where he had formerly been employed. He was intoxicated and brandishing a weapon when Patrolman Finster entered. The officer called upon Dimock to drop his weapon and fired when the latter seemed about to shoot. Dimock had fought a number of bouts in this city. He was a middleweight.

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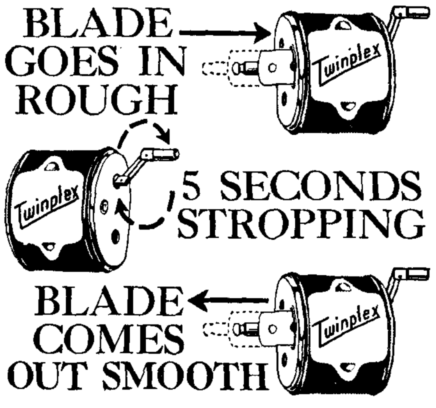

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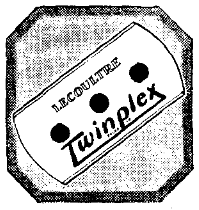

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The Lady who laughs

Continued from page 7

like that I'd choke her. I have a wager with her that somebody will change that laughter of hers to tears."

De Laurier shook his leonine poetic head sadly. "There are snows in the Himalayas which never melt," he said. "I have no hope."

"Hope?" burst out Budenkov. "There are no tears in the well from which that laughter echoes. It rings in my ears all day and night."

A strangely blank expression came over Rob MacKenzie's face, bewilderment. "I'm afraid," he said, "that one of you gentlemen is perhaps a forgivable liar, or at least that he is concealing his good fortune." He drew his hands slowly from the deep pockets of his weatherproof where they'd been exploring, and in the palm of his right hand lay a small ivory miniature, perfect in detail, surrounded beautifully with tiny rubies. "Apparently," he concluded, "I have already won my wager." And he said nothing as to what he may have lost.

COLONEL ST. JOHN BURCH sat cornered in the deserted card-room while the rain came down. He was quite upset and in a way indignant. He didn't think it was at all fair, after he'd done so much for everybody's amusement at the curiously celebrated Queens Hotel, for a young woman to corner him with her problems. It was almost as if she suspected him of having committed the admittedly slightly dastardly theft himself.

"But, you see, dear Colonel Burch," said Isobel, "it isn't only the intrinsic value of the miniature, although that is enough, but I might have to have it for a much more important purpose."

Colonel Burch twirled his monocle on its cord and seemed to think. "And you just discovered its loss today? You went to your trunk and happened to notice that it was gone—?"

"Yes," she interrupted, "and I thought I'd speak to you before complaining to the hotel or to the police."

"The police!" Colonel Burch sat bolt upright. "What a thought, the police! No matter what else, I should never go to the police, my dear girl. Why don't you ask that MacKenzie chap? He's a great one for working out mysteries."

"But he doesn't believe in mysteries now."

"Maybe he'd change his mind."

And some odd droop of an eyelid as he said that made Isobel wonder. "You mean—?"

"I mean only—well, you know MacKenzie has a collection of miniatures and has been known to go to almost any length to get a rare one."

"You mean he stole it?" She flushed. "How dare you suggest such a thing, Colonel Burch. Captain MacKenzie wouldn't do such a thing. I think it's horrid of you to suggest it—"

"Nevertheless," said the Colonel, "I'd ask MacKenzie if he'd happened to have seen it lying about."

But Isobel found no opportunity of asking Rob MacKenzie anything. She did not see him for two entire days during which the sun came out again and the nights grew soft, and Isobel moved through her Riviera routine in a sort of smiling coma. There was an eleven-o'clock tennis match at the Cannes Club, and the Croisette parade with Paul de Laurier, and a noontide sherry under the striped sun umbrellas of the Galleries Fleuris, and luncheon on the Grand Terrace. There was a brief siesta and then tea dancing at the Ambassadeurs with the dear Leighton-Mills who made love like a Spaniard but danced, alas, like the true Britisher which he was.

And always through these numbing futilities, seen from the corner of her eye, over her shoulder, was that shadow, that shadow with a quizzical and yet haunting blue eye. She could neither elude it nor bring it into near reality. So at ten she went with Budenkov and the rest of Cannes to the baccara-rooms to turn money itself into a stimulating toy.

By midnight Isobel was sick of money as a toy. They made toys of everything, these polyglot Cannoise, of Love and Chance and sometimes Honor and of Clothes and Jewels and the slow parade of it among the green-covered tables, clustering about some almost vulgar risk of great fortune, finally oppressed her beyond endurance. She pushed the profits of their shared bank to Budenkov. "You take this and play on, Prince," she said. "I want to go home alone." What she wanted was to go out and fill her breath with the cool black air coming in over the rigid, jet-cold sea.

"By all means let us go," replied Budenkov, pocketing the pile of chips and tossing some louis counters to the croupier, "by all means, let us go home alone. What? But a beautiful woman's alone means surely a solitude for two—"

So she ran away from him while he was offering the check for his coat, out the side entrance, across the formal garden which separated the Casino from the sea, stopping breathless only when her slippers felt at last the moist sand no more than a few steps from the water's edge.

But the sea was not black and rigid. The moon fell suddenly out of a bank of clouds. Like a great doubloon it rolled over the Ile Ste. Marguerite, gilding the slow wash of the waves, whitening the façade of the huge Casino, striking some luminous quality into the scarf of Isobel's filmy gown which had escaped her wrap. Her arms, when she lifted them, seemed luminous too, and a voice in the darkness behind her muttered an exclamation.

She did not hear it. Perhaps her mood had wanted the sea to be black and rigid and perhaps she intended her laughter at the moon to carry a note of irony. But it carried something quite different from irony. Her laughter belonged in the moonlight. Then it ceased, caught in her throat when Rob MacKenzie stepped to her side and spoke. "So you and the moon still have your secret jest. I thought you had paid the penalty for that. Perhaps you have found something else to laugh at, since it is no longer love."

SHE stared at his coatless, bareheaded figure, fearful for a moment until he cocked an eyebrow in that curious way of his which counted for a smile. "I wasn't even conscious that I was laughing," she said, "but since I was, it must have been still at love."

"Then why do you pay a wager which you have not lost?" he demanded. "I found your miniature where you put it in the pocket of my coat."

She started. The moonlight caught the smile which touched her lips. She was thinking of that old trouble-maker, Colonel Burch, and his objections to the police. For a moment she even liked Colonel Burch. "And if I didn't put it in the pocket of your coat?"

Perhaps his eyes lighted up. Isobel thought she saw them alight. "Then I could believe again in mystery," he said.

"Well, it is mysterious enough at any rate," said Isobel, "that you should be out here just at this moment."

"No," he replied. "I followed you. It's something of a habit with me. Are you going to walk home? Up the beach? It's almost a mile, and you'll ruin your slippers."

Isobel shrugged. "I have other slippers but only one tonight. Tonight will be the night you rediscovered mystery and I ruined my slippers walking up the beach. Besides, I may find treasures in the sand to repay me. Beach-combers often do. Will you try your luck too?"

They moved slowly along the beach together, two dark figures edged about with that strange white light, while the quiet waves brushed the shore and spread a silver filigree upon the sand. The murmur of their voices lingered. A bright little scale run of Isobel's laughter floated back, and then the moon was trapped in the clouds again, and the scene went black.

It took them a long time to walk that almost a mile, lost in the darkness. Only twice, escaping momentarily, could the moon discover them, and the first time as they walked suddenly into its glow and their voices became audible they were gazing at each other as if in some happily discovered confidence. "Rob? For Robin? But I like Rob. It's one of those dear short names that women love."

"Then all the men should have short names," he said, "and all the women should be named Isobel. Watch out! You almost got your feet wet then. Here—let me help you, Isobel. There goes our moon again."

OF COURSE it was very dark without the moonlight, and that was doubtless the reason it took them such a time to traverse that brief remaining distance to the stone stairway which mounted from the beach to the pavement of the Croisette at the point one would cross en route to the Queens Hotel. Perhaps they couldn't find the stairway and were waiting for the moon to disclose it. Or perhaps they weren't even looking for the stairway and that is what the moon disclosed when once again it streamed the beach with light and found those two so close in each other's arms.

There was a manner of Isobel's being in Rob MacKenzie's arms which told that she'd been there quite a little time and that she was happy there. Her fingers reached up to his hair and she set her palm against his lips so that she might tell him it was only madness, the bewitchment she had invited by presuming to mock it, the madness which comes down from the moon.

But he only kissed the palm of her hand and the corner under her ear and called her a silly little dunce if she thought his love was the sort of love which could be influenced by anything so trivial as a moon.

"The eight moons of Jupiter couldn't add to it, Isobel," he said and so Isobel did not laugh. "It is only that moon flowers have their white blooming hour in its light, Isobel," he said, and Isobel's body shook slightly but not with laughter. "All these years I have been making mysteries, and now I know there is no mystery in the world but only moonlight and you, Isobel," he said, and Isobel sighed, and there were tears in her eyes sprung from that joy which hurts. None of her heroes had ever had occasion to say that.

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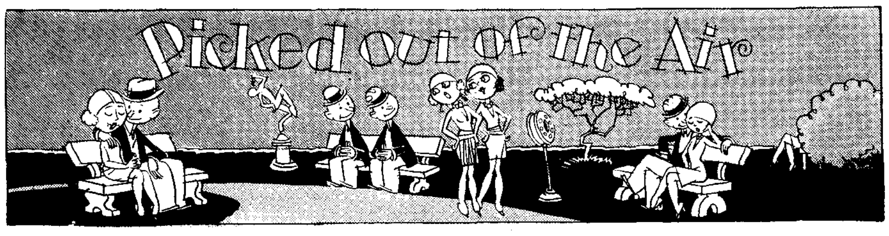

Picked out of the Air

Parking Mike

By Jack Binns

OUT on the Pacific Coast one of the chains has put on a new afternoon feature entitled "The Park Bench" in which conversations overheard during a stroll through the park are broadcast—presumably. If this feature were really on the level it would run something like this:

"Whatjoo do las' night?"

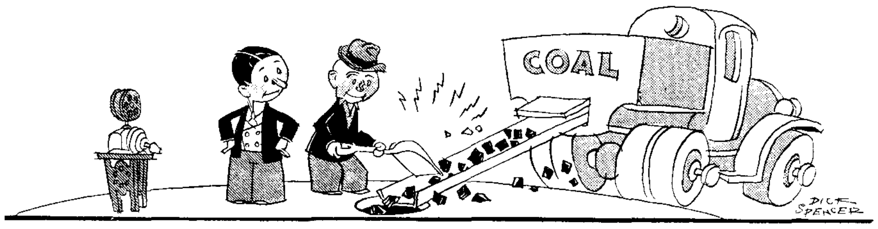
"Ugh! nothing, 'cept take a jane to the movies."

Or else:

"Oh! my dear! You'll just simply die; honestly, you'd never believe it. You know that little Mrs. Jones? Well, really, my dear, you should have seen her. It was positively killing. She was a perfect sight, my dear, if you know what I mean. I thought I would collapse. Honestly, I never saw anything just like the dress she had on. Really, my dear, it was the most delicious fright ever. You would have screamed. Honestly."

Finally, of course, there's the universal conversation on a park bench between the maid and her lovelorn swain—but what's the use, most of you know how it goes, and it should be experienced, not heard.

Ah, well! honestly now, although my old complexodyne will not reach the coast, I'm willing to bet "The Park Bench" broadcast does not broadcast a park-bench conversation.



Powerful Reasons

GEORGE WHITE of Chicago asks a question that seems to be puzzling a great many radio fans. "Why should any station have 50,000 watts power?" he inquires in his letter, and then continues, "and why give those favored stations exclusive channels?"

Well, George, your two questions are closely related to each other, and I feel sure that a little reflection will convince you that it would be a waste of valuable ether space to give a station an exclusive national channel without permitting it to use sufficient power to employ that channel for the benefit of the greatest possible number of listeners throughout the country.

Going back to your first question, however, I may say the answer is bound up in the term "reliable service." In the early days of broadcasting when no station was allowed to use more than 500 watts power the reception at the loud speaker was always accompanied with incidental noises closely resembling the racket made by a ton of coal sliding down a chute into somebody's cellar.

The advantage of high power at the broadcast station is that it delivers the program to your radio receiver in such a condition that it stands out above this background of unwanted noise disturbance.

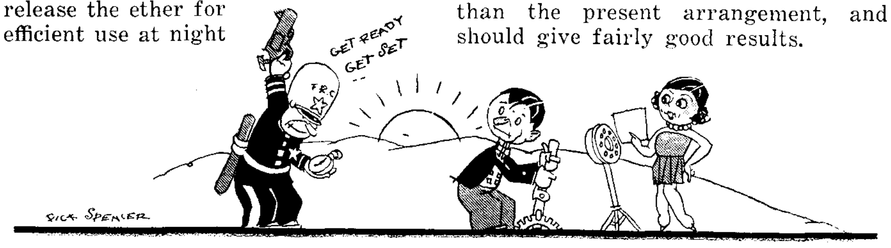
Now in answer to still another question in your letter as to why it is necessary to have powerful radio receivers if we have powerful broadcast stations, I may say this: Sensitivity and selectivity are closely related in the modern radio receiver. Therefore, as a general proposition you may say that a powerful receiver is also a very selective one. In this case when you are tuned into a powerful broadcast station you are using the power of your receiving set to employ its selective properties in keeping other broadcast stations out of your loud speaker. Sound engineering demands power at the transmitting end and properly proportioned power at the receiving end of radio broadcasting.

Daylight Operation

EITHER the Federal Radio Commission has no desire to employ its power to the extent of shutting down broadcast stations that are not operating in the public interest, or else its standard of what constitutes the public interest is extremely low. It would be much better if all stations using less than 250 watts power should be restricted to operation during daylight hours only on the general principle that such stations are extremely low. It would be much better ing in adequate program facilities.

Under this arrangement they could fulfill whatever local service they are rendering and then release the ether for efficient use at night time for the stations giving programs of higher caliber. This would be an excellent solution as such stations would cause but very little disturbance because of the peculiar fact that daytime range is very limited and very steady.

Such a plan as this might make it necessary for certain stations to operate on a different wave length during the hours of darkness than the one they use during daylight, but that could easily be accommodated and should not cause any real trouble to the listener. The scheme would have a greater tendency to clear up the broadcast mess than the present arrangement, and should give fairly good results.



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Up and Going

Continued from page 9

the best TAT had found up to this stage no man could say, what with the swift progress in radio discoveries and technique, that April's method would not be obsolete by August.

The important thing from your point of view and mine is that passenger safety is the paramount concern of the air carriers. There is nothing of the old-time railroad pirates—who could say, "The public be damned"—about men like Henderson, Hanshue, Boeing, W. R. Ireland, Frank Robertson and the others who are organizing passenger aviation in this country.

Now you are reasonably convinced, we'll assume, that licensed air travel is safe and that the cost is moderate enough, figured in hours and distance and social and business values. So you grow curious as to just what you will find regular air travel like. What will be the sensations of flying in those huge tri-motored liners of the skyways?—will you be comfortable?—ill?—on time wherever you're going? Curiosity, as much as any other consideration, will probably impel you to take your first air trip.

It is a day in early summer, let's say, and you've just got a telegram summoning you, as soon as possible, to a city 500 miles away on urgent business. Having reached the momentous decision to go by air, as a novice you glance into the sky with some misgiving. Nary a cloud. No excuse. So you sigh a little, grin a little, and wonder about reservations.

A Model Terminal

You can phone the carrier's town office, or the airport; or, if it is handier, you can book passage at any railroad station. Before the middle of summer practically every railroad in the country will have wedded its service and some of its money to air carriers. For example, in the Winsted, Conn., railroad station you will be able to buy through tickets, rail and air, to Merida, Yucatan, on the Pan-American lines.

Presently a luxurious bus picks you up at your hotel, or at some central point in town, and you are on the way to the airport. The location of airports ten or twenty miles from the cities after which they are named, causing a loss of much of the time gained by air travel, has been a cause of justifiable criticism of passenger aviation in the past. The swift bus you are riding in now is one of the steps taken by the carriers to ameliorate this condition. And they are all bending every effort to find suitable fields close to civic centers. Kansas City's great airport is but six minutes by car from the heart of town; others are almost as favorably placed. And it is the belief of transportation and municipal experts that community business and residential development from now on will gravitate toward airports as in the past they have toward surface transit. However, say you have a fifteen-minute bus ride from your city to the airport; this gives you time to reflect.

So far everything has seemed efficient and businesslike, but you still cling to some doubt. Your impressions of aviation have been largely gained from those fine Sunday afternoons, soon after the war, when you drove the family out to the fair grounds or the local flying field.

You would park haphazardly and stroll around, stumbling over children, dogs and spare parts on ground lacking a tuft of grass. You'd wander into a hangar and lift little Clarence up to see the dofunnies in the cockpit; and if no one were watching you'd surreptitiously climb in and do some ground flying.

A student in overalls would importune you to take a trip for $5. Perhaps you'd finally get the little woman's apprehensive consent, and climb in. You'd be belted by a thick leather strap that reminded you of the electric chair. The cockpit floors and sides were layered with mixed dust and grease. No one would think to lend you goggles. Your eyes, already stuffed with dust, would be stung by the wind. You'd grip the cowling and see nothing.

Eyes bloodshot, ears deafened for lack of a bit of cotton, you'd come down and zigzag back to your admiring family—their hero. Your suit would have to go to the cleaner's on Monday.

You shudder a bit with the vivid memory of your fear and discomfort and dirt—then the stopping of the bus suddenly recalls you to the present. You blink at the unfamiliar surroundings.

"Terminal—all out!" says the bus driver.

Then you are in a waiting-room as clean and well-ordered as the finest railroad station and with all the fittings, from marbled lavatories to news and fruit stands. There is a clock, and a despatcher's bulletin board. When your ship's time goes up you are escorted along a canopied runway at the end of which you make out a portable stepladder, such as pullman porters use, and an open doorway. It dawns upon you that this must be the plane. The steward shows you to your seat. You are a little overawed by the calm precision of it all, but you did manage, as you stepped in, to catch a glimpse of two heads in an upper compartment, forward of your cabin. The pilots, you tell yourself.

When you and your fellow passengers are comfortably settled in your chairs the starter closes and secures the door, then signals to the pilots, who "rev" up their motors. You know the motors must make a terrific blast—each of them being 400 horsepower or more—yet you scarcely hear it when the windows are closed, for your cabin is insulated. Different ships, different methods—some with rubber sheeting, some with building compositions. Fairchild has developed an exhaust silencer.

You are agreeably surprised to find that you can ask your neighbor for a match in almost ordinary tones. Perhaps you shout at first because you think you have to; then everybody turns to stare at you and the steward comes forward inquiringly.

No Dust or Soot

Before you realize it the huge ship, cushioned on enormous balloon tires, is rolling out upon a grassed, dustless, carefully policed field with red and green lights to regulate downcoming and upgoing traffic and keep the runways safe and clear at all times. Suddenly the ship picks up speed. You are telling yourself, a bit nervously, that you've never before traveled so fast over the ground, when the sensation of speed lessens abruptly. You press your nose to the window, and it dawns upon you that the ship has left the ground. Is *that* all there is to it?

Once aloft there is little sense of motion and none of speed. You are in a well-lighted, well-ventilated cabin with from nine to nineteen companions, each in a deep chair similar to yours.

You are wearing your lightest suit. There is no dust or soot up here, such as begrime you on railroad trains. The motor exhaust is carried far behind the cabin. There is a rack over your chair for wraps and small parcels; your baggage is in the tail of the ship.

The steward, in addition to being a licensed pilot capable of spelling the regular flyers, is an information bureau, a handy man, a waiter, and—a cook! For if your trip is a long one he will prepare a course meal on the electric stove in his pantry and serve it, too.

If you complain that your eggs are underdone he will sigh and scratch his head and explain ruefully that the Fahrenheit boiling point of water, 212 degrees, varies every 300 feet, rising about 16 degrees to each 5,000 feet of altitude.

From time to time one or the other of the pilots comes down into the cabin to chat with you, just as the officers of an ocean liner fraternize in the smoking lounges and dining salons. Perhaps he joins you at this meal. You are filled with the wonder of your experience, and there are a million questions you want to ask him.

"I feel all right now, but I suppose I'll be sick before we land," you begin.

Air Bumps in Gusty Weather

The pilot smiles. "You'll be an exception, if you are. Less than one per cent of the travelers on regular air lines get sick. The things that turn a fellow's stomach—sudden ascents and descents, stunting, and the like—have no part in passenger flying, you see. Why, more than thirty per cent of us professional pilots can't stand acrobatics: that's why not all of us could make good military flyers."

"I climbed a mountain once," you tell him, "and it knocked my wind."

"Sure, great altitude causes shortness of breath and hurried heart action in most people. But these passenger ships will not fly at great altitudes. We probably average between 2,000 and 5,000 feet, and seldom would need to go as high as 10,000 in the East or Middle West. Sometimes in the West the ships have to climb to 15,000 feet to get over mountains, but that's not excessive. In general we don't fly higher than is necessary for safety."

"Somebody told me the air pockets would make me sick," you insist.

"Well, even if you're one of the one per cent that get sick, you'll never be bothered on a quiet day like this. The air is very smooth now. Air pockets are only upward and downward currents of air. They make what we call bumps. When it's gusty there are a lot of bumps. But they're not unpleasant as a rule. They make the ship rise and fall suddenly and roll from side to side. Experiments are being made with the gyroscope to stop rolling. If that doesn't work, Lufthansa is trying a system we may adopt. There's a tube at each chair, which you grab up and suck if you begin to feel rocky. It gives off fumes of oxygen and cinnamon. They quiet the nerves of the diaphragm."

"Well, I have read," you admit reluctantly, "that airsickness at its worst isn't as bad as seasickness. And that one of the reasons the London-Continental lines were heavily patronized from the beginning is that travelers can thus avoid the Channel boat crossing."

"Reminds me of my old friend, Charley Niles," says the pilot. "You may or may not remember Charley, but he was one of the greatest flyers in the early

(*Continued on page 56*)

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What the Faces Show

The answers to the questions on pages 12 and 13 and a few additional guideposts to character reading

Character test compiled by Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, authors of I've Got Your Number

1. No. No.
Carrie Nation leaped into fame by smashing up saloons in Kansas with a hatchet. This photograph, like all others which were taken of her, shows a firm and rock-bound face and figure, indicating CHARACTER. She has a fanatic's mouth and an idealist's forehead. Her pose suggests energy, which can keep still hardly long enough to be photographed.

2. Yes. No.
Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, was a dominant personality in English journalism until 1922. This face shows strength and power with a hint, also, of weakness. The bull neck, the obstinate mouth and the forward thrust of the head show the fighter. All the lines of the face slope downward and the expression lacks kindness.

3. Yes. No.
Glenn Frank is the president of the University of Wisconsin. Before that he was editor of the Century Magazine. Still earlier he was a research worker and writer on industrial and sociological matters. Five years from now he may be something else entirely; but of this one is sure, it will be a position uniting two characteristics not often found in one man—abstract thinking and executive action. Do you see the combination in his face? A college president's forehead, a manager's chin and a go-getter's eyes.

4. Yes. Yes.
George Hossfeld won the world's championship for professional typewriting in 1927. His photograph shows him as a man of the business type, intelligent but not scholarly, determined but not unpleasantly aggressive. His eyes are alert and pleasant and his expression is that of humorous pride without complacency. The story of craftsmanship can be read in his hands, which are worthy of study.

5. Yes. Yes.
Edward H. H. Simmons is president of the New York Stock Exchange. You get his complete trustworthiness in his straight gaze, his firmness in the outline of his jaw, and his friendliness in his expression. Notice especially how generosity is combined with determination in his mouth.

6. No. Yes.
Charles Ponzi offered to pay 200 per cent interest in about 60 days to investors in his land syndicate. He was known as "The Financial Wizard of Boston." About the time that he owed over $2,000,000 the courts got busy and he went to prison. He is a good mixer. His pose is energetic and self-confident, his mouth indulgent and sensual, and his expression cynical. He looks smart rather than intellectual.

7. Yes. No.
Hetty Howland Robinson Green, who died in 1916, was said to be the richest woman in America, and one of the great financiers of her time. She personally managed her large property in stocks, bonds and real estate in Chicago, New York and elsewhere. She was thrifty to the point of parsimony. Her face shows the negative traits of worry and suspicion. She was clearly one to whom riches brought no happiness but it is doubtful if she would have been any more cheerful had she been poor.

8. Yes. Yes.
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, National Director of the Girl Scouts, is the leader of 200,000 girls. When she took office with this organization, she invited a group of New York business men to advise her how she might best apply the principles of business administration to a character-developing agency. With their assistance she has strengthened and enlarged the organization. One sees both leadership and executive ability in the way she holds her head, the determined line from cheek-bone to chin. The joy-of-life in her eyes suggests that she is especially successful in dealing with human beings.

9. Yes. No.
Dr. Albert Einstein is paid $4,500 a year "to do nothing but sit and think." His thinking discovered a new application and proof of the theory of relativity. One notes the seeking look of the eyes, the scholarly forehead, and the sensitiveness of the upper half of the face. One suspects that he might have worked in music, literature or any other art removed from direct contact with the public.

10. Yes. Yes.
Ralph Adams Cram is an architect; that is, he is a combination of artist and engineer. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, is nearing completion under his direction. He is an artist who works with derricks and engines. He has also written delightful books about beauty in different countries and ages. Do you think that that chin can deal with the boards and committees which make life miserable for some builders? Yes. His ability to see beauty, to express it in words and in stone, is backed by self-confidence and the strength to carry responsibility.

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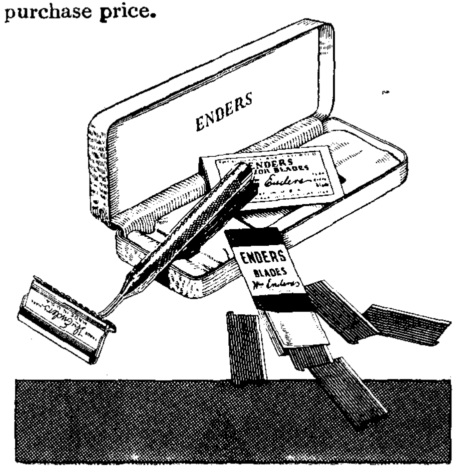

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Up and Going

Continued from page 54

days. Fifteen years ago I stood beside General Leonard Wood as he watched Charley put on an exhibition. Moisant, the famous French builder, was explaining Charley's maneuvers to Wood. The old general looked puzzled and skeptical—this was just a few months before the World War, mind you. Flying upside down and looping were the daredevil stunts of those days, and how Charley loved 'em! He came down O. K. The open exhaust had shot muck all over his freckles and his red hair. While I helped him unstrap he suddenly caught sight of a fellow all alone in a motorboat that was getting quite a tossing out in New York Bay. 'Gee,' said Charley, 'that fellow's got spunk! I'd hate to be out there. I'd be sick as a dog to my stomach!'"

You are amazed to hear this young-looking pilot talking of things so ancient: "Why, you seem to be just a boy. You don't mean to say you were flying fifteen years ago."

"Just learning," he grins. "I flew all through the war, and in the air mail up to the time I got this job. As a matter of fact our company won't hire pilots who have had less than ten years' experience. I guess there isn't a carrier in the country who'll take on a man who has had less than 1,000 hours."

Go Anywhere You Want by Air

The pilot saunters away and you settle back feeling much safer. You find an individual ash tray beside your chair; every little appointment, in fact, that you'd have on a fine pullman. You move about the cabin at will; there is a washroom and toilet in the rear.

If you are in the South on the Pan-American lines you will find the cabin finished by interior decorators to complement the semi-tropics: wicker chairs, palm fronds, ceilings done in delicate opalescent tints as if reflecting the shimmering blue and lavender Gulf Stream. On northern runs in winter—Boeing, NAT, Universal, and any of the others—your cabin will be heated. You will be in an overstuffed chair, with bright reading lights for the dark hours and more than the comforts of home.

You'll be sorely tempted to nap—as some of the old hands are doing. But this first trip is too interesting to waste. You stare down upon the landscape with fascinated emotions and realize that in an hour you've suddenly acquired a better sense of physical geography than all the relief maps in your old school books ever gave you. You trace coast lines and you look down upon the beds of rivers and harbors and roadsteads *forty to a hundred feet below the surface of the water.* In the South you may spot a shark any moment. Presently you ring for the steward and ask him whether he has a general air timetable—you'd like to see the extent of this service you are employing today for the first time. He brings you a fat folder.

You heft it with astonishment—then run over its pages with even greater astonishment. You will find chummy little footnotes that you've always associated with suburban railroad timetables: "F—Stops on signal only." "Daily except Mondays and days after holidays," "Twelve-o'clock run omitted on Sundays," and the like.

You glance at a map attached to the booklet and suddenly appreciate the new destiny the air age holds for certain American cities whose strategic location gives them dominion over vast territories—Chicago, Kansas City, Evansville, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas, Albany, Cleveland, Hartford, Miami, Atlanta, Tucson.

You have done a good deal of rail traveling in your day, so you pick through the timetables at random to make comparisons: Denver to Los Angeles is nine hours, by Western Air Express; Kansas City to Los Angeles is twelve. You can fly from St. Louis to St. Paul over the Universal Lines this spring in less than seven hours. The train would take you there in seventeen. You will be able to fly from Los Angeles to Seattle in fourteen hours on the Pacific Air Transport lines; it would take you nearly forty hours by train. So you can skip around the country: New Orleans to Houston in less than four hours. Louisville to Evansville in an hour and a quarter. Nashville to Atlanta in less than three. If you are in Cuba and have business in Porto Rico you can fly it in six hours, whereas heretofore you would have to go back to New York and reship to Porto Rico; time, two weeks or more.

But these are just statistics and they bore you after a while. This timetable has proved to you that you can go nearly anywhere you want by air, about three times faster than by train.

Presently one of the friendly pilots comes down. You try to assume the offhand manner of a veteran as you hail him: "Captain, are we going to land on time?"

"About twenty minutes ahead of time," he smiles: "We've had the benefit of a lively tail wind all the way."

"Of course it's a nice, clear day—" you begin deprecatingly.

This seems to be a sort of amiable red flag to the pilot, who lingers, eager to talk to you. Bright, smart fellows in their own right, and full of interesting anecdotes of their barnstorming days, the transport pilots you will encounter in your air travels this year will be salesmen of air-mindedness, under instruction from their companies to be informative as well as courteous. Steeped in the lore of the air and airways, they will in addition be supplied with statistics. Too, they've led a lonely life thus far, these young men—in mail planes on dark, stormy nights over the Alleghenies, with only the sacks for company; in snowy twilights over the Rockies; on hot days over the southwestern deserts. They will be glad of your company and your questions. So don't be surprised because you've provoked your pilot into a speech:

A Good Record for the Mails

"Flying has been libeled a lot," he smiles. "There are many people who've been led to believe that planes must stay in the hangars if there's a stray cloud around. But did you happen to read in the papers last February what happened in Germany? Some North Sea islands were cut off by gales and blizzards and seas that were too much for shipping. The inhabitants were going hungry. Lufthansa heard about it and sent planes. The pilots dropped food and supplies by parachutes because most of the islands were too small and rough for them to set their ships in."

"But certainly plane service isn't as regular yet as train service?"

"Planes of course can't go out in some weather that doesn't stop the trains, yet in 1927 the air mail planes completed ninety-five per cent of their scheduled flights. Not bad? And I remember a comparison that somebody made a few years ago, when planes and engines weren't as good as they are now. The planes made a six per cent better 'on time' record than the trains.

"Something funny along this line happened last December. I was in Washington at the International Civil Aëronautics Conference, which was timed with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Wrights' first flight. A couple of hundred aviation chiefs from all over the world were sitting in the Chamber of Commerce building waiting for Orville Wright to show up. He was to be the guest of honor, you know. He was due at ten, but there wasn't any sign of him and everybody wondered where he was, because the weather was O. K.

"After a while Mr. MacCracken—and just let me tell you now, that's the man who is more responsible than anyone else in the country for the fine passenger service you're getting today—got up. Somebody had just handed him a telegram. He read it, then told us:

"'I'm sorry, but Mr. Wright will be delayed four hours. The train he is on is stalled near Baltimore.'

Fog is the Greatest Enemy

"Mr. MacCracken looked at everybody. Then all of a sudden he grinned—that explosive grin of his that makes you expect to see his teeth fly out. Well, everybody grinned back—and you could hear a chuckle running all around the hall.

"Saturday night everybody piled on the boat and went down the Potomac on the way to Kitty Hawk for the final ceremonies. We were due at Norfolk at seven in the morning. At *eleven* o'clock we were still poking around Hampton Roads, lost in the fog. I was standing near Mr. Wright on deck. I heard him say, kind of gently:

"'It seems that airplanes are not the only things delayed by fog.'"

"I guess that reproach was many years in the making," you smile. "But fog is the airplane's greatest enemy?"

"Yes. But we've a good chance of beating it eventually."

"What's being done to beat it?"

"The government, and many private companies, are conducting all kinds of experiments. Neon lights, buried under iron grilles on landing fields. Theoretically they are visible for many miles through fog. Radio beacons that will draw a pilot in a bee line for his field, while a new kind of altimeter tells him exactly how high he is above the ground, not above sea level, every instant. Then Jimmy Doolittle is making exhaustive blind flying tests for the Guggenheim Fund. Believe me, before long we'll be flying and landing with perfect safety, fog or no fog."

The pilot goes forward to the flying compartment. We're certainly on the threshold of a great age, you tell yourself, and you can feel your blood pounding to the thrill of it.

The next thing you know you are sitting bolt upright with a startled impression of landscape rushing past the windows. Good lord, what has happened? Then you grin sheepishly—you are landing. You must have dozed off.

When you step out at the journey's end you will find the two smiling pilots, in their smart uniforms, waiting to shake hands with you. You assure them that you've never enjoyed anything so much in your life—and you add, looking at your watch, that you never found anything so valuable in point of time.

"I'm going back in a day or two," you tell them, "—by air!"

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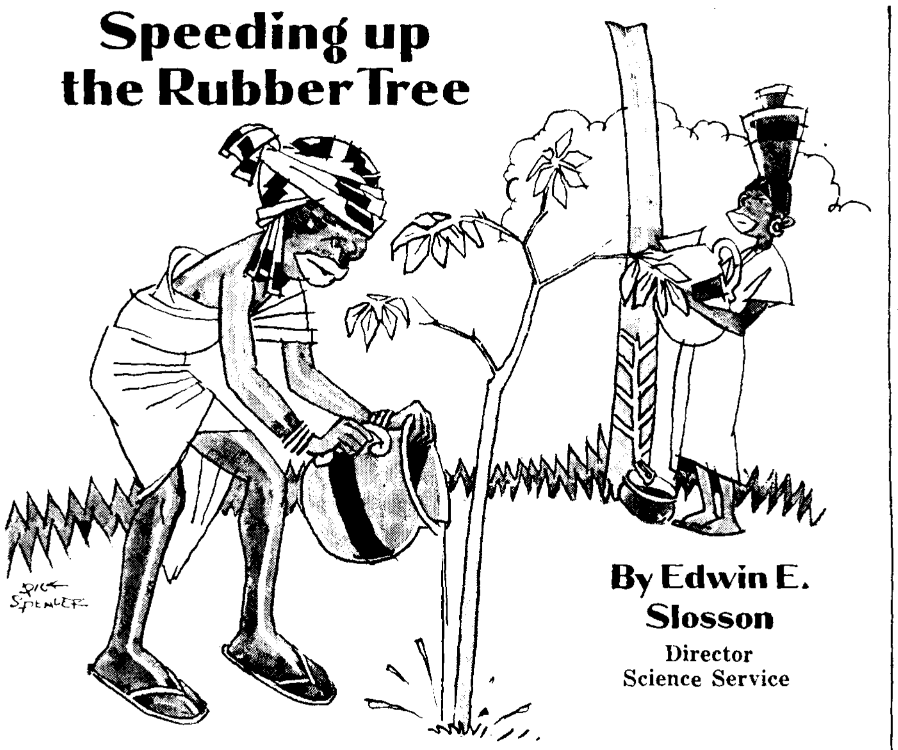
Speeding up the Rubber Tree



By Edwin E. Slosson
Director
Science Service

A BOTANICAL question that concerns all Americans who own automobiles or ever ride in them is how to increase the supply of rubber and make it accessible to all nations on even terms. Four years ago, when the price of raw rubber jumped suddenly from 18 cents a pound to $1.20, we woke up to the fact that the United States was using about three quarters of the world's rubber and growing none of it. This caused a great scurrying around. Mr. Hoover protested against the British monopoly, held under the Stevenson act. Mr. Firestone started a plantation in Liberia. Mr. Ford started one in Brazil. Mr. Edison tested 2,400 kinds of milky plants for their rubber content. On his eighty-second birthday he announced that 1,200 of them would produce rubber and that 40 varieties would be cultivated extensively in the South.

As a result of the protests, the Stevenson restriction has been abolished, and the price is down to a more reasonable figure. But we are still somewhat scared over the situation. As a young botanical friend of mine, Frank Thone, expresses it:

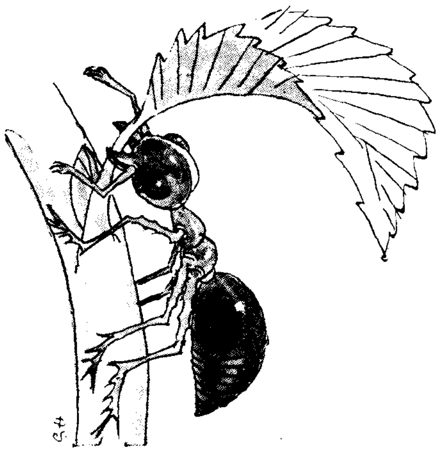
> We go to the tropics to fetch it,
> We cook it with sulphur and stretch it,
> But our efforts synthetic
> Are poor and pathetic,
> For somehow we never quite ketch it.
> What botanists call *H. Brasiliensis*
> Is driving us out of our senses;
> It goes on the wheels
> Of our automobiles,
> And horribly swells our expenses.

When a dairyman wants to increase his output of milk, his first thought is to buy more cows. His second thought is to buy better milkers. The rubber man is now entering upon the stage of second thought. He has long known that some of his trees yielded more milk when tapped than others, but so far he has not applied this knowledge generally. The rubber plantations of the British and Dutch possessions in eastern Asia, which now supply about 95 per cent of the world's rubber, were practically all stocked from the descendants of the seeds of the rubber tree, *Hevea Brasiliensis*, which a young botanist, Henry Wickham, succeeded in smuggling out of the Amazon about fifty years ago. They were planted in the Kew botanical garden in London, and the seedlings transferred to Ceylon, where they have been grown ever since. The 70,000 seeds so secured were a chance lot, probably not the best in the Brazilian forests. But one tree of the lot turned out to be a wonder. It still lives in the old botanical gardens of Ceylon and holds the world's record for having produced, in its prime, an annual yield of 96 pounds of dry rubber for a period of five years, while the ordinary tree on the plantations yields only about 4 pounds a year.

Unfortunately the seedlings of this phenomenal tree are but little above the average. Propagation by cuttings is not successful, and bud grafting is not much better. The most promising method so far for improving the breed of rubber trees is by microscopical examination of the six-months-old seedlings. Those that have the largest latex tubes in their stems produce the largest yield of the juice when they grow to full-sized trees some five years later.

Shut, Sesame!

SESAME is familiar to most of us only as the magical formula that unlocked the robbers' cave for Ali Baba. It seems there is another sesame. According to Prof. K. Escherich of Munich the sesame seeds are being cultivated in South America to discourage the leaf-cutting ants, which rank in destructive power second only to grasshoppers. They cut away and carry home pieces of leaves, which serve in their underground gardens as fertilizer for the crops of fungi they raise for food. Their depredations are so great as to wipe out crops and even prevent the development of forests. The only way to stop them is by large-scale attacks with war gases. But when the colonies are young, Prof. Escherich says, the Brazilians sometimes plant sesame among them. The ants carry home chunks of the leaves, but apparently the fungi don't like the taste of them, for they refuse to grow on this kind of fodder. So the ants are starved out—a fitting penalty for their failure to study botany.



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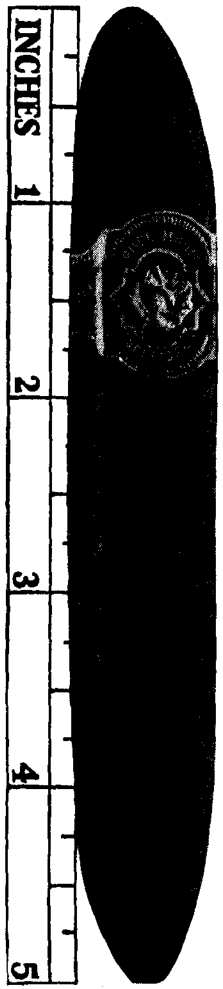

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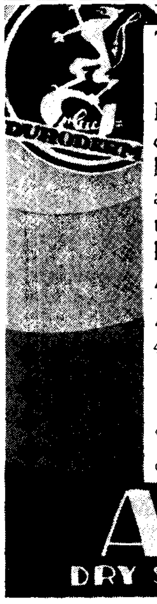

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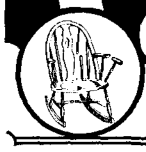

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Paul the Fiddler

Continued from page 24

three slide trombones, male and female fiddles of all denominations, two Sousaphones, six heterogeneous saxophones, a large family of drums and their parasites: piccolos, oboes, bassoons, clarinets, flutes, fifes, an accordion, a harmonica, a harpoon, a tire pump, a clavicle, a tibia, an ulna, a patella, a xylophone, bells, glasses, cups and saucers, toys, games, outing flannels and a Jew's harp. They had trouble procuring a genuine Jew's harp. The inaudible Marx Brother wouldn't lend them his and they finally were obliged to buy a regular harp and hire a musician named Ginzburg.

The Horns Sport Headdress

Paul's trumpeters and trombonists were among the first to guard the health of their horns by making them wear hats. The orchestra was playing in Kansas City when one of the boys noticed that the bell of his cornet felt hot.

It is not unusual for a trumpet to run a temperature during or following a Donaldson or Henderson number, but on this occasion the fever appeared in a rendition of Asleep in the Deep.

There was influenza in the Missouri metropolis at the time, so the musician dosed his instrument with quinine, aspirin and whisky and bought it a fedora to prevent the incursion of bacilli. The other tooters followed suit (or hat) and found that the innovation was not only an adequate sanitary measure, but also productive of beautiful new muting effects.

You will observe that the headdress of the brass in Paul's and other bands is appropriate as well as salubrious—a sombrero when the piece is La Paloma, an opera hat for Lohengrin, a crown for God Help the King and a derby for Horses, Horses, Horses.

It is an interesting fact concerning bands and orchestras that the members of same sooner or later begin to look like the maestro. In the early days of John Philip Sousa, it kept getting more and more difficult for his artists to retain that school-girl complexion; they would go to a rehearsal smooth-shaven and come home with a full black beard. Everybody in George Olson's employ wears a restful, stagnant smile. Dabney's boys grow ebon in hue. And Paul's people either become plump or sprout tendrils on their upper lip, or both. One who did both (Henry Bussy, a fine cornetist) at length resembled the boss to such an extent that he resigned and started another orchestra. It was that or enter a convent.

About a year ago Mr. Whiteman decided he was too ample. When he stood up to direct, the folks out front could see only the fringes of the band and thought they were being cheated. He took off a hundred pounds by the amusing process of not eating or drinking anything at all. Today he can ride comfortably in any of the larger seven-passenger touring cars and get into a subway station with one nickel.

Entertained the Exalted and the Lowly

Paul and his music have been everywhere and seen whatever there is to see. They have played before the king, behind the queen and after the jack. They have never failed to please an audience, no matter how weary they were from overwork or excessive travel. Often they have performed under trying conditions, in theaters and halls that were too hot or too cold or too big or too little. They don't let on that things bother them, though some things do.

In certain climates, where the atmosphere is dry or humid or medium, it is impossible to keep the instruments in tune. Whiteman's orchestra gets around this difficulty by playing nothing but Gershwin.

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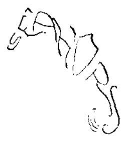
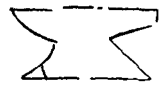
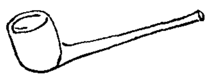


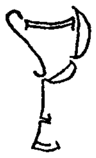
"Seahorse," by Ted Ashlee, 1595 63d Ave., W., Vancouver, B. C., Can.



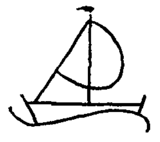
"Anvil," by Miss Ellene Sawyer, 2210 Market St., Jacksonville, Fla.



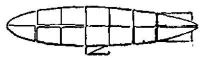
"Pipe," by L. G. Munk, 228 E. First Ave., Roselle, N. J.



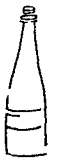
"Saddle," by E. A. Roseberry, 127 Elm Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.



"Ship," by Nancy Kelsey, 328 Ballantyne Ave., N., Montreal West, Quebec



"Graf Zeppelin," by Boyd E. Guymon, 5844 Perry Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



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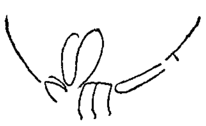

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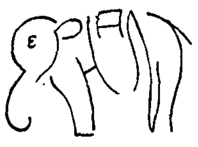
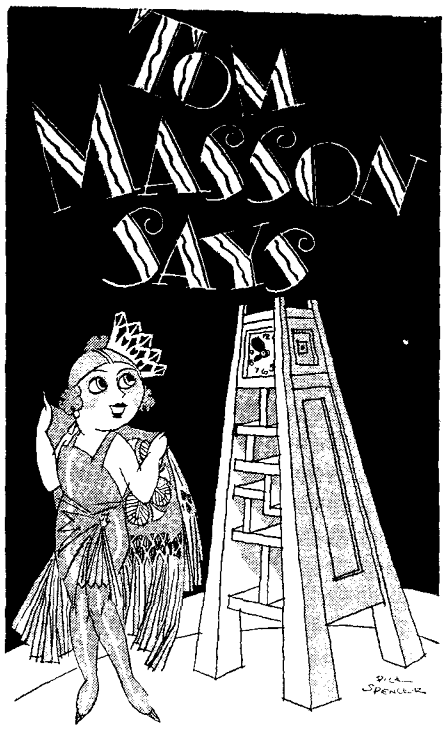


"Elephant," by Leslie C. Miller, 347 N. Felton St., Philadelphia, Pa.



A punctilious woman friend who prides herself on keeping her engagements said: "If I am over an hour late, don't expect me."

Some fire gangs never have any luck. The whistle always blows during the crap game.

Some motorists seem to feel that traffic congestion is so bad the only place to park their cars is on a grade crossing.

A baker's dozen: 13 three-quarter loaves.

The new asteroid No. 932 has been named by astronomers after our President: so now it can be said definitely that we have hitched our gas wagon to a Hooverite.

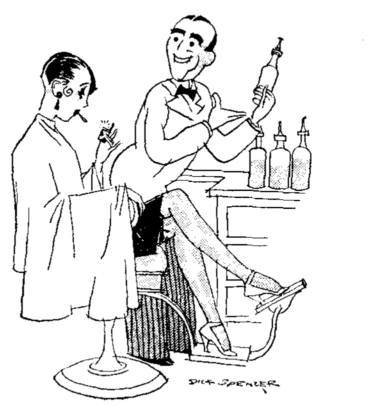
Appropriate form of address for a member of the British Rotary Club: "Old top."

A Democrat in the next house is going to feel like an absent-minded husband who inadvertently attends an afternoon reception given by his wife.

How to achieve a radiant personality: go into the electric light bulb business.

"There's one thing certain," said Miss Muffet, crashing down firmly. "Where there's a will there's a whey."

Suggested modern improvements: a men's day in barber shops.



Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 30

almost sighed with relief. The squadron of Lieutenant Anderson, whose uniform he was wearing, was the Twenty-eighth. And Dell's own outfit, from which he had been dismissed, was the Fourth.

"But all the same," he thought, "I'll be glad to get away from here. It wouldn't be hard to meet a friend of Anderson's."

The voice of M. Trebizon recalled him. "In fact," he was saying, "it is because I expected the Americans again so soon that I wished to see you this morning. A few words of their language I know already, for they were good enough to teach me when they were here. 'You detty ——— ——— ———,' to say to an officer as a mark of high respect, and 'Keek me; I am koo-koo,' to say to the sergeant and corporal as a mark of amity between the two great republics; and 'ammernegs,' for which they ask so many times at breakfast.

"BUT if now," he continued, "while waiting, you would teach me to say, 'No, no, M'sieur, we do not furnish soap with the rooms' and 'No, no, M'sieur, there is no meat, nor ammernegs for breakfast'—useful things like that—it would not only help me to pass away the time while waiting—but it would also help me much with my future work—"

"Will you allow me a question first?" asked Dell, who had thought this over more than once.

"As many as you like, M'sieur!" said M. Trebizon, throwing himself in what can only be described as an encyclopedic attitude.

"Then how is it that you are on the German side?"

"My mother was German," promptly replied the other, "and after the debacle of 1870 she sufficiently suffered for it. And now yourself, M'sieur, if you will be so kind: How is it that you, an American, are on the German side?"

"My mother's people were also German"—hesitated Delavan. "*Welch Glück, solch eine Mutter zu haben.*"

"Enough! Enough! exclaimed M. Trebizon, with a cautious look toward the door; and in a lower voice he added, "Hereafter we are comrades, then, with a double bond between us!"

Mitzi appeared at lunch—alone—but made no sign of recognition. And soon after lunch General Jouarre rolled up in his car, and he and Mitzi disappeared toward Paris.

"The conference was adjourned last night till eight o'clock this evening," said M. Trebizon when Dell dropped in his office that afternoon to give him a lesson in English. "By that time, they evidently expect answers to their cables." And in a still lower voice, "We ought to have something truly important tomorrow!"

Again next day Mitzi failed to appear at breakfast, nor had Delavan heard any sound in her room. Some of the cars, he noticed, had disappeared from the Hôtel de Ville, but a number still remained, here and there one camouflaged with a mad design of neutral colors, but most of them dust-colored gray or a drabbish green.

Dell was eating his lunch in the salle-à-manger overlooking the square when through the open window he caught the sound of a short but unmistakable chorus of American voices.

"Let's eat first. . . . They said this was a good place. . . . Any place to eat is a good place to me. . . . What's Meaux noted for in the way of special dishes? Anybody know?"

Dell's first instinct was flight, but that wouldn't get him far.

"They're in the foyer now," he thought, catching the chorus again through the open door. "I'd only run right into them." Moving quickly, he changed his position at the table, so that he faced the window, his back to the room.

"Here they come!" he breathed, a queer feeling of premonition settling in his stomach and not doing his lunch much good.

From the corner of his eye he could just see them—four men and two women. The women had their backs to him but the men, he presently noticed with a sigh of relief, were wearing the bronzed caduceus of the medical corps.

"A lucky thing they aren't aviation scouts looking for a landing field," he told himself. "There's no use talking. After this I must stay in my room till the message is ready. There's no use taking chances when—"

He was interrupted by his waiter—a white-haired old polyglot who prided himself on his English and liked to air it before the other waiters.

"Pardong, M'sieur," he said, "but, onless I meestake, you are Lieutenant Anderson?"

"*Oui*," said Delavan shortly.

"Then *v'là*, M'sieur! *Un* telegram—if you will sign you' name—"

The Americans at the other table had turned—if only to spot the waiter who could speak English. Fearing them no longer, Delavan made no effort to keep his face averted.

"I know what I'll do," he thought. "As soon as I've read the telegram, I'll walk out briskly as though it called for quick action."

In this, however, he reckoned without knowing how one of the American party had been staring at him—without knowing that, pushing back her chair, she had risen and was approaching his table. Delavan looked up, and the next moment he found himself staring into Joyce's startled eyes.

"Mill!" she exclaimed beneath her breath.

And she seated herself across the table from him, as though the strength had suddenly left her knees. . . .

As soon as Joyce had caught her breath, she turned to the envelope which contained the telegram—an envelope bearing the address: "Lieutenant R. A. Anderson, United States Air Service, Meaux." Then slowly, almost solemnly, she looked at the uniform which had succeeded the R. A. F. regalia in which she had last seen him.

"Mill," she whispered, "what are you doing here—like this?"

PLAYING for time, he smiled as well as he could and said, "I could ask you the same question."

"And I can very soon answer it," she said. "I told you I was leaving Paris for the front, and this is the sector where we're going to help next. So the Red Cross has come on ahead to make arrangements for the wounded. Dr. Michelson thinks this is a good place for a hospital—far enough back of the lines to be safe, but near enough to be useful. And now I've told you why I'm here—Please, Mill, what are *you* doing here?"

After a moment's hesitation, he answered, "Suppose I told you that I was just trying to forget—well—how I had been turned out of my own army?"

"But, dear, that isn't true."

"It's near enough to be true," he retorted with a sudden touch of bitter-

(*Continued on page 60*)

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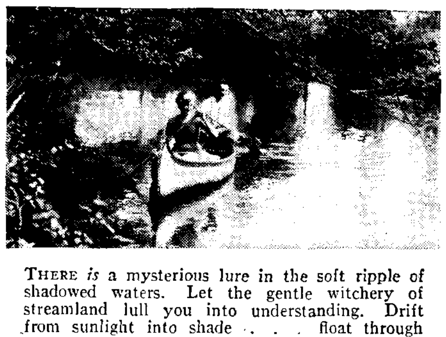

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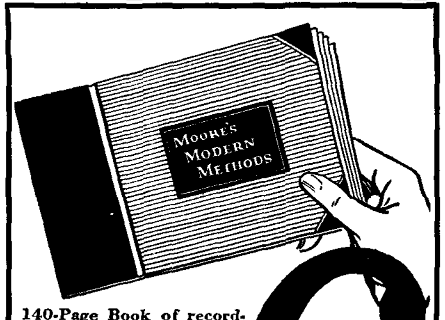

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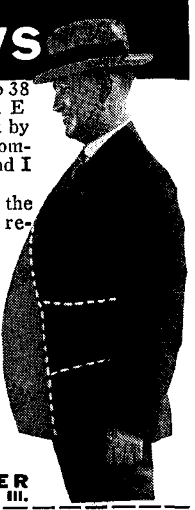

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(*Continued from page 59*)

ness. "You never had the door of your own home slammed in your face, or you'd know what I mean. You were never told 'Get out of here! We never want to see you again!'"

The pain in his eyes was reflected in her own. Later, he thought more than once of that troubled, sympathetic glance—thought of it with rueful tenderness—remembered, too, how they had to speak to each other in a whisper so that those at the adjoining tables wouldn't hear them.

"But to wear this uniform and take another man's name," she continued. "To betray your own country! There's something terrible in that."

"All right, then," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Turn to your friends and tell them I'm not Lieutenant Anderson. Tell them I'm Mill Delavan—a spy—anything you like—Mill Delavan, who was kicked out of his own army for cheating at cards!"

With the same simple sincerity as before, Joyce answered, "You know I won't."

In that moment, as never before, Delavan knew and felt how much she loved him. With a growing feeling of humility he touched her fingers as her hand moved the saltcellar here and there across the table—trying to appear at ease for the benefit of her friends at the other table. At the touch of his fingers, Joyce forgot the saltcellar, and gently clasped Dell's hand.

"But, dear," she whispered, "you—oh—you mustn't go on with it. They—they'd shoot you—"

"Don't worry," he said, and suddenly stopped—the thought of Mitzi unexpectedly rising in his mind. "How long are you going to be here?" he continued with a look of unconscious apprehension toward the entrance.

"Only till tomorrow. We're going up to Château-Thierry then to reconnoiter ambulance routes."

FOLLOWING the glance of the waiter at the next table, again he cast an uneasy look toward the doorway. But it wasn't Mitzi who was entering. It was M. Trebizon. He advanced between the tables—a good-natured Jupiter providing food for these poor mortals. In his hand he was carrying a rolled-up newspaper with a rubber band around it.

"M'sieur!" he said with a stately bow to Delavan, "I trust I am not intruding?"

"Not at all," said Dell, beginning to guess what was coming.

"Then at last I have found you an American newspaper. It is not mine. It was loaned to me. And I have promised that it shall not pass out of your hands until you return it to me. Am I right, M'sieur?"

"You are perfectly right."

Joyce arose.

"I don't suppose you've heard about Judge Henrichs?" she said.

"No," he quickly answered. "Have you any news?"

"I had a letter this morning," she said. "He was expecting some sort of an appointment, but it wasn't confirmed and so he isn't coming over." And then in a lower undertone, "Good-by, dear, till I see you again—and please—please be careful!"

In his room Delavan first opened the telegram—a message from Colombey in answer to his own wire, "New magneto being forwarded today."

"Too late," he tried to smile, "but I think I can get away with what I've got."

The newspaper which M. Trebizon had given him contained a thick envelope, heavily sealed and bearing no address.

"Mitzi," he thought, catching a scent of the perfume which was characteristic of her—that mingled aroma of tea-roses, vanilla and spice—and listening hard at the communicating door between their two rooms he thought he heard someone moving about. "Oh, Mitzi!" he gently called.

"Yes?" came an answering murmur.

He pushed back the bolt which held the door.

"May I?" he asked.

"Yes; come in!"

He drew a full breath—already dreading the interview before him—and a moment later the door swung open again, and they were looking at each other across the threshold. . . .

MITZI had evidently just finished dressing and made a charming picture in a gay impressionistic silk—something to do with cubes and clouds and here and there a peacock in a garden.

"I've been so busy I was wondering if I'd see you again this side of paradise," she smiled.

And yet, in spite of her smile, he thought he saw an expression in her eyes which he had never noticed before—an expression which seemed to hint of a weariness of the spirit more than bodily fatigue.

"Have you seen Trebizon?" she continued.

"Yes," nodded Delavan.

"Did he—give it to you?"

"Yes. But I thought I'd like to say good-by before leaving."

"Darling of you," she smiled again. "When you give my next report to the Chief, please tell him that you are giving him a masterpiece. . . . Will you? . . . Tell him I never worked for anything so hard in my life. I've heard of Duse fainting at the end of her performances—but I never believed it till now.

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"Oh, that Papa Jouarre!" she continued with a suffering sigh. "To know all the time he had this priceless information, and that I must get it out of him . . . without making him suspect—without saying one wrong word, or making one wrong move. Do be careful with that envelope, Mill! Get it to the Chief today and I don't believe it's the least exaggeration to say that we'll win the war."

"I'll be careful," he gravely nodded. "And now you, Mitzi, I must tell you another reason why I wanted to see you before I left. I wanted to say that you must be careful, too."

"Careful of what?" she asked, at least part of the weariness leaving her eyes.

"Of being recognized. You know what would happen now if the French discovered for whom you were working here. They'd know how much you had been with General Jouarre. They would probably guess that he had talked too much. And whatever else they did they would change their plans enough to make your information worthless. So, for your own good, I want you to promise me this—to stay in your room here till tomorrow evening, and then to leave for Paris by the first train after dark."

"BUT, Mill," she protested. "There is no one here, except Trebizon, who knows what you and I know. So why this comedy of staying in my room? Besides, Papa and I have an engagement for dinner tonight. After all he's done you wouldn't deny him that!"

"I tell you again," said Delavan firmly, "you mustn't go downstairs."

"You are telling me a lot," she presently responded, looking at him through slightly narrowed lids. "So now please tell me one thing more. You evidently know a definite reason why I should stay in my room and not be seen in Meaux again. Just what is it?"

Down in the deep silences of his mind, Delavan wasn't far from groaning. He hadn't intended to mention Joyce's presence in the hotel. But inexorably, inevitably, he knew that in the end it would come out. Like a chess-player who has but three moves left, he could only hope that an unexpected error on the other side would help him.

"I've told you what it is," he said. "You may be recognized downstairs."

"Recognized by whom?"

"By whom?" he temporized. "Why, naturally by someone who knows you."

"You have seen someone who knows me?"

" . . . Yes."

Perhaps his hesitation guided her.

"Joyce Van Deusen?" she asked.

"Yes."

Again Mitzi's eyes narrowed.

"Joyce seems determined to make it a contest," she said. "I haven't told you this before; but in Paris, you remember, I had worked Major Morin to the point where he was becoming productive, when Joyce half threatened me."

"But she did nothing," Dell hurriedly reminded her.

"No?" mocked Mitzi.

"I didn't think much of it at the time, but the next day the major failed to keep his appointment, and I've never seen him since. I can understand now that Joyce warned him."

"But you only guess at that."

"But is it a guess that she has turned up here now, apparently ready and willing to have me throw a kiss at a firing squad? All right, Joyce; we'll fight it out to a finish this time. You have your friends and I have mine. Let's see what happens next!"

"No!" Delavan sharply exclaimed.

"No? . . ." she asked, drawling slightly. "And why not, please?"

"Because she doesn't know you're here; and she needn't know, if you'll only stay in your room."

"But I owe her something for making Major Morin throw me over."

Again in those deep silences of the mind Dell nearly groaned to himself.

"Listen, Mitzi," he said. "Just as I would do everything possible to keep you out of danger, so I would do everything possible for Joyce. Therefore, unless you promise to leave her alone, I shall stay here and look after her."

"But you can't stay here," she sharply reminded him. "You have your message to deliver."

Through the unconscious poignancy of her tone Delavan saw his way out—saw it and followed it.

"You will either promise what I have asked you," he said, "or the message will stay where it is—right here in Meaux!"

Mitzi stared at him—whether in amazement or displeasure it would be hard to tell.

"You would do that for her?" she asked.

"I would do it for either of you," he answered.

Presently she smiled; and her hands, reaching upward, rested on his shoulders.

"Yes; I believe you would," she murmured. "All right, Sir Galahad. You hurry off to Charleville and I'll stay in my room and leave Joyce alone. Besides, I think I've earned a few days' rest—and a chance to wear my negligees. I may even have Papa in my room for dinner tonight. It might be quite amusing!"

Downstairs, the foyer was empty; at which Delavan breathed with relief—glad at the moment to escape a farewell with Joyce, knowing the pain, the reproach, which would show in her eyes if she guessed his destination.

As a matter of fact, Joyce and her party had already left for Château-Thierry. They returned at six o'clock, and when they entered the foyer, chatting to each other about the journey, an American aviation officer arose from his chair and eagerly approached them.

"Thank God here's somebody who can speak English," he said. "I'm Captain Lastry of the Supply base at Colombey, looking for Lieutenant Anderson, who had to make a forced landing here a few days ago because of magneto trouble. I've brought a mechanic and a new mag, but now I can't find Anderson. Somebody said he was staying here, but when I get here, I can't find anybody who talks English."

"Lieutenant Anderson"—repeated one of the men in Joyce's party. "Isn't that the aviation officer who turned out to be an old friend of yours, Miss Van Deusen?"

" . . . Yes," said Joyce in a choked voice.

"Just like him to find you here," said Captain Lastry with the emphasis of admiration. "You see? Instead of crashing, he makes a safe landing. Instead of being lonely, he finds his friends here. Lucky Anderson, we always call him. It's that red hair of his that brings him luck."

JOYCE almost felt her heart stop beating.

"But Lieutenant Anderson didn't have red hair," said one of the women of her party.

"It was as dark as it could be," said the other.

Captain Lastry stared from one to the other and then turned to Joyce again:

"Let's find a couple of chairs and sit down," he said. "I've heard of red hair turning gray overnight, but I never knew it to turn black. How long have you known this Lieutenant Anderson? And what else did he look like, beside his tricky hair? . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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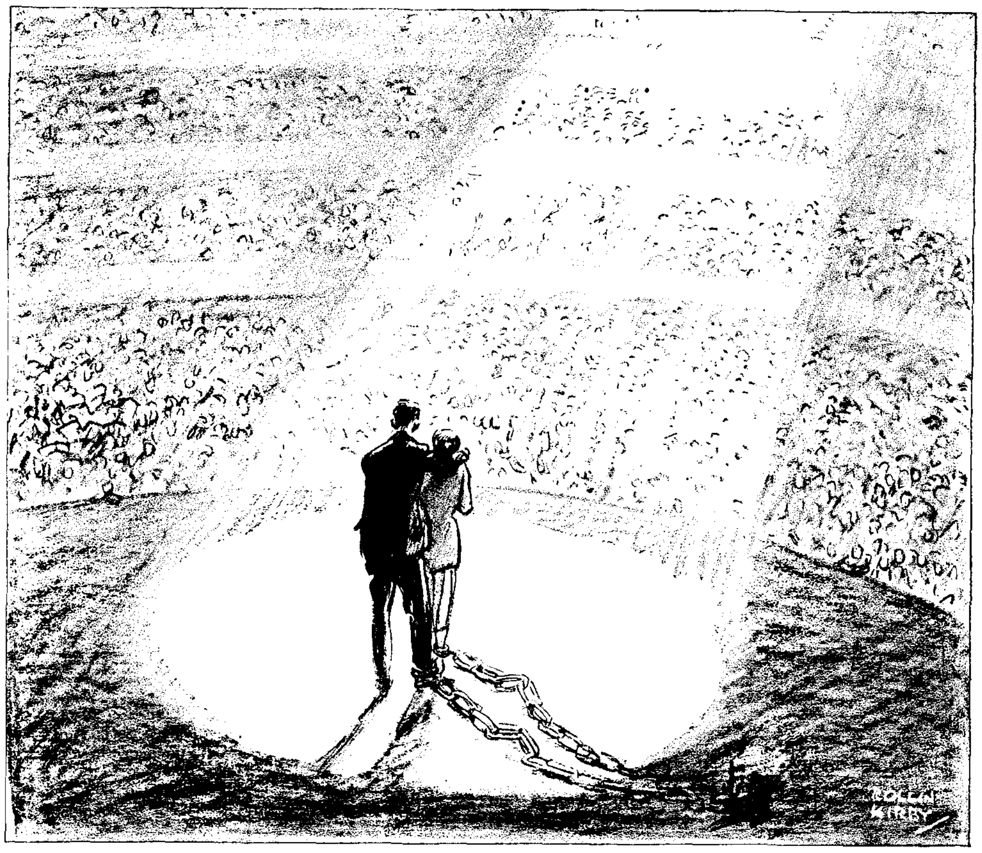

WHAT is fame? Ask Lindbergh. He knows. Of its sweet and bitter fruits he has eaten. Who more than he has enjoyed the thrill of welcome and acclaim from the millions of many lands? Or who more intensely than he has felt the scorching flame of public curiosity lighting up his most trivial action or echoing his most casual words?

He plans his marriage and the event is of world interest. Girls in distant cities who have never seen their hero express regret that another has the prize. Lucky Lindy, lucky girl, runs their refrain.

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All the known events of his fiancée's life become public property. Her college record is examined and her writings are republished. During past weeks Lindbergh's own story has been retold by the press. When the wedding finally occurs, even though refuge be sought in elopement, there will be more publicity, oceans of it. What an ordeal for modest young people!

Such is the penalty of fame, but fortunately it will have little significance for their future happiness. For publicity neither makes nor mars a marriage.

Divorce is very frequent among the socially prominent for the excellent reason that an abundance of money is a severe test upon any character.

People who make the pursuit of pleasure the chief end of their lives are not likely to find happiness in marriage or elsewhere. The fact that so many widely advertised marriages do not succeed merely reflects the general disaster of that kind of life.

Nobody has written the recipe for successful marriage but two of the essential elements are love and character.

Often excellent men and women discover themselves to be totally unsuited to each other and seek escape through the divorce courts.

Some of these disasters cannot be avoided since it is impossible to foresee the manner in which every young man and woman will develop. The woman grows and the man stands still or the reverse may happen. The girl of twenty was not the mother of forty and so two people grow apart. Generally, however, it is possible to guess in what direction we are moving.

For the fortunate majority of normal men and women successful marriage can be achieved if it is desired. In our modern world the surest guaranty of a happy marriage is a mutual respect for the rights of the other person.

We live in an age in which from the earliest infancy personality and individuality are emphasized. The purpose of education is to develop individuality while the marriage succeeds only when two individuals are able to blend their differing desires and purposes. Such adjustment demands both restraint and effort.

Children are the surest link in any marriage. Children absorb the attention of parents. This is merely another way of saying that the unselfish person is often the happiest.

In the glamour of a famous romance the world renews its youth. Those who are young and hopeful see in the happy affair the promise of their own future. Those farther along the road look backward and hope that the happiness they found or missed may be the portion of the young lovers.

During the months ahead Colonel Lindbergh and his future lady will have difficulty escaping the spotlight. They won't easily find a place where they can be alone. They will have to pay the price of a great fame.

Whatever the embarrassment and discomfort which public curiosity may bring them, they will at least have the knowledge that an entire world wishes them well.

Missouri Meerschaums

ONE distinctively American contribution to the comfort of the world is the corncob pipe. It is regarded as the farmer's favorite method of enjoying his tobacco smoke but many a city dweller with a big collection of pipes turns now and then to a blackened corncob.

The secret of the corncob pipe came to light recently when the son of the founder of the industry died. A Mis-

oodworker made the first corn-

es on a commercial basis. They

ood, but they burned out. They afforded satisfying smokes but they didn't last long. His son found a way to plaster them with a fire-resistant filler. Today 20,000 acres of good Missouri farm land is devoted to growing the fat cobs favored by the industry.

In a recent year nearly 2,000,000 corncob pipes were shipped from this country to foreign parts.

It is hardly probable that wandering American farm boys account for all of them.

It may be that plain smokers in other lands have yielded to the challenge of the untamed corncob pipe. Strong indeed is the man who can get through the initiatory smoke without reflecting that the next one will be sweeter. And it is. But always it is a good, tough, masculine smoke.

Mrs. Weber's Choice

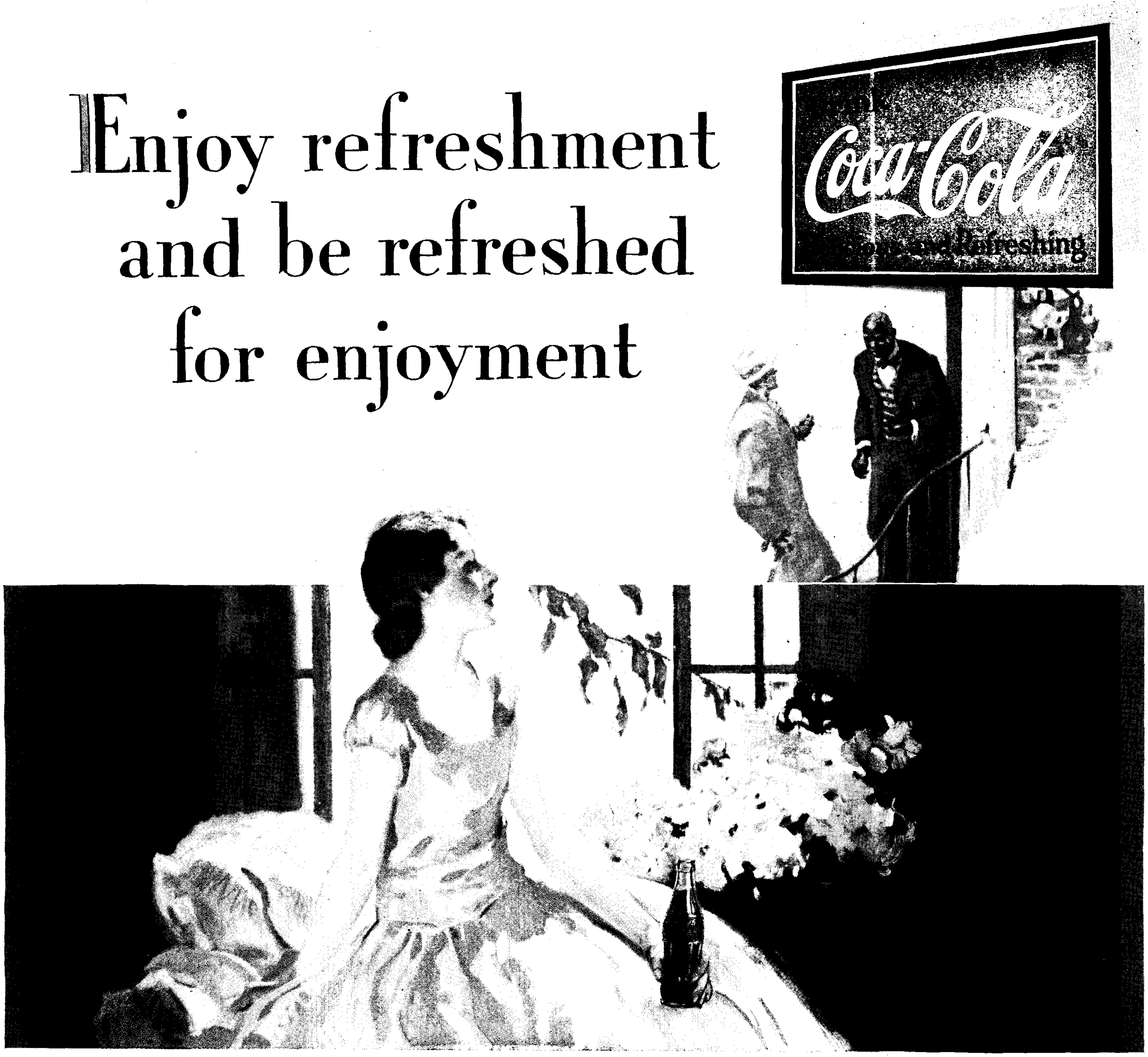
MRS. JOSEPHINE WEBER, of Seattle, recently quit her job as scrub-woman at $59.90 a month and retired on the $900-a-year income from her savings. At fifty-five she had achieved financial independence.

Twelve years ago she was left a widow with $500. She put the money in good bonds and got a job. She mopped office-building floors and polished furniture, never making more than $75 a month, and that for only a short time during the war.

In her saving program she passed up all wildcat schemes, stuck to the advice of men whose offices she cleaned, bought nothing that she did not need, paid as she went, and, in spite of sickness and temptations to splurge on luxuries, held fast to her course.

Mrs. Weber missed a good deal in those twelve years. But she gained the right to pursue her two hobbies, chickens and roses, as long as she lives.

Enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SOME part of each day is spent in waiting, when time drags and dulls the edge of anticipation. Then is the time for a refreshing drink—to enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment. ▼ ▼ ▼ "Refresh yourself" has come to mean "Drink Coca-Cola." That tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment have made it the one great drink. All the world knows that its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture. ▼ ▼ ▼ Enjoy it at home as millions do at soda fountains. Order from your grocer and serve it ice-cold from the family ice-box.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

gives you the COOLEST shave you ever had

HERE'S the Story of Ingram's in a quick, telegraphic form.

It's revolutionary. It's different from all others. For Ingram's Cream is *cool,* Cool, C-O-O-L. Ingram's is the first cream ever planned from the start to take the sting out of shaving and to leave a bracing coolness when you're through with your morning shave.

Ingram's is a tonic in itself

You need no lotions with Ingram's. For Ingram's is its own lotion while you are shaving with it. It contains three special ingredients which tone the skin and keep it cool and comfortable.

Your face is more important than your whiskers . . . . Guard your face! With Ingram's you can shave closer and so look better all the day long.

Four things Ingram's does

Number One. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.

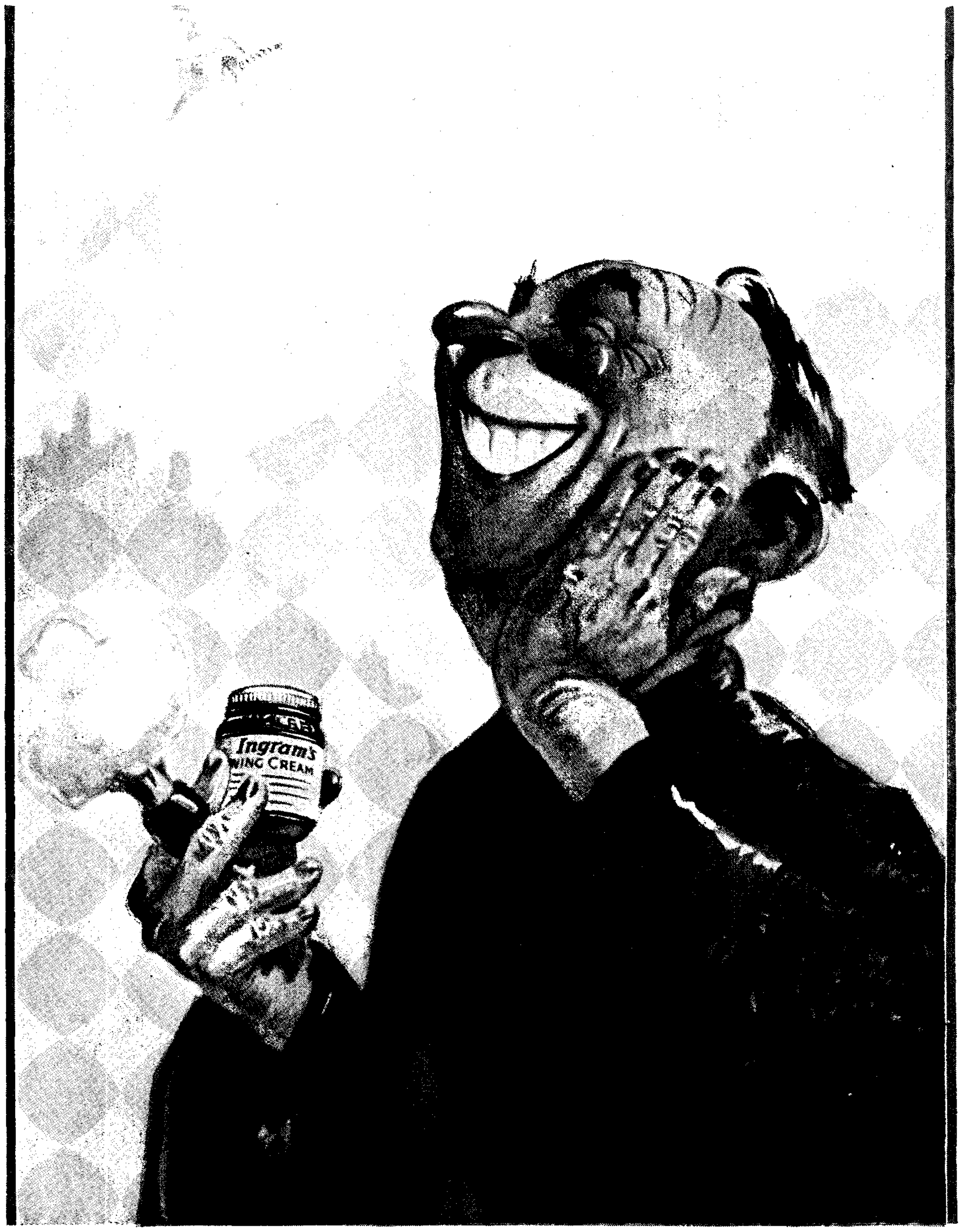
Number Two. It will keep your skin in better shape.

Number Three. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.

Number Four. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet inside.

Send us the coupon now! There is nothing more important to us than to get you to try Ingram's once—and seven shaves are yours if you ask for them. The chances are far better than even that we'll have a new customer and that you will have the cream from which you'll never want to change.

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM



"Never mind your whiskers think about your face"

7

COOL SHAVES FREE

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. C39, 110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

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